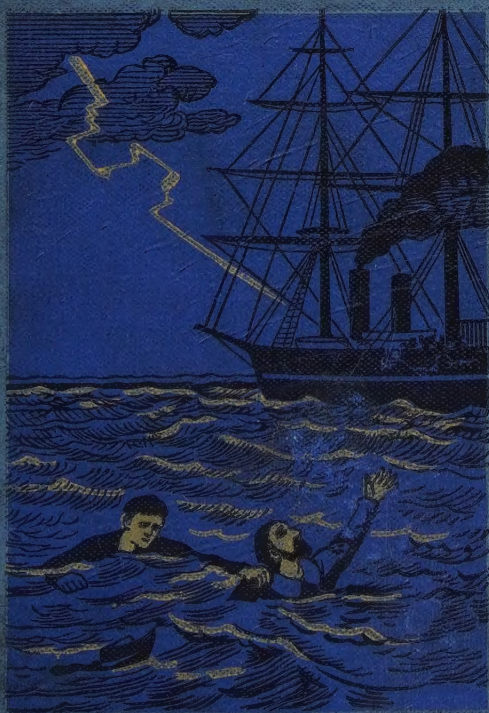


Maid of the GOLDEN AGE



H. E. McLEAN

Prize
presented to
William Reid
for
Perfect Attendance.

New Street School
July 1897

Session 1896-7



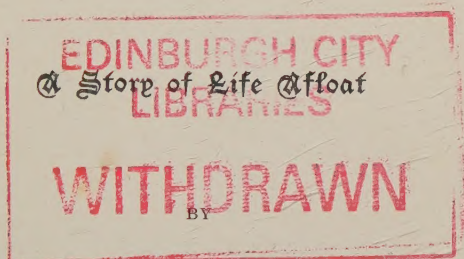
WHY I WAS SENT TO SEA.

Frontispiece.

ANDROMEDA

OR

THE MAID OF THE "GOLDEN AGE"



H. E. MACLEAN

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

SECOND EDITION

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ANDROMEDA :

OR,

THE MAID OF THE "GOLDEN AGE".

CHAPTER I.

"**T**HAT boy shall go to sea !"

"Well, really, my dear, I think it is the best thing to do with him."

This stern fiat, accompanied by a thump on the table, was issued by a stalwart gentleman of forty-five years of age, seated at his library table, and was addressed to his wife, some five years his junior, who was engaged in knitting some stockings for the boy referred to by her husband.

Captain Malcolm was a retired post-captain in Her Majesty's Navy, who had succeeded to the estate of his elder brother, a bachelor, some ten years before our story commences. On his promotion to post rank, about five years before he came into the property, he had married a lady, the daughter of a Cumberland baronet, Sir Oswald Ormathwaite, of Ormathwaite Grange, but their union had not been blessed with any olive branches.

Ostleburn Hall, the property of Captain Malcolm, was also in Cumberland, some fifteen miles from Ormathwaite and twenty from "Merry Carlisle". It was a property of about four thousand acres, and, running down from the Hall to the banks of the river Eden, which formed its natural boundary for about two miles, was composed of woods and shrubberies near the river ; while higher up towards the Hall it was let in farms of three or four hundred acres apiece, with the exception

of one hundred acres round the Hall, which formed the home farm, shrubberies, gardens, &c.

The Hall itself was a rambling edifice of two storeys, most of it about two hundred years old. Captain Malcolm's father, however, had added a wing to it, which contained a drawing-room with a bow-window, a library, a vestibule, and entrance hall ; above these were the best bedrooms, and a third storey contained some very habitable attics. Between the library and the drawing-room there were a deep recess and fire-proof safe, chiefly occupied by old pictures and the various curiosities which generally accumulate in old country-houses ; the dining room was in the older part of the building, and was a large rectangular room, with oaken panels all round, and a polished oak floor. The panels were filled with tapestry, which was kept covered up except on particular occasions ; while between them were hung shields, lances, swords, &c. A large fireplace, capable of containing a Yule-log of the largest size, occupied the centre of the longer side facing the windows ; the latter looked on to a terrace—or terraces, for there were three, each some fifteen feet lower as they receded from the house. Beyond the terraces lay a meadow which stretched away to the high road : the latter ran from the village to Penrith in one direction, and Carlisle in the other. The other rooms do not require any particular description, while behind the older part of the house were the stables, offices, laundry, &c. Our hero has all this time been shut up in one of the attics referred to, and I really think he ought to have a new chapter to himself.

CHAPTER II.

HARRY MALCOLM, the orphan nephew of the Captain, was a son of a younger brother who had been killed in India in the Sikh war. His mother had brought him home, a child of four years old, and she herself had died two years after-

wards, leaving him to the care of his uncle, who was also his godfather. At the time our narrative opens—midsummer, 1855—Harry was a well-grown lad of thirteen, and had been at a school near Woolwich for about four years. Possessed of abilities above the average, he had always been able to take a good place in his class, but he was always in mischief, the result of high spirits and thoughtlessness. Most of his relations having been in the Army or Navy, Harry had always supposed he was destined for one or other of the services, but had no predilection for either. Perhaps he would have said the Army had he been asked the question which he preferred; but two events occurred which decided his uncle on sending him to sea. Harry had invested all his spare cash in the purchase of a cannon, about ten inches long, mounted on an iron field-piece carriage, and this formidable piece of ordnance he had brought home with him to Ostleburn Hall. He had constructed a one-gun battery on some open ground behind the stables, and until a week before had not done any particular damage. At that time, however, he had read in some book of "Voyage and Venture" the story of English officers being blown away from guns in India, and looking about for a fit and proper victim, he had fixed on an unfortunate frog as the most appropriate. He had also observed an iron pipe about two inches in diameter and ten feet long. This pipe he laid on two bricks at each end. Into one end he inserted the muzzle of his cannon, and tied the frog on to the other. Just as he fired his gun and blew the frog to smithereens, his uncle came round the corner, and, comprehending the situation at a glance, he seized Harry by the scruff of the neck and applied his stick pretty vigorously to Harry's back.

"Please, uncle, it was only a frog," said Harry.

"Do you think frogs have no feelings, you young scamp? What put this idea into your head?" asked Captain Malcolm.

"Well, you know, uncle, I had been reading about the Sikhs blowing people's heads off in India, and then in the

natural history it says a frog is a pachyderm, so I thought perhaps it would not hurt him much, and then —— ”

“You deserve that I should try whether you are thick-skinned or not. You young villain, do not let me catch you at any cruelty again.”

So saying, Captain Malcolm marched off leaving Harry to his own reflections. The latter did not last long. So, replacing his gun in the battery and the pipe where he had found it, Harry proceeded to the kitchen garden to look for some fruit. He did not get into any further mischief until the day our story opens. On this day, being wet, Harry had been told not to go out till it left off raining, and, after mooning about the house, had discovered his uncle clearing out some of the things in the safe between the library and the drawing-room.

“Oh, do let me help you, uncle,” said Harry.

“Very well, my lad, take care not to tear any of those old pictures,” said his uncle.

After Captain Malcolm had got at the documents he wanted, and whilst perusing them, Harry was standing with his back against the edge of the open door of the safe, and his feet about two feet apart. In this position it is not natural that any boy should keep still. Harry therefore, by working his shoulders, had given the door a motion of two or three inches each way, when, as ill-luck would have it, his foot slipped, the door shut to with a bang, Harry falling against the outside, and locking his uncle carefully inside. Now Captain Malcolm on entering the safe had taken the key out and put it in his pocket, and as the keyhole did not go through to the inside, there was no possible means of opening the door. Fortunately, the safe was a very large one, running the whole length of the library, viz., twenty feet, while it was at least twelve feet high and four wide. Harry gave one look at the door and then ran to tell his aunt.

“Please, aunt, I have shut uncle up in the safe.”

“Oh, you horrid boy ! Go and send Buller here at once.”

Now Buller was the butler, and had been a marine. As soon as he understood that his master was shut up in the safe he sent a groom off instantler for the village blacksmith, and hastened to his mistress. Mrs. Malcolm was trying to make her husband hear, but the door fitted too tight ; she managed, however, to slip a piece of paper through asking what to do, and Captain Malcolm immediately wrote on the back of it with a pencil, which he fortunately always carried : "Send to Carlisle for a locksmith, and lock Harry up in his room".

No time was lost in carrying out both those orders. Captain Malcolm remained in the safe till 5 P.M., when the locksmith from Carlisle managed to open it. Having been shut up for seven hours he had had plenty of time for reflection, and being above all things a just man, he blamed himself more for taking the key inside than he did Harry for shutting him in accidentally. So, giving orders that Harry should have some supper in the housekeeper's room, and then be sent to bed, he ordered a glass of sherry and a biscuit for himself, and by the time he had eaten his dinner, felt none the worse for his seven hours' solitary confinement.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER dinner, Captain and Mrs. Malcolm retired to the library, where they usually sat of an evening ; the drawing-room, being too large for comfort, was seldom used except when they entertained company.

Captain Malcolm, who was a very punctual man in all his ways, finished his correspondence ready for the morning's post, and, after a short interval of thought, issued that resolve with which we commenced the first chapter.

"That boy shall go to sea !"

"Well, really, my dear, I think it is the best thing to do with him."

"Dr. Switchem, in his report, says that though Harry is always ready with his lessons, that he is always in a scrape, and, as he is always the leader in all mischief, he is the cause of idleness in others, many of whom cannot afford to waste time as Harry can. I regard to-day's occurrence as being as much my own fault as Harry's ; but still I think it is time to send him to sea, if he has no decided objection to go. I will write at once to my old friend Maynard ; I know he will give me a nomination if he gets a ship, as he expects to do shortly."

"Very well, my dear, and I will get as many stockings and things ready as possible."

Captain Malcolm wrote his letter, and shortly afterwards the worthy couple retired.

Next morning, after breakfast, Captain Malcolm called Harry to him, saying :

"I want to talk to you seriously, Harry ; I do not mean about shutting me up in the safe, I am aware that was unintentional on your part ; but do you ever think that you are leading other boys into mischief at school ? "

"Well, uncle, I never thought of it at all ; but I have so much spare time at school that I suppose my idle hands always find something or other to do which is against rules."

"How would you like to go to sea ? "

"Very much, I think, uncle."

"What makes you think so, Harry ? "

"Well, you know, uncle, when I was at Gravesend, I saw lots of sailors, and they were always so jolly ; besides, I am sure I should like to go all over the world."

"Well, Harry, I will give you a week to think of it. I have already written to an old friend of mine, and do not doubt I can soon obtain a nomination for you."

"Oh, thank you, uncle," cried Harry, who already saw himself in imagination dressed in a tail-coat, with a cutlass and a pigtail. He then went off to find Buller, the butler, who was a great crony of his.

"Buller," he said, "uncle says I am to go to sea."

"Ah! Master Harry, you'll soon get licked into shape," replied Buller.

"Oh! I have had plenty of lickings at school, and they never did me any good."

"Ah! young master, but you'll find the gunner's daughter rather different to a cane or a birch, I'm thinking. To lock your uncle up in the safe, and him a post-captain too! 'Owdacious' I calls it."

"Well, but it was an accident, you know."

"I knows that plenty of uncles would have locked their nephews up for a spell in the same place to see how they liked a few hours in the dark. Only your uncle, you see, he always does the right thing, Master Harry. But come, you must clear out of this, sir, or I shall never get my plate cleaned."

So Harry, dismissed from the pantry, strolled into the library, and looked for a book which might tell him something of sea life. He shortly came across Marryat's novels; he seized on *Midshipman Easy*, and retired to a mulberry tree in which a forked branch formed an easy seat, a favourite place with Harry, where he devoured books and mulberries at the same time.

When the gong sounded for lunch, Harry got down and went into the house, where, after washing the juice of that succulent fruit off his hands and face, he appeared at the luncheon table with his beloved book under his arm.

"What are you reading so studiously, Harry?" asked his aunt, smiling.

"Oh, aunt, it is *Midshipman Easy*; and to think that such books should have been in the library and I know nothing about them."

"Well, if you have taken to Marryat's novels, I suppose you will fall in love with the sea, and make your mind up to go at once, Harry."

"Well, aunt, I hope I shall have lots of adventures like him, anyway. Couldn't I take old Buller with me?"

"I think Buller is better on shore ; he would hardly care to give up his comfortable place and go to sea again."

Harry continued to pore over one or other of Marryat's novels until the end of his holidays, when he went back to Dr. Switchem's near Woolwich, with a strong determination to keep out of mischief.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN Malcolm received an answer from his friend Captain Maynard in a few days, saying that he expected to get a ship in the course of three months, and would be very glad to nominate his old friend's nephew. Captain Malcolm wrote to Dr. Switchem, asking him to prepare Harry to pass his examination into the Navy. In a short time he received an answer to the effect that Harry could work out the papers which had been given at recent examinations, and was certain to pass with facility if he did not lose his head.

In October, 1855, Captain Maynard wrote to say that he had been appointed to H.M.S. *Andromeda*, twenty-two guns, and that he had nominated Harry Malcolm and his own son Frank to the two cadetships to which he was entitled ; adding that the examination would be held in the first week in December at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth.

Harry shortly after displayed to the envious eyes of his schoolfellows his nomination to a cadetship in Her Majesty's Navy, conditional on his passing an examination which would be held at Portsmouth on the 2nd December. On the 30th November he went up to London, where he was met by his uncle, who introduced him to Captain Maynard and his son Frank, and on the following day Captain Malcolm took the two boys down to Portsmouth, Captain Maynard being obliged to return to Plymouth, where H.M.S. *Andromeda* was fitting out.

On arrival at Portsmouth, the three drove to the George Inn in High Street, where, after a good dinner, Captain Mal-

colm left the two boys to become better acquainted, while he went to call on some former shipmates. Left to themselves, the two lads soon became confidential. Having discussed their respective schools, masters, ponies, &c., &c., they went out for a stroll on the ramparts, and on the way back actually ran up against the original "Blue Postesses" mentioned by Marryat. Harry proposed to go in and ask if Midshipman Easy or Peter Simple was still remembered there, but was reminded that these celebrities, however real they might be to him, were, after all, fictitious. Frank Maynard was a clever, reserved boy, fond of reading and acquiring information, but with plenty of fun in him. Six months older than Harry, he was a couple of inches taller, but of a slighter make, and dark complexion, with black hair, forming a contrast to Harry, who was fair, with brown curly hair and light grey eyes. After listening to the fifes and drums playing the tattoo, they found their way back to the "George," and retired to a double-bedded room to dream, doubtless, of a glorious career, which should begin as soon as they had passed their examination.

Next morning they were aroused by the reveille in the barracks close to them; but as it was pitch-dark they did not get up until disturbed by "Boots," who had been ordered to call them at 7 A.M. At eight they met Captain Malcolm at breakfast, and afterwards proceeded leisurely along towards the College, which is situated in the dockyard. Passing along the Hard, Captain Malcolm pointed out the *Victory*, at that time flagship of the Port Admiral: there were no other large ships in the harbour at the time, but a fleet of ten ships was lying at anchor at Spithead. On arrival at the College they found that the medical examination only took place on that day, so that, both of them being sound in wind and limb and enjoying good eyesight, they soon found themselves free for the day.

"Well, boys, where would you like to go to?" asked Captain Malcolm.

"Oh, on board the *Victory*!" cried both in a breath.

“Well, but you will both have to go on board the *Victory* to report yourselves if you pass your examination, so I think we had better employ ourselves to-day in looking over the dockyard ; but let us first go and see if I know anybody about the Admiral’s office.” On arrival there, Captain Malcolm found that a line-of-battle ship lying in the large basin was commanded by an old friend of his, so they soon found their way on board H.M.S. *Neptune*, ninety guns, recently come home from the Crimea.

Captain Malcolm gave his card to the officer of the watch, and was shown into the captain’s cabin, where they were cordially received by Captain Martin. The latter sent for a midshipman, and told him to show Harry and Frank over the ship, and bring them up to lunch at twelve o’clock. The midshipman, whose name was Seymour, showed them all over the ship, and then ushered them into the gunroom, where they found about thirty youths, from the mate of twenty-four to the youngster of fifteen years of age. As the ship had just returned from the Crimea, Harry and Frank were desirous of hearing some adventures. They were speedily gratified, each midshipman trying to cap the other’s yarn. Luckily for their bewildered senses, a messenger-boy summoned Seymour and themselves to the captain’s cabin, where they found luncheon ready, and were soon seated to their first meal on board a man-of-war. Midshipmen generally wait to be spoken to at their captain’s table, so that the conversation was confined to the two captains, till Captain Martin, turning to Harry, said :

“Well, youngster, how do you think you will like to live on board ship?”

“Oh ! very much, sir, only I would not like to sleep in that place where they have cock-fights.”

“What’s this, Seymour ?” asked Captain Martin.

“Oh ! the cockpit, sir.”

“Hum. Well, youngsters, what else did you see to admire?”

“All the holes where the Russian shot came in, sir.”

"Eh ! where was that ?"

"Between the guns in the gunroom, sir, and ——"

"Seymour, I am afraid you have been humbugging these boys," said Captain Martin.

"Well, sir, it was the scuttle between the guns in the gunroom, and they asked if the shot came in there, and somebody said yes."

"Ah ! well, Malcolm, we were midshipmen ourselves about thirty years ago. In the meantime you boys had better not believe all you are told. Seymour, go with Captain Malcolm and these youngsters, and show them over the dockyard."

The afternoon was spent in seeing everything of interest, the boys particularly being taken with the "Nasmyth steam-hammer," then recently erected, which cracked a nut or welded an anchor with equal facility ; the rope-walk also took their fancy ; the model room, with its quaint old figureheads, also coming in for their approbation.

About five o'clock they found their way back to the *Nep-tune*. Here they found that Captain Martin had gone on shore, so Captain Malcolm asked Seymour if he could get leave to come and dine with him.

"Ah ! yes, sir, my leave is good," replied Seymour. "I will go and ask the commander."

In a few minutes he returned, having obtained leave, and the four left the ship together and proceeded to the "George Inn". Here they were glad to rest for a couple of hours before dinner, as the stones in the dockyard pavement appeared to have been put in with the rough side up, making it very trying walking. After dinner Captain Malcolm asked Seymour what amusements were going on.

"Well, there is always the 'Bell,' sir, but the theatre is in commission at present ; I think it is open to-night. Waiter, bring a bill of the theatre, if you have one."

"Yessir," said the waiter, bringing a bill from an adjacent table.

"Here we are, sir," said Seymour, reading: "This evening, 2nd December, 1855. The thrilling tragedy of 'Luke the Charcoal Burner,' for this week only."

"What do you say, boys? Shall we go and see 'Luke the Charcoal Burner'?"

"Oh! yes, please," said both the boys.

"Very well; waiter, call a cab."

"Yessir."

"But, Seymour, will you be able to get into the dockyard after the theatre is over?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I am in uniform; besides, I know all the peelers."

"Well, let us be off then," said Captain Malcolm.

On arrival at the theatre, Captain Malcolm took a box, much to the delight of the boys, who had thus a good view of the audience as well as of the stage.

Portsmouth was at that time seldom visited by any first-class talent; however, as it was the boys' first visit to any theatre, they were sufficiently amused, and were quite disappointed when the curtain fell for the last time.

"Let me see," said Captain Malcolm. "It is a quarter-past eleven; I think a little supper would do us no harm. Seymour, do you know where we can get some supper?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Seymour, "we always go to the 'Nectis' for supper—splendid oysters there, and lobsters no end."

"Hum! very unwholesome at this time of night, but you youngsters have digestions like ostriches."

They soon arrived at the "Nectis," which was situated at the end of High Street nearest the theatre, and Captain Malcolm, asking what they could have for supper, ordered a Welsh rare-bit and a dozen oysters apiece.

The supper soon appeared, flanked by some bottled ale and stout, and was done ample justice to by the three younger ones; Captain Malcolm being content with his Welsh rare-bit. Twelve o'clock struck as the reckoning was discharged.

"By Jove, Harry, what would your aunt say to this dissipation?" said Captain Malcolm.

Harry's only reply was a grin, and after wishing Seymour good-night the three arrived at the George Inn, where they were soon in bed and asleep.

Seymour walked to the dockyard, and got on board the *Neptune* a little before one o'clock A.M.

CHAPTER V.

THE next two days were occupied with the examination, the day following was required by the examiners to work out the papers of the candidates; and on the morning of the 6th December, all the embryo Nelsons assembled to learn their fate.

The second name called out was Frank Maynard, and the sixth Harry Malcolm; and as twenty-five candidates were successful, Captain Malcolm was very well satisfied with the place Harry had taken.

The boys were told to go on board H.M.S. *Victory* and get their names put on the books, receiving at the same time their certificates. Captain Malcolm accompanied them on board, and after entering their names on the ship's books, they were told they had a fortnight's leave to get their outfit. Of course, they did not leave the *Victory* until they had seen the spot where Nelson fell. On their return Captain Malcolm proposed that they should go on board the *Neptune* to wish Captain Martin and Seymour adieu.

Captain Martin asked them to stay to lunch; and Captain Malcolm took the opportunity of asking him if he did not think it would be a good thing for Seymour to join a sailing ship, as all ships now being built were steamers; and as the *Neptune* had been over three years in commission, she would probably be paid off in less than a year, adding that the *Andromeda*, which was just commissioned by Captain Maynard,

was a fine sailing corvette, just the ship to learn seamanship in, and was ordered to the Pacific, where they would have long sea cruises and a very healthy station.

Captain Martin said he quite agreed that it would be a very good thing for Seymour, as in a ship of the *Andromeda's* class he would soon have an opportunity of doing lieutenant's duty ; adding that he was a high-spirited, honourable lad, and would make a good friend to Harry and Frank.

"Just what I thought of him," replied Captain Malcolm. "If you would ask Seymour if he would like to join the *Andromeda*, I am sure Maynard would apply for him on my recommendation."

Captain Martin sent for Seymour and told him what was proposed.

Seymour said he would be very glad to go, if he could get some leave to visit his friends. Captain Martin told him he would back his application and explain it to the Admiral, after which they sat down to luncheon, Seymour congratulating Harry and Frank on their success at the examination, and telling them they were very likely going to be shipmates in the *Andromeda*. They were both very glad to hear this, looking on Seymour with his Crimean medal as a hero, and indeed he had distinguished himself on two or three occasions ; but as "on their own merits, modest men are dumb," Seymour had not said anything about himself. After taking leave of Captain Martin and Seymour, Captain Malcolm took the boys to the "George," where they got their luggage, paid the bill, and started off for the railway station, arriving in London about seven o'clock. They immediately drove to Captain Maynard's house in Sloane Square, where they found Frank's mother and two sisters, delighted to welcome the naval cadets of a few hours' standing.

Next day Captain Malcolm took them to the army and navy outfitter he had formerly dealt with, and after choosing their chests, dirks, &c., they proceeded to a mathematical instru-

ment maker, where Captain Malcolm chose two sextants, and made each of the boys a present of a good box of instruments. As pantomime season had not begun, and Captain Malcolm was becoming anxious to get back to his wife, he and Harry started next day for Ostleburn Hall, promising to bring Harry up again to see the Christmas pantomimes, unless the *Andromeda* could not get on without her two junior officers. Harry took his sextant with him by his uncle's advice, and during the fortnight or so that he remained at Ostleburn, he had a daily lesson from his uncle in its use, observing the sun at noon in a looking-glass laid on the lawn, and taking angles all over the place.

On the 20th December, Captain and Mrs. Malcolm and Harry left for London, and arrived there next morning, going to stay with Mrs. Maynard. Captain Malcolm, after inspecting their chests and outfits, to which he added a good spy-glass apiece, gave directions that they should be forwarded to Plymouth to an agent. Captain and Mrs. Malcolm remained in London till after Christmas, taking all the young people to the pantomimes and all the sights at that festive season, and on the 30th he received a letter from Captain Maynard requesting him to send Harry and Frank down to join, so that they might have time to learn their way about the ship, and shake into their places before they went to sea.

Accordingly, on the 1st of January, 1856, Harry and Frank started from Paddington for Plymouth, where they arrived without mishap, and were met by Captain Maynard, who took them to an hotel for the night.

The previous evening Captain Malcolm had explained to Harry that he would be allowed to draw £60 a-year in quarterly bills, which required to be backed by Captain Maynard. He then gave Harry some good advice, concluding by saying : " I need not tell you always to speak the truth, for, thank God, I never knew you tell a lie. Never forget you are a gentleman ; never funk a big fellow or bully a small one. So, God bless you, my dear lad."

CHAPTER VI.

HER Majesty's ship *Andromeda* was a large sailing corvette of 1800 tons, carrying twenty-two guns, of which twenty were broadside guns, ten each side, thirty-two pounders, the remaining two being mounted on pivots, one before the foremast, the other abaft the mizzen-mast. These two were sixty-eight pounders. She carried a complement of two hundred and fifty officers and men, and, as she was very heavily sparred, was rather under- than over-manned. The first lieutenant was a man of eight-and-twenty, eight years' standing as lieutenant ; the second had served five years as lieutenant, and the third and fourth were of two and one year's seniority respectively. She carried two mates, eight midshipmen, and six naval cadets, a second master and a master's assistant, an assistant paymaster-clerk and clerk's assistant. These last composed the gunroom officers. The other officers will be introduced as they become necessary to our story.

On the morning following their arrival at Plymouth, Captain Maynard desired his coxswain, who came for orders, to tell the first lieutenant to send the pinnace to North Corner for two cadets and their chests at ten o'clock. After breakfast they went to the agents', and having chartered two trucks and put on their uniforms, they marched down with Captain Maynard to meet the pinnace, which they found awaiting them.

Captain Maynard gave a note addressed to the first lieutenant, Mr. Hardy, to the midshipman of the boat. Then, telling Harry and Frank to report themselves to the first lieutenant, he continued his way to the Admiral's office.

The pinnace shoved off, and was soon alongside the *Andromeda*. The midshipman, whose name was Harris, jumped up the side, telling Harry and Frank to follow him, which they did without barking their shins. On the quarter-deck they found Mr. Hardy, the first lieutenant, reading the captain's note. Harris told them to report themselves by

saying, "Come on board to join, sir," and touching their caps. This they did, the first lieutenant gravely saluting them in return, and singing out, "Messenger, tell Mr. Bungs I want him". Mr. Bungs was the second master, being also caterer of the gunroom mess and mate of the lower deck. On his appearance (Mr. Bung's), said the first lieutenant, "Take these youngsters down to the gunroom, stow their chests in the steerage, and see about their hammocks".

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Mr. Bungs; "come along, youngsters." So saying, he dived down below, and led the way to the gunroom.

This was a place about twenty feet long and twelve wide, with two ports to admit light and air; it was separated by a bulkhead from the steerage, and had a door at each end. Lockers ran all round except at the doorways, and served as seats to a table which occupied the whole centre of the gunroom, and had a jolly-boat or large box underneath it. Here there were one or two middies seated, some writing letters; the senior mate, Jackson, was reading a book, and looked up on their entry.

"Hullo, youngsters, come to join, eh? What are your names?" said Jackson.

On the boys answering, he said to Frank, "So you are the son of 'Nobby Maynard,' are you; do you know who white-washed the goose?"

"No, sir."

"You need not call me 'sir' except on duty, you young muff, but I may as well tell you the yarn at once. About ten years ago Nobby was first lieutenant of the *Arethusa*, and she was to be inspected by the Admiral. About half-an-hour before the Admiral was expected, Nobby went round, and could not find fault with anything. At last he spied a very dirty goose in a pen all by itself. 'Captain of the mast,' says he, 'everything is very clean except that infernal goose; white-wash that goose and black his legs.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' said the

captain of the mast, and in ten minutes the goose had his legs and bill nicely blacked, and a thick coat of whitewash all over his feathers. Now, whether the goose did not feel the whitewash until it began to dry, or however it was, he remained quite still, till just as the Admiral passed his pen he stood up and flapped his wings, sending spots of whitewash all over the Admiral and everybody else. As they all had their best war-paint on, they were not best pleased ; but the Admiral never met Nobby again without inquiring if he had whitewashed any more geese. Now, if you do not believe that yarn you can ask your father if it is not true."

"Come with me, youngsters," said Bungs, "and I will show you where your chests are stowed. Have you brought your silver with you? If so, you had better give it to me, as I am the mess caterer."

They found their chests and bedding had been placed a little aft of the gunroom, and next each other. As only half the gunroom officers had joined as yet, there was plenty of room. They took their silver out and delivered it to Mr. Bungs, who gave them a receipt for it.

"As this is the 2nd of the month you had better pay your mess-money, if you have it handy. It is thirty shillings."

Harry and Frank paid their mess-money, and by this time it was seven bells, viz., half-past eleven. Hughes, the junior mate, here made his appearance ; he was mate of the upper deck, and had received orders to put Harry and Frank in opposite watches, and to station one at the foremost pivot gun and the other at the after one.

"Steward, bring me my 'navy,'" sang out Hughes. A boy appeared, bringing in half-a-gill of rum in a tumbler on a waiter.

"Your good healths, youngsters," said Hughes ; "fortunately, as this is a well-conducted ship, you will not get any grog till you are eighteen. However, you can always see me drink mine, punctually at seven bells, and that will be much better for you." So saying, he ran away to the upper deck again.

The steward came in to lay the cloth, and everybody cleared out to make room, Jackson, who was a good-natured fellow, talking to the two youngsters and congratulating Frank Maynard on being put into his watch, saying, "No doubt your father told the first lieutenant to do so, as he knows the lieutenants are awful hands at mastheading their midshipmen." It now struck eight bells, and, amidst the whistling of the boatswain and his five mates, everybody, except the officer and midshipmen of the watch, sentries, quartermaster, &c., came tumbling down to dinner.

The repast consisted of a leg of mutton and some beef-steaks, potatoes, and plenty of bread, with some cheese and butter to wind up with.

"Well," said Harry to Frank, "if we never have worse grub than this we need not complain."

"Maynard," said Jackson, "I have the honour to inform you that it is our afternoon watch, and that we have to go on deck at one bell. You had better bring your chum up with you as well, and I will show you round a bit."

In a few minutes one bell struck and they went on deck. Until a quarter-past one, when the hands were turned up, Jackson taught them the names of the different masts, yards, &c., and Hughes coming up just before the hands were called, said to Harry :

"If you like to come with me, I will ask the first lieutenant to send you with me as long as I am in charge of the working party."

"Thank you," said Harry ; "I daresay I shall have plenty of watches to keep, so I need not be in a hurry to begin."

Hughes, having spoken to the first lieutenant, told Harry to jump into the launch on the starboard side, and came down immediately after. One of the midshipmen named Parkes was sent in the other launch, and the two boats, full of the working party, pulled away for the dockyard. On landing they marched up to the sail-loft, and were employed overhauling

the sails and making them up ready for taking on board. At five o'clock they went on board again, in time for the men's supper at 5.30, when the midshipmen also had their tea. After tea the drum beat for evening quarters, and the men fell in at their stations; Harry being at the foremost pivot gun, which was in charge of the junior lieutenant. The officers were divided thus: the second lieutenant had charge of the twelve after guns, six on each side; the third lieutenant had charge of the eight foremost guns, four on each side; the fourth lieutenant of the foremost pivot gun; and Jackson of the after pivot gun. The men being mustered and reported all present and sober, the retreat was beaten and the watch called; the ropes were then coiled up and the quarter-boat hoisted up. On going below, Mr. Bungs told the youngsters that he had got them a steady old marine for a servant, if they would like to have one between them.

"Pass the word for Snooks the marine."

"Snooks! Snooks!" echoed along the deck; and presently a grizzled old marine appeared and expressed his willingness to become their split-flunky for six shillings a-month apiece.

Most of the officers went on deck to smoke, but as our youngsters were not allowed to indulge in that luxury, they remained in the gunroom and made the acquaintance of the other youngsters. At half-past seven the hammocks were piped down, and Harry and Frank had the pleasure of trying to get into theirs; after a little practice they could manage pretty well, when one of the other youngsters said, "I vote we have some supper". On inquiry, the steward informed them that they were allowed to run up extras to the amount of ten shillings a-month, and the assistant-paymaster Collings, who was the wine caterer, told them their wine bill was fifteen shillings a-month. Accordingly they regaled themselves with three pennyworth of bread and cheese and a glass of draught ale, which also cost them threepence. Jackson informed Maynard that he would excuse his keeping the middle watch as long as

they remained up the Hamoaye. Soon after they turned into their hammocks, and ere long, in spite of the strangeness, the police lights, sentry, &c., they fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

AT half-past six next morning the steerage hammocks were piped up, and our youngsters turned out; their hammocks being lashed up and taken on deck by their hammock men, who had been appointed by Hughes, the mate of the upper deck, who generally looks after the deck watch and station bill. Harry and Frank went on deck after dressing themselves, and found that the upper deck had been washed and the ropes coiled down. They remained on deck till eight A.M., when they went below to breakfast, which consisted of hashed mutton and sausages, bread and butter and coffee. Living at Plymouth being very cheap and good, and the ship lying close to the shore, they enjoyed all sorts of luxuries, Bungs telling them to make the best of their time, as they would be in blue water before long. At nine o'clock the drum beat to quarters, and the arms were inspected. After the arms were reported clean and everything correct, the first lieutenant read prayers (the chaplain, who was also naval instructor, not having joined), the retreat was beaten, the working parties told off, Hughes and Harry going to the dockyard with them.

Captain Maynard came on board about eleven A.M. He sent for Frank and told him to bring Harry to lunch with him at twelve o'clock. They made their appearance punctually, Harry giving Frank a pinch and saying, "Who whitewashed the goose?" as they went in. Captain Maynard, after a few questions, asked them if they had got watch bills yet, and on learning that they had not, said: "Well, I will take you both on shore this afternoon, and you will be able to get them and anything else you want, for we shall be going out into the Sound next week. Tell the first lieutenant I have asked you

to come on shore with me." About two o'clock they left the ship, and after making their purchases walked up to the Hoe, from which there is a magnificent view of the Sound, the ships lying at anchor inside the breakwater, the beautiful woods of Mount Edgecombe to the right, Drake's Island in the foreground, with the Catwater at their feet, and Babbicombe Point to the left. Strolling back, they went to hear a military band which was playing near the Admiral's house, and where they found most of the beauty and fashion collected. About half-past six Captain Maynard took them to an hotel and ordered dinner; after which he took them to the theatre.

Plymouth has always been known as having one of the best provincial theatres, and there is generally a good company acting there. The play was "Black-eyed Susan," and the boys enjoyed it thoroughly. When it was over they took a cab and drove to Morshead's hotel in Devonport, where Captain Maynard had rooms to be near the dockyard. After a light supper they retired to rest.

Next morning being Sunday they had an early breakfast and got on board by nine A.M. The captain inspected the ship, and soon afterwards all hands were sent on shore to church, except those on watch or whose services were required, the Roman Catholics being sent to their own place of worship. The captain joined the men on shore, and all marched up in fours to the dockyard chapel.

After service some of the midshipmen obtained leave to remain on shore. Captain Maynard kept Frank and Harry with him, and in the afternoon sent them off for a walk in Mount Edgecombe Park. They hired a boat at Mutton Cove and crossed over to Mount Edgecombe. Here they found a number of people strolling about, who, though perhaps not as fashionable, could boast as many pretty faces as the boys had seen the day before promenading at the band. After walking some distance along the road through the woods, they turned off on a smaller path, but before they had gone more than half-

a-mile they came to a fence with a gate which had a notice on it: "Dogs and midshipmen not admitted".

"Well," said Harry, "I do call that an insult. If they had only put the midshipmen first and the dogs second it would not be so bad. Let us take it down."

"No," said Frank the thoughtful; "I expect some midshipmen have been doing some damage; anyhow, next time we will come in plain clothes, and then we shall be mistaken for gentlemen."

Harry, unconvinced by this last inducement, would have revenged the honour of his cloth; but Frank pointed out that they were in full view of a cottage, probably a game-keeper's or woodranger's, and therefore were certain to be bowled out. So Harry, still vowing vengeance, turned his back on the insulting notice, and the two strolled back to the ferry, where they consoled themselves with some shandy-gaff. They then crossed over to Mutton Cove, and returned to Captain Maynard's hotel. After dinner they went to evening service, and Captain Maynard sent them on board the *Andromeda*. Here, to their great delight, they found that Seymour had joined in the afternoon; and as they had dined rather early in order to be in time for evening service, they went to the extravagance of a sixpenny supper of cold meat and pickles, and after a long yarn with Seymour they were turned out at ten o'clock by the master-at-arms coming to "dowse the glim"—Anglicè, put the lights out.

Next morning, all hands who could be spared were sent to the dockyard early to bring the sails off. In the afternoon one watch remained to stow the sailroom, the other went ashore for the rest of the sails, arriving on board about four o'clock; one suit of sails were left on deck ready for bending in the morning, the remainder were stowed away. On Tuesday morning, after quarters, the sails were bent, and the officers were informed that on Saturday the ship was to go out to the Sound. This gave them time to get all their private stores on

board, and by Friday afternoon the *Andromeda* was ready for sea, with the exception of swinging ship to adjust her compasses, and taking in her powder and shell : the latter operation is always performed in the Sound at Plymouth, and at Shiphead if the ship is at Portsmouth. On Saturday, at nine A.M., the harbour-master came on board, and at ten the *Andromeda* made sail to topsails, jib, and spanker, and ran with a leading wind out into the Sound, where she came to a single anchor, and saluted the Port Admiral with seventeen guns, receiving an acknowledgment of seven in return. In the afternoon the ship was swung and her compasses adjusted, the studding sails were bent, and sea-mats and chafing gear put on. The chaplain, having joined on the Thursday, performed divine service after divisions next morning. A graduate of Oxford, and a clever man all round, our youngsters were fortunate in having such instruction.

In the afternoon the men's friends were allowed on board until four P.M., when all visitors were turned out.

Next morning the powder, hay, and shell lighter came alongside, and they were employed the greater part of the day stowing the magazine and shellroom. At evening quarters the men were exercised at fire stations, and the rest of the officers being now on board, the watches were finally settled, Seymour, being senior midshipman, was put into the second lieutenant's watch, and he, having spoken to the first lieutenant, Harry was put into the same watch, having also Parkes, a middy of fifteen. In Frank Maynard's watch were Jackson, Harris, a middy of the same standing as Parkes named Merry, and himself. Thus there were two midshipmen and one cadet in each watch. The other two cadets were told to keep the morning watch every morning and the first dog watch in the afternoon, viz., from four to six P.M. All the naval cadets had to go aloft every morning, and the first lieutenant asked them what they had learned when they came down : if they could not tell him anything new, he asked them a question, and if

they could not answer it, he would send them aloft again to find it out. Thus they very soon learned the names and uses of the different ropes and the fitting of all the rigging.

Every day was now occupied in exercising the men at sail drill, and stations for other manœuvres which could not be performed at anchor; gun drill was not forgotten, and by the end of the week the men knew their stations fairly well, and Captain Maynard reported the *Andromeda* ready for sea in all respects. The midshipmen got their watch, quarter and station bills made out, and also commenced their logs. On the Saturday, Captain Maynard went up to London for a final interview with their Lordships of the Admiralty, and to say farewell to his wife and family. Harry and Frank wrote farewell letters to their friends, and the important item of washed clothes being on board, they were all eager to start.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN Maynard arrived on Tuesday the 20th, and told the first lieutenant they would sail on Thursday. On the Wednesday the live stock, consisting of sheep and poultry, came on board, and the water tank came alongside for the last time.

Some of the men's friends were allowed on board to say farewell, and the messenger being rove, the *Andromeda* was ready to start. Next morning at eight A.M. the upper yards were crossed, the Blue Peter hoisted, and a gun fired. At quarter the guns were secured for sea, and at ten A.M. the pipe "Hands shorten in cable" resounded along the decks. Having shortened in to a short stay, plain sail was made, except courses, and the anchor being weighed, the *Andromeda* passed the west end of the breakwater, and steered to pass about a mile from the Eddystone Lighthouse. The anchor having been stowed, the watch was called, but most of the officers remained on deck looking at the fast receding shores of Old

England. At twelve the bearings were taken to determine the position of the ship, and at half-past twelve the Eddystone was passed, a W.S.W. course shaped down Channel, the wind being moderate from the North.

Harry, in the second lieutenant's watch, found that it was his afternoon, he relieving Maynard. After dinner the starboard watch was called, and set the starboard studding-sails. The water being smooth as yet, the boys did not feel any the worse for the slight motion. They passed numbers of ships coming up Channel : these were all close-hauled on the port tack, being just able to lay their course up Channel. The breeze being inclined to freshen, the lower half-ports were hauled up, and the lower deck-ports barred in. At eight o'clock, when Maynard's watch came on deck, the *Andromeda* was going nine knots. The wind being two points abaft the beam kept the ship steady, the sea as yet not having risen. The watch was mustered, look-outs relieved, and the lifeboat crew were ordered to sleep apart, between two lee quarter-deck guns. The senior midshipman of the watch, Harris, kept watch on the forecastle, Merry and Maynard on the quarter-deck. Nothing occurred during the first watch. At midnight Frank had the pleasure of rousing Harry out and turning in himself. After the watch was mustered and the rounds gone, the second lieutenant, whose name was Digby, asked Parkes if he had anything to make coffee with. Being answered in the negative, he told Parkes to go down to his cabin, where he would find a spirit-lamp, with all conveniences for making coffee. He brought it on deck, but there was too much wind, so Harry was sent down to make the coffee in the steerage, and soon had it ready, getting some cups, &c., from the wardroom. It was very acceptable, as a northerly wind in January in the English Channel at one A.M. is anything but sultry. Towards two o'clock the wind hauled forward about two points, bringing it abeam ; the lower studding-sail was taken in, and the yards trimmed. Nothing else happened during the watch. Being

right in the track of ships a good look-out was kept ; but though a good many lights were seen, they did not pass very close to any of them. The midshipmen of the middle watch were allowed to sleep in till seven o'clock ; after breakfast they all went on deck to take the sun. Being now out of sight of land, the chaplain attended on deck, and showed them how to observe, get the index error, &c. After quarters all the midshipmen except two on watch went to the captain's fore-cabin, the chaplain teaching them navigation. They had to attend school every day except Wednesday, which was general quarter-day when all the guns are exercised at once. At twelve the master took the sun for the latitude, all the midshipmen doing ditto ; the lieutenants are also supposed to take their own observation, but this used to be a rule more honoured in the breach than the observance. The master reported twelve o'clock to the officer of the watch, the officer of the watch to the captain, the captain touched his cap and said, " Make it so," and accordingly eight bells were struck, and the boatswain and his mates piped to dinner, the midshipman of the watch reporting twelve o'clock to the first lieutenant.

Being a newly commissioned ship, the men of the watch were kept at drill, either great gun, small arms, or cutlass, every day. The midshipmen also had to learn the same drills, under the supervision of Mr. Wads, the gunner ; and on Saturday they learned seamanship with the boatswain, Mr. Hawse. Thus their time was fully occupied, and as they carried their fair wind down past the Bay of Biscay, they got a splendid start. When about the latitude of Lisbon they lost their fair wind, and experienced variable winds as far down as 30° N. latitude, when they picked up the N.E. trades, and ran them down to 5° N. latitude. Here they lost the wind altogether, and were in the doldrums, sometimes having nearly one hundred sail in sight as helpless as themselves. At length, by taking advantage of every cat's-paw, they reached the Line, which they crossed on the 18th of February, being

twenty-six days out, and having averaged about one thousand miles a-week. Captain Maynard was a man who approved of all amusements which serve to vary the monotony of a sea voyage, so, when Mr. Hardy, the first lieutenant, asked if he would allow Neptune to visit the ship, he willingly gave permission, only giving orders that anyone who did not wish to join in the fun should go abaft the mizzen-mast, where they should not be molested. No one, however, took advantage of this permission. The evening before crossing the Line, after evening quarters, a hoarse voice was heard hailing the *Andromeda*, and on answering the hail, Neptune ordered the ship to heave to ; this was done, and His Majesty came on board over the bows. A fieldpiece carriage having been rigged up as a triumphal car, Neptune was dragged aft by his attendant tritons and mermaids, all rigged out for the occasion, Neptune himself being the chief boatswain's mate, a man over six feet high and large in proportion. He had a gold tinsel crown on his head, a wig and long beard of tow, and a magnificent trident in his hand. On arriving on the quarter-deck, the captain asked if he recognised any of his subjects.

"Yes, your honour," said Neptune ; "I see a few old friends, and I see a many faces I never saw before, so with your permission I will come on board to-morrow morning and investigate them."

"Could your Majesty drink a glass of grog?" asked the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Neptune, and a glass of grog being brought, he tossed it off to Her Majesty's health. adding, "Well, your honour, if convenient, I will come on board to-morrow morning".

"Very well, your Majesty," replied the captain.

As Neptune was taken forward again, he turned round on his car, and said, "Beg pardon, your honour, but all these here persons and mermaids looks thirsty too".

The mainyard was then filled, and the captain, taking Neptune's hint, gave orders to splice the mainbrace.

On the following morning a platform was rigged up in the starboard gangway, between the gangway and the stern of the first launch. A stun'sail was then triced up to the hammock nettings on one side and the launch on the other, one end coming up to the platform and the other being triced up forward. This formed a bath about 35 feet long and 8 feet wide, and after the shaving began it never had less than 3 feet of water in it. At nine o'clock, instead of going to quarters, the first lieutenant gave the order "Hands to skylark," and Neptune coming aft in state, the shaving apparatus, consisting of a large tub of water, a paint brush, and a piece of hoop iron, with a pot of lather, into the composition of which we will not inquire too strictly, was prepared on the platform, and the fun began. The first to be shaved was the third lieutenant, whose name was Palmer. The victim was made to sit on a plank over the end of the bath; he was then shaved with the hoop, and asked a question. As soon as he opened his mouth the paint-brush was shoved into it, full of lather, the plank was pulled away, and he fell splash into the water in the stun'sail. Here he was seized on by the bears, as the attendant myrmidons are called, and well ducked the whole length of the bath, being allowed to get out at the other end, half drowned. The fourth lieutenant came next. The two mates had crossed the Line, but none of the other youngsters. Seymour said to Harry and Frank: "Look here, let us get shaved first, and then we will have the fun of ducking the others". The marine officer was the only one who paid forfeit rather than be shaved, he said he considered it subversive of discipline. He did not escape altogether, for, coming too close to look at the fun, half-a-dozen middies seized on him, and played the hose all over him for about five minutes. After the officers had all been shaved, the men's turn came, and of course they were treated more roughly. Everything passed off well, and it was all over

by six bells, and the decks were washed down and the stun'sail triced up to dry. After dinner the men were allowed to make and mend clothes, and hang up all their wet clothes, &c.

The same evening they had a heavy thunderstorm, with rain such as those who had not been in the tropics had never seen before.

CHAPTER IX

THE same light, variable breezes continued for some days, and several times a lower stun'sail was lowered into the water, and all hands who could swim jumped into it and enjoyed a good splash, the non-swimmers being obliged to content themselves with having the hose played over them in the morning. Several sharks had been seen, but none of any great size, until one forenoon, when all the officers were taking the noon observations, Harry, who was more intent on sharks than on the sun, sung out, "My eye, what a whopper!" All eyes were immediately directed to the fin of a very large shark about twenty yards off the quarter. The mid of the watch immediately went forward and asked the boatswain for a shark-hook, and that old salt, who hated a shark with the instinct of every true sailor, only waited to pipe to dinner at twelve o'clock, when he hastened aft with the largest shark-hook in his storeroom, and a four-pound piece of pork well secured on it. A rope's end having been bent on to the chain of the hook, the bait was lowered with a splash and the shark immediately made a dash at it; but, perhaps having been touched by a hook before, he sheered off some distance, until, having apparently made up his mind, he made straight for the bait, and turning half over attempted to make off with it. Feeling the prick of the hook, he ran the rope out till brought up by a round turn on a cleat. All hands, marine officer, everybody who could get hold of the rope, then tried to haul him in; but he rushed furiously to and fro, and it was a good

half-hour before he was got under the stern, when a running bowline being let down the line he was fast to, it was slipped along till it caught round the small part of his tail, and he was dragged on board in triumph, when he immediately took charge of the deck, until the carpenter, watching his opportunity, chopped off his tail with a broad axe, and he was dragged forward, and his jaws and backbone being extracted, a portion near his tail was reserved for cooking and the remainder thrown overboard.

Captain Maynard told the first lieutenant to allow the men time to get their dinners, as the dinner hour had been occupied in catching the shark.

That evening at tea time shark steaks were placed on the table, and those who cared to try them found them very coarse and tasteless. When the hammocks were piped down and everyone in the mess except those on duty, the conversation turned naturally on sharks, Jackson swearing by West Indian ones, Hughes by East Indian, Bungs by African, and Collings, the assistant paymaster, by the great white shark of the Pacific Ocean. After long argument, Jackson having declared that another man had told him he had seen a shark quite fifty feet long, some one said: "Well, our shark was fifteen feet long without his tail, I know, because the carpenter measured it; and as he cut off quite three feet of tail that makes it eighteen feet". "Well," said Jackson, "I must say that I never saw one actually measured over sixteen feet." Eventually all agreed that none of them had ever seen a shark caught and measured longer than eighteen feet, though each of them was still ready to back his own fancy shark in the water. Harry, next morning, having been the first to see the shark, was allowed to become the proud possessor of its jaws, which, at their fullest stretch, could be passed over the shoulders of the biggest man in the ship; but, of course, the shark himself could not have opened them to that extent.

Everyone was now wild to catch fish of every sort; but in

mid-ocean few fish are to be caught. An occasional dolphin taken by hook, two or three albacore harpooned from the dolphin striker, and some flying fish dropping on board, principally at night, attracted by a light, comprised the whole number of fish obtained.

On the 25th of February, they pitched up the S.E. trades, and were soon again bowling off from 250 to 300 miles a-day, and on the 10th of March they came to an anchor in the magnificent harbour of Rio de Janeiro, having been forty-six days at sea. Here they found H.M.S. *Collingwood*, the flagship, and the *Comus*, a corvette like themselves ; H.M.S. *Egmont* was the storeship at that time. They were boarded by the health-boat and received *pratique*. The guard-boat from the *Collingwood* came on board and brought them some welcome letters from England. Captain Maynard went on board the flagship, and the yards having been squared, salutes exchanged, lower booms got out, and everything ship-shape, they were at leisure to read their letters and eat some of the luscious fruit for which Rio is celebrated.

Captain Maynard came on board shortly, and told the first lieutenant that they would remain at least a week at Rio, during which time they would fill up with provisions and water, and that he could give the officers the usual leave. In the afternoon the boom-boats were hoisted out, and everything prepared for sending the "shakes"—*i.e.*, the staves of empty casks—away and clearing the hold. Next morning the hold was cleared, and one launch after the other loaded and despatched to the *Egmont* with shakes, &c., the pinnace towing ahead, as the launches, being deeply laden, could not pull all their oars. That night all the wet provisions were on board, *viz.*, beef and pork ; next, dry provisions, including biscuits, were received ; and by noon of the third day everything was on board, including the spirits, which are generally brought separately. These were stowed in the afternoon, and the ship cleaned up as well as possible. The next day, being Saturday, was employed in

cleaning the ship throughout, and everybody was very glad to have got through the work.

That evening in the gunroom, Hughes, after drinking "Sweethearts and Wives," turned to Bungs, and said:

"Bungs, you old sinner, I am glad you have had something to do at last".

"Confound you!" said Bungs; "I work a jolly sight harder than you do. I would much rather be up in the fresh air like you, than down in the hold or getting the lower deck cleaned."

"Oh, yes, I've seen you," said Hughes. "When the first lieutenant sends for you, you knock your cap against the white-wash, to make him think you have been down in the hold."

"You be blowed!" answered Bungs. "Many is the time that I've seen you dodging up the fore hatchway when you ought to have been on deck."

"That be hung!" said Hughes. "Never mind, Bungs; sing us a song."

Everyone burst out laughing, for Bungs had no more music in him than a chunk of salt beef.

On Sunday morning, after divine service, the captain told Harry and Frank to come on shore with him. Very few of the junior officers had as yet been able to get on shore; the senior officers and the "idlers," as the marine officers, paymasters, doctors, and chaplain are sometimes called, had made expeditions to the "Sugar Loaf," a hill of that shape at the entrance to the harbour, and the "Corcovado," another hill behind the town. The chaplain and the doctor only had been able to get as far as Tijuca, which is nearly a day's journey by mule-coach from Rio.

Captain Maynard took a carriage and drove out to the celebrated botanical gardens, which contain a beautiful avenue of palms, quite a mile long, besides every description of tropical plants and flowers in exquisite profusion. They also saw many lovely birds and butterflies; the small birds of Brazil having

plumage of such brilliant colours that a large trade is carried on in feathered flowers. These artificial flowers were far beyond the pockets of our youngsters ; besides, Captain Maynard advised them not to buy curios that would spoil, as they would be able to obtain them on their way home, if they were spared. Having satiated their eyes, ears, and noses with the delightful sights, sounds, and odours of the gardens, they drove back to the town and went to an English hotel. Here they were regaled on the enormous prawns peculiar to Rio, and also made the acquaintance of yams and sweet potatoes. The latter they did not care about, as at first they taste sickly to most palates ; the yams they liked, but thought them very filling at the price.

They arrived on board about eight P.M., where they found some gunroom officers of the *Collingwood*, amongst whom were two old mates pretty full of liquor. These two were abusing Jackson and Hughes for not turning the youngsters out of the mess at nine P.M., and also for not having clobbered any of them as yet. Jackson and Hughes, however, who had talked the subject over, told them that they themselves had both been bullied as youngsters, and had made up their minds to treat the youngsters well as long as they deserved it. The senior mate of the *Collingwood*, whose name was Colpoys, then became abusive, and Jackson told him that, as he could not behave civilly, he had better go on board his own ship. Colpoys jumped up in a rage, and, calling them all a set of d——d Methodists, hurried on deck with his companion.

They went on board their own ship, where Colpoys, who was about half-seas over, immediately tried to clear all the youngsters out of his own mess. These latter resisted, and as the other two or three seniors would not back Colpoys up, he found himself in the disagreeable necessity of fighting about six or seven youngsters from sixteen and a-half years of age downwards ; of course there were more youngsters, but these were all that showed fight. Several of the seniors, who

thoroughly disliked Colpoys, were very glad to see him in a fair way to get a good thrashing, and egged the youngsters on. He at length, after another glass of grog, seized an ironwood stick, and rushed at the youngsters, who had united between the two guns on the starboard side, armed, one with a spare leg of the mess table, one with a knifeboard, two more with hardwood sticks from the Sandwich Islands, and the rest with nature's weapons. At the first rush Colpoys struck the one with the knifeboard on the head and felled him; a minute or two elapsed, during which the weapons rattled like a miniature Donnybrook fair, when the knifeboard hero, whose name was Calder, got on his legs again, and, burning for revenge, jumped straight at Colpoy's neck, and carried him back on to the flat of his back on the gunroom mess table, which extended close to the scene of action. The middy with the table leg immediately brought it down on his forehead, and cut a gash at least two inches long and half-an-inch deep. When the rebels saw that Colpoys did not stir, and that the blood was flowing freely, they became alarmed, and one of them ran for the surgeon. The wound did not turn out to be serious; but, being put on the sick list, the flag captain inquired into the case, and having sent for Jackson and Hughes, and asked them what had occurred on board the *Andromeda*, reported the case to the admiral; and Colpoys, bearing a very indifferent character, which had stood in the way of his promotion on several occasions, was sent home for the disposition of the Admiralty, who soon after informed him that his services were no longer required.

This event put an end to the bullying on board the *Collingwood*, for the youngsters had found out that "union is strength"; and though no youngster objected to or complained of being clobbered, if he offended against any of those unwritten laws of the gunroom which apply to all, they had long been suffering from the tyranny of Colpoys and two or three more. But it is time we got back on board the *Andromeda*.

CHAPTER X.

ON Monday the running gear was overhauled and new gear rove where necessary. The standing rigging did not require much attention beyond getting a pull of the top-mast backstays, &c., the *Andromeda* as yet not having encountered any bad weather. The boom-boats were hoisted in, and the jolly-boat, gig, and copper punt also, and stowed in the second launch. The messenger was rove, and next morning the water tank came alongside. The cable was hove short stay, and at noon the *Andromeda* was once more ready for sea. At 1.30 the captain came on board from the flagship, and the galley was also hoisted in and put in the pinnace, which herself was stowed in the first launch. All these small boats were stowed on board in the expectation of encountering bad weather in rounding the Horn. At two P.M. the water tank was cast off, every tank on board being full; plain sail was made, and the *Andromeda* weighed and stood out of harbour with a slight breeze from the west. This breeze she only carried about ten miles out to sea; and after a calm night, a northerly breeze sprang up, which speedily enabled her to get a good offing, and shape a course for the Falkland Islands.

Having been now nearly three months in commission, it became necessary to exercise at night quarters. This operation is generally supposed to take the crew by surprise, but, as candles have to be put in the fighting lanterns, everyone has a very good idea when it is going to come off.

The object of going to night quarters is to see in what time a ship can fire her guns, the watch below being fast asleep in their hammocks, and most of the watch on deck lying down, the magazines, of course, being closed and the keys in the captain's cabin.

On this occasion the drum beat at three bells (1.30 A.M.) in the middle watch, and everyone hurried up to their stations. In corvettes and frigates it is not necessary to stow the ham-

mocks as it is in line-of-battle ships, so that the first gun was fired in four minutes' time from the beat of the drum, the other guns firing as soon as their powder boys brought their cartridges.

About half the guns had fired two rounds, when a scream was heard from one of the foremost guns' crews. The captain immediately jumped off the bridge, ordering the drummer to sound "cease firing," and hurried forward, but was met in the waist by some of the rear numbers carrying two wounded men below.

"How did it happen?" asked the captain of Palmer, the third lieutenant, who had charge of the foremost quarters.

"Nos. 3 and 4 of the second gun have had their hands blown off, sir, in ramming home the second round."

"The gun cannot have been properly sponged," replied the captain. "Where is No. 1?"

"He has had his thumb blown off, sir, while serving the vent at the time of the explosion."

"Very well, Mr. Palmer, I will inquire into it in the morning."

The captain then went aft and ordered the first lieutenant to draw the charges of any guns that were loaded, to secure the guns, and beat the retreat; then, going below to the cockpit, where the amputation table is situated, he found that the poor fellows' hands had been blown off at the wrist, one losing the right hand, the other the left. Inquiring if they were in great pain, they both replied, "No; that their arms felt quite numb".

The captain retired to his cabin, and in half-an-hour's time both men's arms had been amputated, and they had been placed in cots slung in the after cockpit. Harry and Frank could not get to sleep for thinking of the poor fellows who had so suddenly been maimed for life; as a sudden accident makes more impression on a man than seeing something far more horrid if you are expecting it.

Next morning the captain inquired of the gun's crew if they had seen the captain of the gun serving the vent. No. 2, who

was closest to No. 1, was positive that he had served the vent properly ; Nos. 5 and 6, the men next to those who had lost their arms, were also certain that they had sponged properly after the first round. Captain Maynard came to the conclusion that no blame could be attached to anyone, but took the first opportunity of impressing on the men the necessity of sponging and serving the vent properly.

The wind, which was now fresh from the east, enabled the *Andromeda* to lay her course a point free for the Falkland Islands, where Captain Maynard was desirous of leaving the two wounded men, intending to arrange with the senior officer at Valparaiso that the first homeward bound man-of-war should call for them. On the 30th March they arrived, and anchored in Berkeley Sound, Stanley Harbour being difficult of access. The men were landed, and given in charge of the assistant surgeon attached to the small body of marines at that time stationed on the Falkland Islands.

These islands, which are the only British possessions off the south-east coast of South America, are a cluster of rocky, barren islands of all sizes, nowhere rising more than five hundred feet above sea-level, and I believe do not contain a single indigenous tree or shrub. In some places, however, the grass, though coarse, is abundant, and sustains a fair number of cattle and sheep. Here are found the upland geese, peculiar to these islands, so called from their always feeding on the uplands and keeping to the fresh water. They are about the size of a domestic goose, and excellent eating, owing to their feeding on the same class of seeds, &c., as the game birds at home.

Kelp geese, penguins, steamer ducks, and all sorts of divers abound, and Captain Maynard allowed all hands to go on shore to stretch their legs, one watch one day, the other the next. All the junior officers also were allowed to go, and amused themselves catching penguins, &c. These burrow in the ground like rabbits, and give severe bites with their hard bills ; they are easily knocked on the head if caught outside their holes.

As there were no public-houses, or indeed any houses at all where the men were landed, everyone came off without having been exposed to temptation, and Captain Maynard, not expecting any more fine weather until well round the other side of Cape Horn, the stun'sails, royals, and flying jib were unbent, and the yards stowed on the booms.

On the 3rd April, at ten A.M., the *Andromeda* weighed under sail to topgallant sails, jib and spanker, with a strong breeze from E.N.E. After evening quarters a reef was taken in the topsails, and the mizzen topgallant sail furled; the wind having hauled round to E. by S., the *Andromeda* steering south, a point free, and running eleven knots. All next day the wind remained steady, but increasing in force. That evening the fore and main topgallant sails were furled, and the second reef taken in the topsails, two reefs in the spanker, the jib stowed, and the fore topmast staysail set. The wind still headed them during the night, till at noon on the 5th they could only lay S.W. by W., which would barely clear Terra del Fuego. That evening the third reef was taken in the fore and main topsails, the mizzen topsail close reefed, one reef in the fore and main courses, and the spanker was stowed. The topgallant yards were sent down and the masts housed, preventer traces were rove and the guns double breeched, the booms and boom-boats being secured with extra lashings; the chests in the steerage were secured with extra cleats, and everything movable secured. This evening was the first that our youngsters had experienced any real discomfort, and as yet the weather had been clear.

"Well, Harry," said Seymour, "how do you like your first gale of wind?"

"Oh, I don't mind," said Harry, "as long as I am not seasick."

"Happy thought! Sell a farm and go to sea," said old Bungs.

"What are you growling at?" said Hughes. "You can

always keep dry at any rate. I thought you were tired of those infernal blue skies which you used to abuse when we were in the tropics."

"Ah! 'Man never is, but always to be blest,'" said Jackson, who read his *Shakespeare* and all other standard books he could lay his hands on.

"Well, I think your hammock is the best place in this weather," said Seymour. "Here goes to turn in," and the others soon after followed his example.

Next morning the wind and sea had increased, but it was impossible to shorten sail if they wished to weather the coast of Terra del Fuego. At noon no observations could be taken, and the captain was thinking seriously of wearing ship and standing off the land on the other tack, when the iron slip of the standing part of the main-sheet broke, and in a moment the mainsail split with a deafening report, and, worse, the sudden jerk upwards caused by the main-sheet going, aided by the upward pull of the lee clew of the topsail, snapped the main yardarm short off about ten feet from the boom-iron. The hands were on deck almost before they were called, the remains of the mainsail hauled up the main topsail clewed up and furled, the lee clew-line fortunately proving strong enough to bring the broken main yardarm up to the cap, where it was slung and sent down by the top burtons; the remains of the mainsail were sent on deck, the jeers rove, and the mainyard sent down and rested on the hammock nettings, where it was secured. The spare maintopsail yard was got across, rigged with the lifts, braces, &c., off the mainyard, and sent up, the maintopsail sent down and the spare mizzen topsail bent instead, and set treble-reefed as a maintopsail. By this time it was five-thirty P.M., and the men were piped to supper. After quarters, Captain Maynard having determined to lay the *Andromeda's* head off shore, he ordered hands wear ship, and when round on the other tack, the foresail and fore and mizzen topsails were furled, the fore and main trysails and forestaysail set,

and he found that she lay to with her head E. by S. Captain Maynard then ordered the mainbrace to be spliced, and everything being secure for the night, the watch was called, hot tea being served out at two A.M. and four A.M.

Next morning the sun showed about eight o'clock, and shortly afterwards the weather cleared overhead, though still blowing hard and a very heavy sea on. Having obtained longitude by chronometer and latitude by double altitude, they found themselves about fifty miles due east of Terra del Fuego. Captain Maynard immediately made up his mind to run for the Straits of Magellan. The fore and mizzen topsails were set double-reefed, one reef shaken out of the jury maintopsail. The foresail was set with the reef shaken out, foretrysail and forestaysail stowed, the foretopmast staysail set, and the ship wore, shaping a course W. by N. for Possession Bay, on the north side of the Straits, and consequently on the coast of South America. The wind, being nearly due south, was a point abaft the port beam, and the *Andromeda* went along eleven knots; and the cables having been bent, and the anchors got ready, at five P.M. she came to a single anchor in Possession Bay; the Straits here being about twelve miles wide; but the ship was now under the lee of the Island of Terra del Fuego, and the sea was comparatively smooth, and the weather clear and cold. The extra lashings were all taken off, and the starboard quarter-deck guns were run over to the port side, where they were secured to the carriages of the port guns, the whole being extreme trained forward. This was done to enable the carpenter to fish the mainyard on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. This is the most sacred spot on board ship, and is seldom profaned; but the starboard yardarm having snapped, it was easier to place it there to be fished, and also gave the carpenter more room to work than the waist would have done. At six o'clock the men were piped to supper, and everything was left till morning. Next morning the mainyard was placed in position to be fished, the wood

being cut away to fit in the spare half anchor stocks, which were placed, one above, the other below, the break ; while on each side was placed a fish-piece, which was always carried in the days of sailing ships. Next, iron bands were shrunk on red-hot ; the whole being woolded or wrapped round with three-inch rope wedged at intervals, the woolding extending the whole length of the fish-pieces, about eighteen feet. Captain Maynard complimented the carpenter on his work, which was completed about six P.M.

Next morning the mainyard was sent up, the mainsail and maintopsail bent, the topgallant masts fidded, the yards crossed, and the sails loosed to dry, the weather being fine, and the wind by this time having shifted round to the north, off the land. The decks were then washed, the quarter-deck guns replaced, the arms cleaned, and all wet clothes got up to dry. In the afternoon the men were allowed to make and mend clothes, as the captain wished to give them a rest after their hard work. At four P.M. the dry clothes were piped down, and the messenger rove. At quarters the guns were secured, and the *Andromeda* was ready for sea. At that time there were no houses of any sort at Possession Bay, the beach was very rocky, and the country uninviting. Some Patagonians came on board with ostrich feathers and guanaco skins for sale ; but they did not strike our youngsters as being so gigantic as they had expected, from accounts they had read in books of travel. "Patagon" means literally "large foot," and the name was given to the land by some of the first Spanish voyagers, who saw the print of the naked foot in the sand, and inferred from this that the men were gigantic. One or two of those who came on board were about six feet high, but they could easily have picked out a dozen bigger men from the small detachment of marines on board, that amphibious corps always keeping up a very high standard.

Next day, the 12th of April, the *Andromeda* weighed under single-reefed topsails, topgallant sails, jib, and spanker, and ran

out S.E. with a strong breeze from the north. The courses were set, the messenger paid down, but the cables were kept bent. The *Andromeda* altered course, as requisite to keep five or six miles from the land.

Terra del Fuego, originally so called from its numerous volcanoes, which are now extinct, has bold, rocky shores, the whole island being mountainous, the highest peak some eight or nine thousand feet high, the slopes of the hills being covered with dwarf trees and scrub. The natives are dwarfs compared to the Patagonians; but as they live nearly entirely by fishing and on the shells they pick up, this is natural; the lower limbs, being continually cramped in their canoes, do not develop as do those of men who live by hunting.

At six o'clock that evening they sighted Staten Island, and at eight P.M. shaped a course S. by W. to get an offing. During the night the wind worked round through E. to S.E., but as it was fair for them they did not care how hard it blew. The next five or six days took them well on their way, generally averaging ten to eleven knots. On the 20th they lost their fair wind, and experienced variable weather until they arrived at Valparaiso on the 30th April, 1856, ninety-eight days since they left Plymouth Sound.

CHAPTER XI.

VALPARAISO, one of the chief seaports of Chili, lies at the foot of some sandy hills of no great height. It is an open roadstead, and here they found anchored H.M.S. *Monarch*, a sailing line-of-battle ship of eighty-four guns, bearing the flag of a rear-admiral; the *Desperate*, a despatch gunboat; and the *Nereus*, an old store-ship. After exchanging salutes, Captain Maynard went on board the flagship, and on his return told the first lieutenant that they would remain at Valparaiso until the arrival of the *Perseus*, the ship they were to relieve

As they were to get a new mainyard and refit, Captain Maynard gave orders that all midshipmen under four years' standing and all the naval cadets were to remain on board to see the rigging set up, adding that they would have plenty of time to go on shore afterwards. Boats having come alongside with bread, fruit, vegetables, poultry, sheep, &c., &c., the gun-room mess bought sufficient for the evening, and enjoyed it thoroughly after salt meat and hard tack.

"I suppose you youngsters think you have had very hard times," said old Bungs; "why, you have not even been on short allowance. Why, when I was up the Arctic——"

"Pity you did not stay there," said Hughes. "I do not like being on half allowance if you do; give me plenty of the necessaries, and I can do without the luxuries, such as sugar, soap, and religious books."

"Well," said Merry, "I think it is jolly hard lines not to be allowed to go on shore till the ship is refitted."

"All for your good," said Hughes, "like measles and New England nutmegs. Do you know that yarn? Well, a Yankee once had a contract to deliver a lot of nutmegs, but found he could not get enough to fulfil his contract in time. So he set to work and had a lot of wooden ones turned, mixed them up with the proper ones, and so saved his contract."

"I don't see what that has to do with our leave being stopped," said Merry.

"Well, it shows that where there's a will there's a way," answered Hughes.

"I've got the will, but I fear the first lieutenant will stop the way on shore," said Merry. "Anyway, I suppose they will let us on shore on Sunday, the day after to-morrow."

"Perhaps, if you behave yourself in the meantime. Besides, your cutter will be market-boat every other day," said Hughes.

"Why, that is the worst of all," said Merry; "to go on shore and not be able to leave the boat."

Next morning the sails were unbent, the boom-boats hoisted out, the running gear unrove before dinner; in the afternoon the topgallant masts sent on deck, the lower yards struck and topmasts housed, the mainyard was unriggered, and the spare jibboom being rigged as a derrick, all was prepared for sending the mainyard on shore on Monday morning. Next day being Sunday, divine service was performed as usual, and Captain Maynard took Frank and Harry on shore with him. They walked out to the gardens, which, though not comparable to those at Rio, still were very grateful to the eyes of sailors just off a voyage such as that of the *Andromeda*. As many of the midshipmen and naval cadets as could be spared also obtained leave, and all arrived safe on board by nine P.M.

On Monday morning the mainyard was swung over the side and towed ashore to the yard of a private firm, who undertook to make the new one. All this week was occupied in refitting, setting up the rigging, staying the masts, rattling down the shrouds, blacking down the standing rigging, and painting the mastheads and yards.

On the Sunday most of the middies had another run on shore; and by the end of the second week the new mainyard was on board, rigged and ready to be sent aloft.

On the Monday following the topmasts were fiddled, the lower yards sent up, and the topgallant masts sent aloft.

On the Tuesday the starboard watch was given forty-eight hours' leave; and on the Thursday the port watch went on shore for the same period. The junior officers were also allowed to go on shore this week. Very few men broke their leave, though a good many came on board the worse for wear. As long as they could stand up and pass muster it was not usual to take any notice of their state, unless they created a disturbance afterwards; two men only became really troublesome, and they were quickly placed both legs in irons.

On the Saturday the sails were bent and the running gear rove, and the *Andromeda* was once more atanto. A new

mainsail was drawn from the *Nereus* store-ship ; the torn one being past repairing, was condemned and served out as deck cloths to keep the steerage clean.

Monday, the 24th May, being the Queen's birthday, all the ships dressed with flags from flying boom end to spanker boom end, and at noon fired a royal salute. The Chilian forts and admiral also fired salutes, these being returned by the *Monarch*. In the evening the mainbrace was spliced in order to enable the men to show their loyalty by drinking Her Majesty's health. Next day the boats of the squadron were manned and armed, and all manœuvred under the orders of the flag-captain.

On Thursday the *Andromeda* was inspected by the admiral, who put them through great gun drill, small arm and cutlass drill, then made sail and shifted topsails ; finally expressing himself very well satisfied with the *Andromeda's* state and condition.

He asked the first and second lieutenants, the doctor, the paymaster, and the chaplain to dinner on board the *Monarch*. This afternoon H.M.S. *Perseus* arrived homeward bound, with a pendant with a gilt fish at the end of it which touched the water. Hughes, Seymour, Merry, and Harry Malcolm went on board her in the evening to call on their gunroom officers, and passed a pleasant evening, having received plenty of information about the station.

"Well," said Hughes on the way back, "I believe *Perseus* relieved *Andromeda* from the rock in the days of ancient history. Now *Andromeda* is repaying her debt by relieving the *Perseus*."

Some of the officers of the *Perseus* being great cricketers, they had a very fair eleven. So they challenged the rest of the fleet, Digby and Thompson, the second and fourth lieutenants of the *Andromeda*, taking part in the match, which everyone who could be spared went on shore to witness. The fleet were the victors, but only by two wickets. Afterwards some of the

merchants who witnessed the match also asked all hands to a dance that evening, where they enjoyed themselves very much. The *Perseus* took home sick and time-expired men, and received orders to call at the Falkland Islands to pick up the two men left behind by the *Andromeda*. As she got under weigh each ship manned the rigging and gave her three cheers as she passed, the *Perseus* returning them with interest. The admiral then made the signal: "Farewell, a speedy voyage," which was appropriately answered.

Next day the commodore arrived in H.M.S. *Amphitrite*, a forty-four gun frigate, and two days afterwards the *Monarch* and *Andromeda* weighed in company, standing out to the N.W. Next day at noon they parted company, the *Monarch* being bound for the Sandwich Islands, and the *Andromeda* being ordered to work up the coast to Panama, touching at such ports as the captain thought fit, staying a short time at each as long as he got to Panama by a certain date.

The *Andromeda* had variable winds and fine weather on her way up the coast, and no incident occurred until the 10th June, when, being close-hauled on the starboard tack and going seven knots, a boy fell overboard from the mizzen-chains. Palmer, the third lieutenant, was officer of the watch and saw him fall. He immediately sang out: "Let go the life-buoy! Away, life-boat's crew! Hands, about ship!" Seymour, who was sitting on a chest in the steerage, immediately jumped up the ladder, and, running aft to the stern-gratings, jumped overboard after the boy. The first cutter was in the water in a very few moments, being fitted with Clifford's patent slips. Seymour had by this time got hold of the boy, and, turning on his back, towed him to the life-buoy. In less than five minutes more the cutter reached the life-buoy and both were hauled on board, the ship by this time being round on the other tack, waiting with the mainyard square until the cutter returned. The men gave Seymour a voluntary cheer as he came up the side; the boy, who was little the worse, except that he had swallowed a

good deal of salt water, followed up the side, and the cutter was hoisted up. The mainyard was filled, and the *Andromeda* tacked and proceeded on her course.

Captain Maynard sent for Seymour that evening, and, complimenting him on his gallant action, informed him that he should apply for the Humane Society's medal for him. Seymour thanked him and retired below, where his messmates congratulated him on the prospect of receiving the medal. The conversation that evening in the gunroom turned on saving life and swimming, &c., when it turned out that Hughes and old Bungs had received the medal of the Humane Society. Harry, and in fact all the youngsters, made their minds up to practise swimming as often as possible.

On the 25th June, the *Andromeda* arrived at Callao, the seaport of Lima, the capital of Peru. Here they found H.M.S. *Arachne*, a corvette, but smaller than the *Andromeda*. A French and Spanish admiral were also here, so the *Andromeda* had to salute first the Peruvian flag, then the French, and then the Spanish admiral. An American gunboat was also here, the *Wateree*; this latter vessel was afterwards, in the earthquake wave of 1869, washed two miles inshore, and deposited there without a man on board being hurt, with the exception of one man in a boat astern, who was drowned. It being impossible to get her off, her engines, &c., were sold, and she was broken up and sold on the spot; but this is a digression.

Callao, the seaport of Lima, is a small, old Spanish town, and very dirty. The country is quite flat between the seashore and Lima, which lies at the base of the foot-hills of the Andes. Bananas, oranges, limes, grapes, and other fruits grow in great profusion, and are consequently very cheap. Fish are to be had in immense quantities; in fact, the bay of Callao stinks of fish. Lines were served out to the men, and the midshipmen also, after evening quarters, used to haul up any quantity, red snappers and cavallè being the most esteemed. Whilst here,

Captain Maynard allowed the men to haul the seine-net with which every man-of-war is provided by a paternal government. The beach is sandy and well adapted to hauling the seine. Twice a-week, if the weather was fine, the men were allowed to go on shore with the net, the most favourite spot being the mouth of the Rimac, about two miles to the north of Callao. The middies enjoyed these expeditions more than anybody, and took swimming lessons whenever they could. Bathing was also allowed from the ship; but the water alongside was not very clean, owing to the guano ships which come to Callao from the Chincha Islands and tranship their cargo here.

Captain Maynard asked Seymour, Frank, and Harry to go up to Lima with him, and they were not too proud to accept the invitation. The captain chartered a carriage, and they drove up in uniform, as the authorities will not be responsible for your safety in plain clothes. The sand and dust were very deep, and they went along very slowly. The country was cultivated on each side of the road, maize and wheat principally being the crops. There were plenty of trees, a shady one called "ombu" being one of the largest. Fondas, or inns, were numerous along the road, with lemonade made from the fresh limes. On arrival at Lima they drove to a hotel, where Captain Maynard hired two rooms, one for himself and his son Frank, while Seymour and Harry occupied the other. Captain Maynard went to call on the English Minister, while the boys took a stroll about the town.

All the streets of Lima are on a slight slope, with running water in the gutters. This always keeps the streets comparatively cool, besides carrying away any small refuse thrown into them. The buzzard also is a sacred bird in Lima, and he is a most indefatigable scavenger. Seymour, Harry, and Frank strolled round the Plaza, which contains one of the largest cathedrals of South America; they there crossed a bridge over the Rimac, and wandered along a shady avenue of lime trees. They sat down for some time on a stone bench, and, happening to look

round, they noticed people coming out of some buildings with towels in their hands.

"By Jove, I would like a bath," said Seymour.

"Let us go and look in," said Harry.

So they went and looked in, and found stone baths about fifteen yards square, and five to six feet deep, with clear fresh water running through them. A man who saw them looking wistfully at the water brought them towels, and showed them a place to undress in. They were soon in the water, and enjoyed it thoroughly after their dusty drive. The attendant refused to take any payment, and they departed in great good humour.

"Well," said Seymour, "a Peruvian would stay a long time in London before he got a cheap bath. I must say I like these people; only I wish the girls would show their faces. You can only see one eye; certainly they are very fine ones."

"Perhaps they have only got one," said Harry.

"That is a libel," said Seymour.

On return to the hotel they told Captain Maynard of their bath.

"Well," said he, "you have had a much pleasanter time than myself. For I had to go in full uniform to the Minister's, and had to wait a good hour before he came in. He has asked us all to lunch to-morrow if you like to go. Come along, let us see what sort of a dinner they will give us."

Dinner was served in a cool courtyard, with orange and lemon trees growing in it. The hotel-keeper being English, the dinner was more or less in English style. A small fish called the *pejerè*, or king of fishes, they did not admire much, as it had too many bones. The fruit was very fine—pine apples, grapes, oranges, bananas, green figs, as well as apples and pears; for though it was the beginning of winter in the southern hemisphere, fruit can be obtained at Lima nearly all the year round. After dinner they walked out to the Plaza, where they found a band playing, and all the beauty and fashion of Lima strolling about. In the centre of the Plaza,

there is a fine fountain, with gardens laid out around it. About ten o'clock they returned to the hotel, and retired to bed.

Next morning early they all went to have a bathe, and found the attendant as civil as ever. Captain Maynard, speaking a little Spanish, found out that any officers who went in uniform were always made free of the baths.

"You see that, my lads," said Captain Maynard; "you youngsters are always wanting to get on shore in plain clothes, whereas you would be much better in uniform. Surely you are not ashamed of it?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Harry; "but if we want to go riding or anything, we like to go in plain clothes."

"Well, if you are going out of town or going shooting, it is quite right to put on plain clothes; but, at anyrate, while we are on this coast, you will have to wear your uniform."

They found breakfast awaiting them at the hotel, and after breakfast Captain Maynard went to make some purchases; Seymour and the two boys played billiards until his return, when it was time to prepare for their visit to the Minister. As this was not an official visit, they had not to put on their full war-paint.

The Minister lived in a one-storeyed house in the suburbs. A square court, or patio, with a fountain in the centre, surrounded by the principal rooms, formed the main body of the building; behind one side ran out two wings, which contained more bedrooms, kitchen, &c., the whole ground-plan being in the form of a capital **H**, with one of the ends closed. A verandah ran round the patio, with trellis-work covered with vines, which also ran along overhead, with the exception of a space left for the fountain to play. Orange and lemon trees also grew in the patio. Some beautiful creepers mixed with the vines, their brilliant flowers showing to great advantage against the dark green leaves of the former.

The gentleman who at that time represented Her Majesty at Lima was a married man, his wife and one daughter being

with him ; the latter being a girl of nineteen, who, educated in England, had been for the past two years in Lima. The Minister was a man who had the happy knack of setting everybody at their ease ; and, encouraged by the gracious cordiality of the two ladies, Seymour and the two lads were soon talking away as if they had been acquainted all their lives. Miss W——n informed them that she had a brother in the navy, a lieutenant, and it turned out that Seymour had met him in the Crimea. Miss W——n having enquired what they thought of the fair Limeñas, Harry replied that it was very tantalising only to see one eye, “though, I must say, it is generally a beautiful one”.

“Yes,” said Miss W——n, “but here are some photographs which will show you that they need not be ashamed of their faces.” Seymour remarked that they were beautiful faces, but that there was little variety among them.

“I think that is to be accounted for by the fact that they are descendants of the old Conquistadores and the Peruvians of the time of the Incas, and the latter are said to have been beautiful and fair-haired,” replied Miss W——n. “But I suppose that as the pure race of Peruvians died out, the Spanish type has predominated, and now it would puzzle one to find a fair-haired Peruvian.”

“I wish I knew more about these things,” said Seymour ; “a naval man goes all over the world, and very few ever even think of inquiring who the present inhabitants of any country are descended from. I once read Prescott’s *Conquest of Peru*, but until you mentioned the Incas I quite forgot that such people ever existed.”

“I fear we all neglect our opportunities,” said Miss W——n.

“Seymour did not the other day, anyhow,” said Harry, who then told Miss W——n how the former had jumped overboard after a boy and saved him.

“It was nothing,” said Seymour ; “the sea was pretty smooth, the boy was close to the life-buoy, and I knew I should be picked up in no time.”

"Still, it was very gallant," said Miss W——n ; "and I am sure that you will always have great satisfaction in the thought that you have saved a fellow-creature's life."

Captain Maynard, who had been conversing with the Minister and Lady W——n, here interrupted their pleasant conversation by telling them it was time to start, much as he regretted it ; so, with cordial farewells and a hope to meet again, they left the hospitable walls of the British Embassy, and, after settling their hotel bill, once more embarked in a carriage for Callao, where they found the captain's galley waiting for them, and were soon on board the *Andromeda*.

That evening they were catechised by their messmates, who pumped them as much as they could. Harry and Frank went on deck for a stroll before turning in. They walked the deck in silence for some time, when, "Frank, old fellow, you are in a brown study about something," said Harry.

"Well, Harry," said Frank, "meeting those jolly English ladies makes you think of your mother and sisters."

"Hum!" said Harry, the orphan, "I suppose it does." Harry, as yet, had not even begun to think about other people's sisters. Soon after they turned in.

Next day the cables were ranged for inspection, and the youngsters were excused attendance at school for the purpose of seeing the operation. The chain lockers were cleaned and whitewashed, and the cables re-stowed.

Next day being Saturday, the ship was cleaned throughout, as usual, and old Bungs, instigated by his zeal for Her Majesty's service, had all the chests in the steerage whitewashed and their tops nicely blacked.

In the evening there was a general growl at Bungs, who declared he had only obeyed orders.

"Besides, you all know it is done ; all you have to do is to keep clear of them till they dry."

Next morning at divisions before divine service, at least half of the gunroom officers had either sat down upon, or

brushed up against, the newly-blackened chest-tops. Dire was the vengeance sworn against the unfortunate Bungs.

He seldom went on shore, even on Sundays, preferring to smoke and yarn on deck on the after gratings. Jackson was officer of the afternoon watch, and he having taken rather a fancy to Maynard, the latter was commissioned to keep him aft out of the way when necessary. Simmons, the clerk, who was least likely of being suspected by Bungs of having any sinister designs, was told off to decoy him forward at the proper time. The rest of the youngsters were to lie in wait, and suddenly seize on Bungs and trice him up to the mizzen-stay by the windsail halyard.

At five bells in the afternoon watch hardly anyone is awake on Sundays except those on watch or other duty. Accordingly, Maynard walked aft to the stern gratings with Jackson, and detained him there. This was the signal for Simmons, who was sitting with Bungs, to induce him to go below.

"Just let me finish this pipe," said Bungs.

The windsail was quietly lowered, the halyards unbent, and a running bowline made in them. A few minutes afterwards, Bungs knocked the ashes out of his pipe and strolled forward quite unsuspectingly. A few youngsters were standing by the capstan, but apparently quietly yarning. Directly Bungs came alongside the capstan to go below, he was seized by four of the confederates, and the running bowline slipped under his arms. The halyards being ready manned by a dozen willing hands, he was triced up to the mizzen-stay in the place usually occupied by the after guard's windsail. Delighted at the success of their plot, the youngsters derided poor Bungs, pointing to their white ducks, most of which bore the marks of the blacking.

So far, so good ; but the "best laid schemes o' men and mice gang aft agley," and so it turned out on this occasion.

What should bring the first lieutenant on deck at this time on Sunday afternoon? Surely nothing but the youngsters'

evil genius. Who could have foreseen that Mr. Hardy would be going on board the *Arachne* this day of all days in the year? Yet so it was. A blanker looking lot of young gentlemen could hardly have been presented to the lynx eye of any first lieutenant than those who looked at Mr. Hardy with a sort of deprecating consternation as he slowly came up the ladder. Taking it all in at a glance :

"Who is the officer of the watch?" said he.

Jackson at this moment was just coming forward, and was a good deal more astonished than the first lieutenant to see Mr. Bungs in his elevated position.

"Mr. Jackson," said the first lieutenant, "how is it you allow these irregularities in your watch?"

"It is the first I have seen of it, sir," said Jackson.

"Have Mr. Bungs lowered down at once and the wind-sail hoisted," said the first lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Jackson. "Maynard, lower away at once."

So Mr. Bungs regained the deck, puffing and blowing a good deal, as the little man was both short and stout.

"Now, you youngsters who lowered the windsail; you had better hoist it up again," said Jackson.

This was done, and the first lieutenant ordered all the youngsters to fall in line on the quarter-deck; he also had the gig's crew called away; he then went down below. Jackson, who was naturally angry at his messmates perpetrating such a trick in his watch, said, "What the devil do you youngsters mean by getting me into hot water with the first lieutenant? If he lets you off, I will not, so look out for squalls."

The first lieutenant came on deck again with the chaplain, and MacNeil, the officer of the gig, reported her manned.

"Very well," said the first lieutenant. "Jackson, I am going on board the *Arachne*; let those youngsters go below; I will inquire into it to-morrow morning."

"Very good, sir," said Jackson.

As soon as the first lieutenant was over the side, "Bungs," said one, "how do you feel? Can't have had so much fresh air for a long time."

"You young villains," said Bungs, "if the first lieutenant does not give you watch and watch for a month, I'll go to the skipper myself."

"Go down out of this every one of you," said Jackson, who had not recovered his temper.

So they all disappeared below, where I grieve to relate that they did not cease to chaff Bungs, quite indifferent to their own ulterior fate. Jackson asked Maynard what he knew about it, and on learning that he had been decoyed aft and kept there by Maynard himself, he could not contain his indignation.

"Why, you are the worst of the whole lot," said he, "to take advantage of my kindness; you do not think what a row I may get into yet about it."

Frank certainly had not thought of it in that light, so at four o'clock when his watch was over he went down to his father's cabin and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Captain Maynard.

"Is it you, Frank? Sit down."

After a few minutes Frank summoned courage to tell his father all about it. Captain Maynard, who had a very strong sense of the ridiculous, had hard work to keep his countenance. Frank finished his confession by hoping that Jackson would not suffer by it, and Captain Maynard, having promised this much, said, "I do not know what Mr. Hardy intends to do, but you know I never interfere with his punishments if I can possibly help it". Mr. Hardy came on board again before quarters, and afterwards sent for Jackson and Bungs. The latter by this time was quite willing to look on the whole affair as a joke, telling the youngsters that he intended blacking the chest-lids every Saturday, but that he was certain they would not trice him up to the mizzen-stay again.

The first lieutenant told Bungs that if he pressed the case

of course it would go before the captain, but that if he was satisfied with the youngsters receiving a minor punishment, he would stop their leaves or put them in watch and watch. Bungs begged hard that they might be let off, but the first lieutenant pointed out that Her Majesty's quarter-deck had been treated with disrespect. Mr. Hardy then sent for all the mid shipmen and cadets.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "I have inquired into this afternoon's occurrence, and I find that it was partly in revenge for the lids of the chests in the steerage being blacked. Now, Mr. Bungs has standing orders from me to black them whenever they require it, so that it is myself whose proceedings you have disapproved of. In the next place you have treated Her Majesty's quarter-deck with disrespect, and for that offence do not ask leave to go on shore whilst we remain at Callao. I also hope you will beg pardon of Mr. Bungs, whom you may thank for saving you from a severe punishment. That will do."

Down tumbled all the youngsters, and Bungs had no sooner got below than one of them shouted, "Old Bungs is a brick! Three cheers for old Bungs!"

"Hum!" said the first lieutenant, "that is their notion of begging his pardon."

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN MAYNARD had stayed rather longer at Callao than he first intended, so that now he thought it better to go straight to Panama instead of calling in on the way up. The winds also at this time of the year are very unfavourable for beating up the coast; whereas by stretching out a good distance from the land he would get the S.E. trade, and though they would go over more miles of ocean, they would still make a shorter passage.

On the 16th July the *Andromeda* weighed under all plain sail, and stood out N.W. with a light breeze off the land.

During the night the wind came to the south and freshened up. The port studding-sails were set and the ship went about eight knots through the water. At noon they were about a hundred miles from Callao, and could still see the tops of the Andes, which must have been forty or fifty miles farther off. Some of the Andes are 16,000 and 17,000 feet high, one of them, "Aconcagua" being over 23,000 feet. The wind gradually came round to S.E. by S., and the *Andromeda* ran before it with studding-sails both sides, but the wind was not nearly so strong as the S.E. trade in the Atlantic.

On the 26th July they crossed the Line for the second time and lost their fair wind. From the Line to Panama they experienced variable winds with rain, often very heavy. They arrived at Panama on the 10th August. Here they found the *Chameleon*, another corvette smaller than the *Andromeda* by about three hundred tons, and carrying a lighter armament. The ships on the Pacific station are nearly all corvettes ; the flagship being a line-of-battle ship, and a frigate carrying the commodore's broad pendant.

Panama, the capital of the Republic of Columbia, is situated about nine degrees north of the line. It is an old Spanish town, at one time very important, as most of the spoil acquired by the Conquistadores of Peru was sent up to Panama and transported across the Isthmus on mules. This always occasioned a large garrison being maintained, forts built, &c., and of course the country people brought their produce in for sale. A fine old cathedral still remains, and a circular fort, half the inner circumference of which is occupied by a prison, being merely iron bars in front of cages, not nearly so clean or comfortable as those in the zoological gardens, and the prisoners inside them were treated more like wild beasts than human beings.

Rocky reefs extend for a long distance out in the bay, and the *Andromeda* anchored at least four miles from the town. Fruit and fish are plentiful, but cattle and sheep are

very small and poor. Panama is a place of which a little goes a long way, so after a week's stay there Captain Maynard resolved to go across to Tabogo, an island in the bay about nine miles off, where they would get the fresh sea breeze and be able to give the men a run ashore.

Accordingly, the *Andromeda* weighed* and ran over to Tabogo, coming to an anchor close to the little town of the same name. The island is about 1000 feet high and thickly wooded. Here there is a slip and a private dockyard belonging to an English firm. These enterprising people had made a cricket ground, and though it was rather sandy it was a good deal better than nothing. Captain Maynard encouraged everyone to land in the afternoons for a game, and to stretch their legs. By three o'clock the cricket ground was always in shade, and no fear of sunstrokes could spoil their game. There was also an enclosed bathing place, and at least twice a-week the men were allowed to bathe, sharks being too numerous to allow of bathing from the ship. Shooting and fishing parties were also organised to the adjacent islands, and the seine was also again put into requisition.

Every day some evolution or other was performed, and the *Andromeda* was rapidly becoming both a smart and happy ship, Captain Maynard being well aware how necessary it is to keep the devil out of the men's minds by constant employment and recreation. The chaplain also gave readings once a week, which were well attended. A banjee, or band in miniature, was also organised, consisting of fifes, drums, and fiddles; and it is surprising what an amount of harmonious talent is sometimes concealed on board a man-of-war, only awaiting the wand of the magician, in the shape of encouragement by the officers, to develop into a very respectable band of musicians.

Sad to relate that here, where everything seemed so peaceful and prosperous, the first case of corporal punishment should have occurred. Some men having broken their leave, a corporal's guard of marines was detailed to search for and

bring them on board. One of the guard managed to drink some of the poisonous stuff which sailors call "a glass off the top shelf," and this, aided by the powerful sun, quickly made him half-mad. In this state he drew his bayonet on the corporal, and was obliged to be secured, taken on board, and put in irons. Of course such an offence as this was unpardonable. Drunk on duty, insubordination, and attempting to assault his superior officer in the execution of his duty. Either one of these offences was sufficient to render him liable to corporal punishment. Captain Maynard, much as he hated flogging, sentenced him to receive forty-eight lashes, forty-eight hours after the offence. Had the culprit been tried by court-martial, he would probably have received a year's imprisonment as well, so that, on the whole, he was leniently dealt with.

At eleven A.M. the gratings were rigged on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, the guard of marines drawn up on the bridge, the remainder of the marines being formed on the port-side of the quarter-deck. All the officers in full dress, cocked hats and epaulettes. All hands were turned up to witness punishment. The prisoner was then brought up, and Captain Maynard, taking off his cocked hat, read the articles of war under which his offences came, then the warrant for his punishment, after which came the order "Strip". The man stripped to his waist, when the captain said, "Seize him up". The quartermasters tied his hands up as high as he could stretch, then his knees to the grating, then adjusted a belt round the small of his back and a collar round his neck. These precautions are taken in order that the cat may strike only on the shoulders. A basin of water is placed close by to moisten the man's lips if he asks for it, and the surgeon stands close by to stop the punishment if he thinks the man cannot bear it.

All being prepared, Captain Maynard said, "Mr. Hawsé, do your duty," and the boatswain stepped forward and gave the man the first dozen. Then the chief boatswain's mate gave him a dozen, then the senior boatswain's mate. When the



"MR. HAWSE, DO YOUR DUTY."

prisoner had received thirty-six lashes Captain Maynard said, "Stop, cast him off. In consideration of his previous good conduct I will remit the remainder of the punishment. Pipe down."

The men immediately dispersed, the carpenters unrigged the gratings, the decks were cleared up, and at twelve o'clock they piped to dinner as usual. The man who had been punished remaining under the charge of a sentry till eight P.M.

Captain Maynard, who disliked flogging excessively, was of opinion that when it did become necessary to resort to it, the unpleasant ceremony should be made as impressive as possible, in order that its effect might be more deterrent, looking on it more as a preventive against future insubordination than as a cure for the crime for which it had been inflicted. The youngsters were all much affected by it, and thanked their stars that the days had gone by when midshipmen were liable to interview the "gunner's daughter".

That evening Frank and Harry were sitting on the starboard gangway, when they noticed the chief boatswain's mate walking up and down the waist by himself.

"I wonder how he feels after flogging that chap," said Harry.

"Oh, well," said Frank, "it is not the first time by many that he has flogged a man."

"Let us ask him," said Harry.

So, next time Netting came close to them, Harry said to him, "Netting, have you had to flog many men?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Malcolm," replied Netting; "I have been twelve years a boatswain's mate, and, of course, during that time, I've seen a good many men flogged. One line-of-battle ship I was in we flogged seventeen men one morning, and it was all the fault of the first lieutenant. You see, sir, we was provisioning ship on the coast of Syria, and we had fifteen months' shakes* on board.

* Shakes are empty casks knocked to pieces, and the staves and ends packed close together, so as to occupy less room.

"Well, the commander, he was on the sick-list, and the first lieutenant was carrying on the duty—"Old Daisy" we used to call him, a jolly old fellow he was too," said Netting, reflectively, "only he warn't no manner of use to carry on the duty. Well, just afore twelve o'clock the spirit room had been cleared, and all the empty rum casks was left on the lower deck without a sentry on them. Well, sir, you know there is always some salt water put in the empty casks, and some of these casks had had salt water bull in 'em for near a year, consequence was that by one o'clock about forty men were mad drunk, and the captain—a proper tartar he was too—ordered the lower deck to be cleared at the point of the bayonet.

"Well, sir, the seventeen worst cases was clapped both legs in irons, the rest was put under the sentry's charge, and there was the devil to pay and no pitch hot. The first lieutenant he wanted to take all the blame on himself, as was right enough too; for though the mate of the lower deck ought to have seen to it, the first lieutenant never gave the order to put a sentry over the casks. But the captain would not have it; so next morning every one of them seventeen chaps got four dozen, the captain swearing he would disrate the boatswain's mates if they did not do their duty properly. Poor old Daisy! The tears was running down his face in streams all the time; I really believe he felt it more than the chaps as was being flogged."

"How do you feel, Netting, when you have to flog a man?" asked Harry.

"Well, sir, you see, if it's only a poor chap as has got drunk, or something like that, I lets them off as easy as I can; but if it's a thief, or worsen, then the Lord strengthen my arm, harden my heart, and ile my jints, for I has no mercy on 'em."

"Well," said Harry, "could you drink a glass of grog, Netting?"

"I daresay as I could, sir."

"Well, come down to the gunroom when the hammocks are piped down."

"Very good, sir," said Netting; and the sentry coming up at the time to report that it was time to stand by hammocks, Harry reported it to the officer of the watch, who piped the hammocks down.

Every week the pinnace had been sent across to Panama for letters, &c., and the *Chameleon* being about to proceed to Callao and Valparaiso, it became necessary for the *Andromeda* to cross over to Panama. Accordingly, on the 15th September, the *Andromeda* weighed and stood across to Panama, having a leading wind, which sailors call a "soldier's wind," because it will take you there and back again without tacking. The two launches and the pinnace kept company under sail as well as they could, the water being smooth except for the long swell which is generally setting into Panama Bay.

On arrival at Panama, they found that the French admiral had arrived, accompanied by another man-of-war. This entailed a salute and a call. Merry, the midshipman of the first cutter, had often boasted of his proficiency in French; and being sent on board with a message a few days afterwards, he was asked how he got on with the Frenchmen.

"Oh, first rate," said Merry. "I always ask if any of them can speak English, and if not, I try my French. You must know that when I was in the Mediterranean, I had my reputation as a French scholar to keep up, and managed pretty well; till one day when I got flustered, and being sent with a message from our admiral to the French one, my French somehow went clean out of my head, and they had the cheek to tell me that if I would speak English they would prefer. Ever since that I have always asked them if any of them can speak English."

"Why, you are a fraud," said Stewart.

"Not a bit," said Merry. "I had my greatness thrust upon me, as Shakespeare says. Besides, none of you fellows can speak three words of French, and they have a proverb which says that 'Among the blind a one-eyed man is king'; so I am the one-eyed man among you blind ones."

The *Chameleon* weighed next day, and proceeded on her way down south ; and now "there passed a weary time," as the Ancient Mariner says.

At Panama it rains more or less every day for nine months in the year, and the *Andromeda* had been exceptionally lucky in getting a spell of fine weather at Tabogo. Now, however, Jupiter Pluvius seemed to think he ought to make up for lost time. With the exception of two or three hours in the middle of the day, it rained hard for three weeks without stopping. The rain awnings were kept sloped, but everything was damp below, though the *Andromeda* was a fine roomy ship, and stoves were kept burning all day on the lower deck. At length the sick-list began to get formidable, and one man died. Captain Maynard resolved to bury him at sea ; so the boom-boats were hoisted in, and next morning the *Andromeda* stood out to sea, and at seven bells in the forenoon watch (11.30 A.M.) the poor fellow was buried in usual man-of-war fashion.

Captain Maynard resolved to keep under weigh, running in every two or three days to see if any mails arrived. On the 20th of October, on nearing the anchorage, they saw an English man-of-war, which turned out to be the *Clio* come to relieve them, bringing them orders to make the best of their way up to Vancouver's Island, calling at Acapulco and Manzanilla. Next morning, only waiting for a good supply of fresh meat and vegetables, the *Andromeda* weighed with a light breeze off the land, which took them some twenty miles out, when a southerly wind sprang up, and, being fair, they set the port studding-sails, and were soon reeling off nine knots on their way to Vancouver's Island.

CHAPTER XIII.

ACAPULCO, which is a small old Spanish town situated at the far end of a land-locked harbour, was formerly one of the great depôts for the galleons which used to carry home to Spain rich cargoes of silver, precious stones, and

spices, many of them falling into the hands of Drake and his contemporaries. Now it is a tumble-down old place, with its ancient fortifications crumbling to decay. No one appears to have any business to do, or else to be too lazy to do it, even the sentries in the fort being generally stretched at full length in the shade some distance from their arms. Certainly there was nothing worth guarding in the place; but, to English naval officers, it seemed so contrary to their ideas of being on duty as to be simply ridiculous.

The *Andromeda* remained five days at Acapulco, and on the 5th November she weighed and stood out of harbour. The wind, being north-easterly off the land, was fair for her to run along the coast, keeping about seven or eight miles from the land. On the 8th she anchored at Manzanilla, a coaling station for the American mail steamers which run from San Francisco to Panama. The town boasts an hotel, nearly all the rest of the houses being simply made of cane framework, filled in with mud and grass, some being of "adobes," or sun-dried bricks. To the left of the town a lagoon runs up behind a low sandy spit, and here, where the fresh-water stream met the salt, the sharks and alligators might be seen fighting for the offal of the animals killed for the use of the ships.

Some of the officers landed to shoot ducks or anything they could find, and succeeded in bagging a good number. They also brought some alligators' eggs on board. These are about three inches long, with a thick tough skin of a dull white colour. Harry got four of them, and, placing them in some sand in a box, confided them to the ship's cook to hatch them for him. Eventually, Harry got tired of waiting till the young alligator should burst its shell, so he assisted nature, but found that all four eggs were addled.

But meanwhile an event happened which put everything else out of their heads. On the morning of the 12th a heavy smoke was seen to the northward, but, as a mail steamer was expected, it did not at first attract particular attention. At

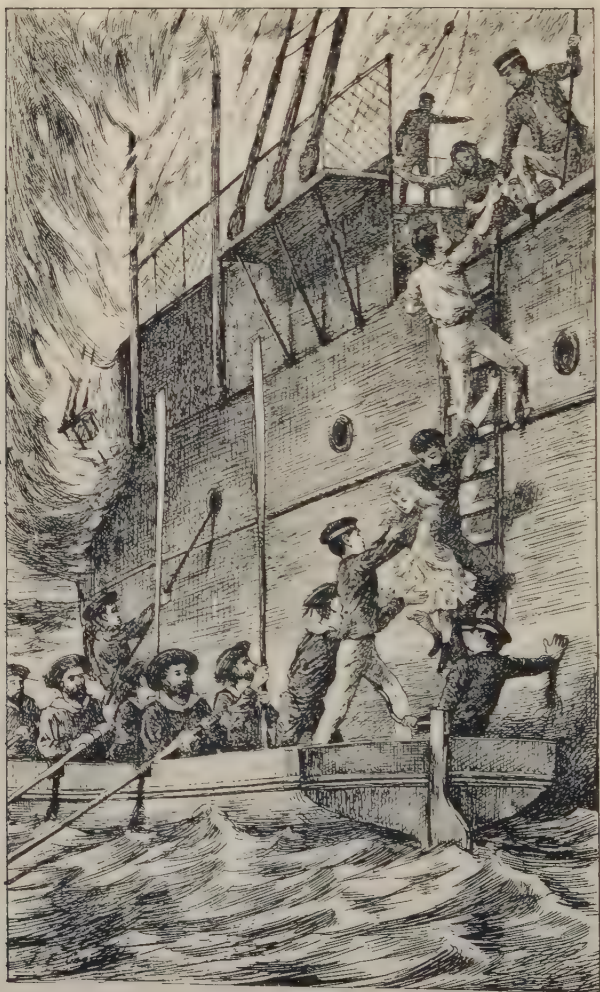
nine o'clock quarters, however, Captain Maynard ordered the signal midshipman to go to the masthead, and see if he could make out the cause of such a dense volume of smoke. After a good look, he reported that he thought it was the mail steamer, and that she was on fire. Captain Maynard immediately ordered Hughes to go aloft to make certain, and he at once reported that it was the mail steamer, and that she was on fire forward.

Captain Maynard immediately told Mr. Hardy to get the lower booms in and make plain sail, slipping the cable and buoying the end of it, the two cutters and galley which were in the water being towed astern. The water being smooth, with a fresh breeze off the land, the tackles were got up, ready for hoisting out the boom-boats, the fire engines got ready, the fire brigade, with their buckets, being also mustered, and everything prepared to send on board the burning ship.

The two ships rapidly neared each other, the mail steamer being now plainly seen to be on fire from the foremast nearly aft to the paddle-boxes.

When about a mile distant, the mail steamer was observed to alter her course, and make directly for the shore, her captain having apparently given up all hopes of reaching the anchorage at Manzanilla. At the same moment, the two boats on the starboard side, before the paddle-boxes, were seen to be lowered by a crowd of men. The steamer, however, did not stop, and the two boats, one after the other, were struck by the paddles and swamped, many of the men being badly injured, and all of them left struggling in the water, but not for long, only those who had remained in the boats when struck by the paddles escaping, the rest being immediately torn to pieces by sharks. The two cutters of the *Andromeda* were at once despatched to save the survivors, and found about twenty men, all more or less injured, in the water-logged boats.

The *Andromeda* was obliged to tack to enable her to anchor close to the burning steamer, which shortly afterwards took the bottom.



SAVING THE PASSENGERS OF THE "GOLDEN AGE."

The *Andromeda* anchored about fifty yards outside the ship, the name of which they now saw to be the *Golden Age*, being one of those immense floating palaces, with a hurricane deck above the upper deck, which the Americans built to carry the numerous miners who rushed to the gold mines of California. The boom-boats were immediately hoisted out, the fire engines placed in the two launches, and they, with the pinnacle carrying the fire brigade, at once shoved off to the assistance of the ill-fated mail steamer.

Captain Maynard preceded them on board, and arranged with Captain Hudson of the *Golden Age* for the prompt removal of the women and children on board the *Andromeda*. The fire engines were hoisted on board the mail steamer, and manned by plenty of willing hands among the passengers; the fire brigade also jumped on board, and rendered all the assistance possible. All the boats of the *Andromeda* were engaged in carrying the passengers on board her, Harry Malcolm being sent in charge of the gig in place of MacNeil, who was on the sick-list.

As there was now no actual danger of their lives, most of the passengers had got over the worst of their fright, though some of the women were still hysterical. Harry particularly noticed a very quiet, nice-looking girl of about eleven years of age, who was more cool and collected than many of the grown-up people.

By this time the tug belonging to the mail company had arrived, towing several lighters, all the passengers' luggage that could be saved being put into them, and the wind having fallen calm, the fire was at length got under, but not until the whole of the upper works before the paddle-boxes were burnt nearly to the water's edge, and the whole fore-part of the ship completely gutted. The tug took the *Andromeda* in tow with her boats, and took them down to Manzanilla, where all the passengers were landed, the tug returning to the *Golden Age* for the lighters and the remainder of the people.

Captain Hudson, with the crew of the mail steamer, remained on board to save as much of the cargo as possible, and in the next few days, the weather remaining fine, everything was taken out of her except the engines and boilers, which were afterwards removed by a party from San Francisco.

The injured men only remained on board the *Andromeda* in order to be attended by her surgeon, there being no doctor at Manzanilla. Captain Hudson told Captain Maynard that the ship had been set on fire during the night by some miners, who were gambling, and had lights contrary to orders. The inflammable deck houses at once caught fire, and, the pumps not acting properly, the fire speedily gained the mastery. The boats not being sufficient to hold passengers and crew, who numbered altogether 1400 souls, he had kept close inshore in order to beach the steamer if necessary.

The miners, many of whom had large sums of money with them, had attempted to seize all the boats, but had been kept from coming aft by a hastily organised force of the more respectable men among them, many of whom had their families on board. Captain Hudson had emptied his revolver into the mob who had rushed to the boats on the starboard side forward of the paddle-boxes, warning them, at the same time, that he would not stop the ship. This, however, was unheeded in the struggle for life among these men, who, rendered desperately selfish by the hope of saving themselves and their "pile," as miners call the gold they have the good fortune to carry away from the diggings, had themselves courted destruction in their reckless attempt to escape from the burning ship.

At least thirty men must have been drowned or torn to pieces by the sharks which swarm on this coast. No other lives were lost, the worst injuries of the men who were picked up being several broken limbs and some bad contusions.

In the gunroom that evening the events of the day were discussed, many of the youngsters being loud in their censure of the men who had seized on the boats.

"It is all very fine talking," said Jackson, "but you must remember that the *auri sacra fames* has always been known to turn men into utterly selfish demons; besides, even if the 'gold-hunger' was not on them, these men were the scum of the gold diggings, and could not be expected to behave otherwise."

"I wonder that, carrying so many passengers, there were no proper arrangements for putting the fire out," said Collings.

"Even if there had been," said Jackson, "the crew were nearly as much demoralised as the miners; probably half of them had only shipped to work their passage down to Panama, but it is the utter want of discipline which tells in such cases."

"Well," said Seymour, "I never wish to see such a scene again; I think the women behaved much better than the men."

"Women are naturally less selfish than men," said Hughes; "anyhow, those men have paid the forfeit of their lives, and we, who have never been similarly tempted, should not be too hasty in condemning them, for none of us know until we are tried how we should behave in the same circumstances."

Harry and Frank remained on deck till late, talking over their own share in the day's adventures, Harry confiding to Frank how much he had been struck by the calm, resolute face of the little girl of eleven years of age whom he had brought on board in the gig.

"She had no mother or sisters, and was leaving her father on board the burning ship, yet she was much cooler than I was myself," said Harry. "I should like to know more about her."

"Why, Harry, you are falling in love," said Frank.

"Nonsense; I shall never see her again," said Harry; "anyhow, it is time to turn in."

CHAPTER XIV.

THREE or four days after this, Seymour, Harry, and Frank went on shore for a walk, and having soon exhausted the sights of Manzanilla, adjourned to the hotel to

get one of those cooling mixtures for which Americans are famous. Here they were soon surrounded by many of the passengers, insisting on their imbibing sherry cobbles, &c. A tall elderly man, after looking steadily at them for some time, asked if it was not Harry who had brought his daughter on board the *Andromeda*.

"I brought a girl of about ten years of age on board, but I do not know if it was your daughter," said Harry.

"Wal," said the Yankee, "I guess it was you, so come along, gentlemen, and I will introduce you to her."

The three friends followed him upstairs, and were shown into a large room, where a lady and a girl were sitting. Sure enough the latter was the girl whom Harry had taken on board in the gig.

"Wal, gentlemen," said the Yankee, "my name is Silas B. Calhoun, and this is my daughter. She has never been rightly christened, as she has been all her life out at my ranche on the Indian frontier of California ; but I guess that for the future I shall call her 'Meda,' and as soon as I get alongside of a thorough-bred parson, I will get her properly fixed off as 'Andromeda,' after your ship."

"Oh, father, what a name !" said the girl.

"I guess it is just as good as Phyllis, or Psyche, or Jemima either. Anyhow," continued he, ringing the bell, "I guess we'll have a cobbler to drink your health in. Waiter, bring four cobbles, and hurry up."

After a libation had been poured out, or rather down, to the newly-christened Andromeda, Harry ventured to ask her some questions about her life on the frontier, and she told him that her mother and sisters had been killed by the Indians during the absence of her father and brothers, that she had been saved by a half-bred nurse who concealed her in the garden till the Indians had gone, that she had been brought up by the lady who was sitting opposite, a neighbour of theirs on the frontier, and whose name was Mrs. R. Straker. "Meda," as

we shall call her for the future, added that her father was going to New York on business, and she was going to finish her education in the Eastern states, her elder brother remaining at the ranche to look after the property while her father was away.

Meda was a slight, delicate-looking girl, with an oval face lighted up by a remarkable pair of grey eyes, altogether a serious-looking little woman, not to be wondered at if we consider that her life had been passed in constant peril of Indians and Mexican guerillas. Mr. Calhoun, who had been absent for a few minutes, now returned, and saying, "I wish to give you each something to remember us by," produced three nuggets, each more or less the size of a walnut.

"As you, sir, were the one who took my daughter off the *Golden Age*, I wish you to choose the one you like best," he said, addressing Harry. The latter wished Seymour to choose first, saying that it was quite an accident his having been in the gig, as MacNeil happened to be on the sick-list.

"That is so, sir," replied Mr. Calhoun, "but it does not alter the fact."

"Meda," he continued, "come and choose one of these for this young gentleman."

Meda came timidly forward, and choosing the nugget with the least quartz showing, handed it to Harry, saying, "I hope you will always keep this in remembrance of having rescued us from the *Golden Age*," while a smile like the clearing up of an April shower stole over her face. Harry blushing thanked her, and Mr. Calhoun said, "You two gentlemen can settle these two nuggets between you". This Seymour and Maynard immediately did by the augury of a spinning half-dollar.

Seymour now said it was time to go down to meet their boat, and, after bidding adieu to Meda and Mrs. Straker, Mr. Calhoun came down to see them off, insisting on another sherry cobbler, and promising to come on board the *Andromeda* before she sailed.

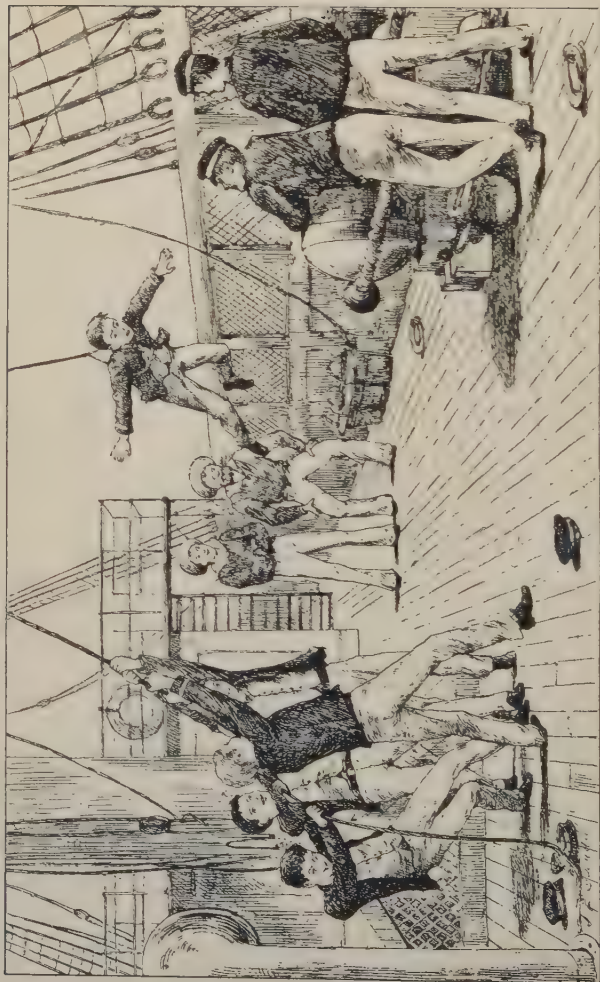
A week after the burning of the *Golden Age* another steamer

of the same line arrived, and most of the passengers embarked on board her, Mr. Calhoun and Meda being among the number. They came on board the *Andromeda*, and called on Captain Maynard, whom Frank had acquainted with the determination of Mr. Calhoun to make the *Andromeda* his daughter's god-mother. Captain Maynard had a long conversation with Mr. Calhoun, and found him a very shrewd, long-headed man, who had amassed a considerable fortune by the sale of mining implements to the gold-diggers. He wished to present the crew of the *Andromeda* with five dollars apiece; but Captain Maynard said he could not allow his men to receive a present for merely performing the duty all human beings owe to each other, especially sailors, who are constantly liable to require the assistance they may have been fortunate enough to extend to others.

At length Mr. Calhoun and Meda took their departure, Harry taking them on board the newly arrived steamer, *Golden Gates*, and if he remembered the pressure of a little hand, and was often haunted afterwards in the night watches by a pair of thoughtful grey eyes, who shall blame him?

The injured men were sent on board the mail steamer, and the *Andromeda* hoisted in her boom-boats, and filled up with water. Next day, the 20th November, the *Golden Gates* steamed out at daybreak, and the *Andromeda* weighed about ten A.M., with the first of the sea-breeze standing W. by N., close hauled on the port tack to get an offing. Next day they encountered a stiff "norther," which often blows down the Gulf of California. This was succeeded by variable winds until they picked up a south-westerly breeze, and ran along with port studding-sails set. Numbers of whales and black fish were seen.

One afternoon everyone ran on deck to see a fight between a thresher and a sword-fish and a whale. Very few had ever seen such an event before, at any rate to such advantage—the thresher, which was about twenty feet long, jumping about



SLING THE MONKEY.

ten or twelve feet clear of the water, and falling on the whale ; while, if the latter attempted to sound, the sword-fish drove him up to the surface again. Captain Maynard, out of pity for the whale, at last ordered a blank cartridge to be fired, and the three combatants disappeared.

Some evolution of sail drill was performed every evening ; and as the men knew by this time that Captain Maynard always gave them every indulgence compatible with the interests of Her Majesty's service, they always worked willingly and well. After drill, the gunroom officers generally played "sling the monkey," which is performed by one youth getting inside a bowline in the windsail halyards, memorable to Bungs ; he then swings round and round, or across, striking at the others with a knotted handkerchief or towel, till he strikes one fairly, who then takes his turn in the sling as monkey, the remainder all striking at the monkey and endeavouring to avoid being struck themselves. Single-sticks, foils, and those great peacemakers, the boxing-gloves, were also produced, and Seymour, who was a great adept at all manly exercises, took a pleasure in teaching the youngsters the use of their fists. Hughes was also a good boxer, and he and Seymour were a very good match, though the latter was about three years his junior. Between them they taught Harry and Frank to "hit straight and keep their tempers," and also, "never to despise their adversaries". Hughes had learnt from a prize-fighter when passing college, and gave them the benefit of his experience ; telling them how, after giving him a tremendous blow on the nose, his preceptor told him to "Walk round, sir, walk round a little ; the nose is the most discommodious feature in the face," and recommending him always to try to "nose-end" an adversary.

The *Andromeda* carried her fair wind up to about 43° N. latitude, when it veered round to N.W. and blew pretty fresh. They were still able to lay their course for Cape Flattery, at the entrance of the Straits of St. Juan de Fuca, which lay between

Vancouver's Island and the mainland. On the 15th December, about five P.M., they made Cape Flattery, making a very good landfall, and as they had still about eighty miles to go to the anchorage, Captain Maynard stood off and on for the night, and at four A.M. bore away up the Straits, and at 2.30 P.M. the *Andromeda* made a running moor in Constance Cove, Esquimalt Harbour, Vancouver's Island. Here they found the *Goshawk*, a despatch gun-vessel, and a gunboat called the *Plover*.

Captain Maynard, being senior officer, determined to give the men leave as soon as possible. The boom-boats were hoisted out, the sails unbent, and running gear unrove, everything which required repairing being sent ashore to the sail-loft in the dockyard, and preparations made to paint the ship inside and out.

The weather being cold and wet, Captain Maynard thought it better not to begin refitting the standing rigging till the winter was over, as he found that the *Andromeda* was to remain some time at Vancouver's Island.

Vancouver's Island, which is about two hundred and eighty miles long from E. to W., and from sixty to a hundred miles broad, lies between 48° and 52' of N. latitude, and between 122° and 129° of W. longitude, being separated from the mainland of British Columbia by Queen Charlotte's Sound and the Gulf of Georgia. The capital is Victoria, about six miles from Esquimalt, but the harbour is difficult of access, and not nearly so good as Esquimalt. At the latter place there is also a dockyard and a small church maintained by Government.

The island itself is hilly and thickly wooded with various sorts of pine and fir trees, the Douglas pine being the finest, called after Sir James Douglas, formerly an employé in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, and recently governor of the island and British Columbia. Many lakes and small streams are scattered about the island, all of them full of trout.

The sea is full of salmon and many other kinds of fish. One

called the "eulachon" is used by the Indians as a candle, the only preparation necessary being to extract the backbone and introduce a wick in its place. The fish are dried in great numbers, and contain so much oil that they last two or three hours burning, according to the size of the fish. There are other fish like sprats, which the Indians catch by simply sweeping a long narrow streak of hard wood, armed with nails for a yard or more at one end, through the shoals, and shaking them off into the canoe. For a few ship's biscuits a canoe load of these sprats could be obtained, and a twenty-pound salmon cost about the same. The salmon are caught with a bait consisting of a sprat, or a slip of silvery skin off any other fish; about thirty yards of line are let out and the line secured to the paddle; the Indian then paddles along, the motion of the paddle giving the necessary spin to the bait.

Nature has not been less prolific on land than in the water: the giant cariboo, the black-tailed deer, the brown bear, the cinnamon bear, the beaver, the panther, with many smaller four-footed animals, representing the mammalia; while wild fowl of every description are numberless. There are also two descriptions of grouse—the willow or tree grouse, and the blue grouse. The latter are generally found in the open; the former, as their name denotes, in the woods. On being disturbed they take to the nearest tree, and if the precaution is taken to shoot the lower birds first the whole covey may be sometimes secured out of one tree. This, to an English sportsman, may not sound attractive, but in many places the forests are so thick that no other mode of shooting is possible; besides the fact that often the sportsman in Vancouver's Island is dependent on his gun for his supper.

At that time very little wheat was grown on the island, as flour could be imported from the neighbouring American States cheaper than it could be raised, owing to the time and labour necessary to clear the land. Cattle and sheep were raised, but not in any large quantities, the population being

very small and scattered. Large numbers of miners passed through Victoria on their way to the gold mines in the Fraser River district of British Columbia ; but these were only birds of passage, and in the winter work in the mines was at a stand-still, owing to the snow and the impossibility of transporting food in sufficient quantities.

Captain Maynard informed the men before going on shore that those who came on board at the proper time, sober, would be allowed on shore once a-week, during their stay in the island. Fine frosty weather having set in, skates were fished out of the depths of the middies' chests, and all off duty went on shore and enjoyed themselves, a large piece of water named "Skinner's Bottom " being frozen over, about a mile and a half from the ship.

Preparations were made for Christmas Day. Poultry being very cheap, every mess had turkeys and geese, and an extra allowance of flour, raisins, currants, &c., being served out, immense plum-duffs were made. On Christmas Day divine service was performed, and at twelve o'clock the captain and officers went round the lower deck, preceded by the banjee playing the "Roast Beef of Old England," and tasting the men's puddings, &c. In the evening all the officers dined with Captain Maynard, and the men had an extra allowance of grog served out. Captain Maynard also allowed several casks of beer on board, of course under proper supervision, and altogether all hands spent a very jolly Christmas Day.

Fine frosty weather continued all January, during which the ship was painted inside and out. The small-arm companies and fieldpiece party were landed and drilled once a-week, a football being taken on shore, so that when the men fell out they could have a game. In this way the landing parties were very popular, and the men quickly learnt their drill.

Some of the *Goshawk's* officers were keen sportsmen, and Seymour and Harry, both possessing guns, several times went out shooting with them. Numbers of wild ducks were obtained,

and a few geese, for, though all the lakes were frozen over, there were plenty of swamps and bottoms where the wildfowl could be obtained. No large game were seen, as they seldom come in to the settled districts. But Seymour and Harry and Frank obtained two days' leave, and went with one of the *Goshawk's* officers out to Beaver Lake, near which there was a wayside inn where they could get a shakedown for the night. The lake was frozen over, and they saw no beavers, but they got a black-tailed deer, which came to drink at a little stream which ran into the lake. It was rather larger than a fallow deer, and in very good condition, and they had it sent down by a passing cart to Esquimalt, and took it off in their boat to the ship, where it was much appreciated.

One little *contretemps*, however, partially marred the success of their expedition. The landlord of the inn had lent them his dog, telling them that he was a first-rate smell-dog, and good for partridges. Certainly he flushed the partridges, and away they all went. At length Frank, who had got slightly separated from the rest, saw him barking at the foot of a small fir-tree.

"Infernal brute," said Frank to himself, "spoiling our sport. I'll give him a dose."

Accordingly he let fly, and peppered the dog in the hind quarter. On rejoining his companions, Frank told them what he had done.

"Why," said Maxwell, the officer of the *Goshawk*, "the dogs out here are trained to tree the grouse, and bark at the foot of the tree till the guns come up; but it is my fault, I should have told you. If you had only looked up in the tree, you would have seen the whole lot of the grouse sitting there waiting to be shot at. I expect Old Pete will cut up rough about it."

On their arrival at the inn, Old Pete was seen examining his dog with a scowling face, and when they got close up to him, "Which of you darned greenhorns shot my dawg?" said he.

Maxwell was spokesman, and explained that Frank had done it by mistake, but was willing to apply a silver plaster, so after some haggling Frank was let off with the payment of two dollars, Old Pete still growling out "that his best smell dawg would be gun-shy," asking "why in thunder such galoots should come out gunning?"

After a good meal of eggs and bacon, washed down by colonial beer, the party started off home, getting a few more birds on their way. Of course, the weather was too cold for fishing as yet, but some of the middies clubbed together and bought a canoe for fifteen dollars. These canoes are dug-outs : they have beautifully fine lines, and are not more than an inch thick except in the bottom ; having no keels they are very crank, and the youngsters were warned not to wink or use their pocket handkerchiefs for fear of capsizing them. They soon became skilful with the paddle, but found that their legs got very cramped sitting for any length of time in the bottom of the canoe ; however, they got used to it, as eels are said to do to being skinned.

⁴⁰ One morning Frank and Harry got leave to go duck-shooting, and, taking the canoe, paddled away down the coast. About five miles down they landed, and hauled the canoe some distance up the beach ; they then went inland to some marshes and lagoons, where they shot a good many ducks, and after discussing their lunch, they went back to the beach, when, to their consternation, they saw the canoe about two hundred yards off, bobbing about merrily on the waves.

"Well," said Harry, "it is no use our both getting wet, let us toss who swims out and brings the canoe back."

They tossed and Harry won.

"I am afraid you will find the water rather cold, Frank," said Harry, with a grin.

Frank deigned no reply, but, entering the water, was soon close to the canoe, when he threw his hands up and apparently sank. Coming up again, he appeared to be unable to swim,

either from cramp or exhaustion. Harry hurried off his clothes and swam out to his assistance.

When close to him, "Do you find the water cold, Harry?" said Frank.

"Confound you, I thought you were drowning," said Harry.

"No," said Frank; "I was all right, only I thought you looked lonely on the beach."

"I'll pay you out for this," said Harry, "so keep your weather eye lifting."

They then got into the canoe and paddled on shore for their clothes, resolving on the next occasion to haul the canoe above high-water mark. They got back before dark, none the worse for their immersion.

CHAPTER XV.

A DAY or two afterwards, after the arrival of the mail, Captain Maynard sent for Seymour and told him that he had received a medal from the Humane Society for him, and next Sunday, after divisions, the hands were called aft, and Captain Maynard presented the medal, with a short appropriate speech.

That evening, the 5th of February, the *Growler*, a gunboat, arrived from Nanaimo, with the news that two or three white men had been murdered by Indians at a place on the mainland called Metlakatla. Captain Maynard immediately went on shore and communicated with the governor, and next morning the *Growler*, with the two launches and pinnacle of the *Andromeda* in tow, and Captain Maynard on board, proceeded for Metlakatla, which is situated just where Queen Charlotte's Sound ends and the Gulf of Georgia begins. They arrived that night and anchored about ten miles from their destination. Next morning they weighed and arrived at Metlakatla, when Captain Maynard went on shore with the lieutenant commander of the *Growler*.

Here they were met by the missionary in charge of the station and the Roman Catholic priest. These two reverend gentlemen had been endeavouring to induce the Indians to give up the murderers, but without success. They having entrenched themselves in an old stockade, and being well armed with rifles, refused to surrender. Captain Maynard, through the missionary as interpreter, gave them until eight A.M. next morning to surrender the murderers, who were known, warning them that if they did not surrender force would be used.

Next morning the boats were manned, each launch carrying a twenty-four pounder howitzer and the pinnace a twelve-pounder ; Digby and Seymour being in the first launch, Palmer and Stewart in the second launch, and Hughes and Harris in the pinnace. Captain Maynard had also taken Frank and Harry as his aides-de-camp. Having pulled up opposite the stockade, which was about five hundred yards from the water, Captain Maynard ordered the commander of the *Growler* to go with the missionary as interpreter, and summon them for the last time, hoping to save bloodshed by a show of force, which the Indians could not hope to resist successfully. At ten A.M., having been twice summoned, and refusing to surrender, Captain Maynard ordered the launches and pinnace each to throw a shell at the gate of the stockade. The three shells burst beautifully, and opened a breach about nine or ten yards wide. The men were immediately landed, and formed two deep, being about fifty in number, boatkeepers being left in each boat, and, led by Captain Maynard, advanced at the double with fixed bayonets. A desultory fire was kept up from the stockades, and Digby, the second lieutenant, and two or three men fell. The remainder rushed in at the breach and surrounded the Indians, twenty-two in number, who threw down their arms and surrendered.

The surgeon of the *Growler*, who attended to the wounded men, found that poor Digby was killed, and one man mortally and two others slightly wounded. The Indians had several

killed and wounded by the shells. The missionary undertaking to have the dead ones buried, the remainder were sent prisoners on board the *Growler*. Digby's remains and the wounded men being sent on board, as well as some witnesses to the murder, the *Growler* started back with the boats in tow as before, and arrived at noon next day at Victoria, where she remained to deliver her prisoners to the civil power. Captain Maynard went up to Government House, and the boats returning sadly with their flags half-mast on board the *Andromeda*, where the bodies of Digby and the other man, who had died in the meantime, were placed reverently aft, and covered with the Union Jack. The other two wounded men were sent ashore to the hospital.

Captain Maynard came on board that evening, having made arrangements for the interment of the two corpses next day in the cemetery of the dockyard church. Accordingly, at two P.M. next day, their coffins were hoisted, one into each launch, and all the boats of the ships present joining in the procession, pulled slowly on shore, and the men marched up four deep, the marines with their arms reversed, the blue-jackets unarmed. The chaplain of the *Andromeda* read the funeral service, and three volleys were fired over the two graves, which were dug side by side. Everyone took a last look at the coffins, and the men fell in outside the cemetery and marched down to the boats, preceded by the drums and fifes playing a quick step.

That evening in the gunroom Hughes remarked "that it was a miserable ending for poor Digby, who had been through the Burmese and Crimean campaigns, to be shot at last by a miserable Indian".

"Well," said Jackson, "no doubt it is more satisfactory to be killed in a European war, where the 'armies twain are on the plain, the daring deeds to see,' than to lose the number of your mess in an obscure action like this one, and to go down 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung' like poor Digby."

"For my part," said Seymour, "I think it is just as dis-

agreeable to be shot at by a half-naked Indian as it was in the Crimea by a great-coated Russian, only, I felt sorry for the Indians who had no chance."

"Then they should have surrendered," said Hughes; "the skipper gave them every chance."

Next morning Captain Maynard gave Jackson an acting order as lieutenant, *vice* Digby killed in action. This, being a death-vacancy, was confirmed by the admiral, and afterwards from home. Hughes now had to take charge of the fourth watch, which had been Digby's, and which now became the junior one. Seymour was made mate of the upper deck, Hughes also taking charge of Digby's quarters, in order not to change all the officers.

H.M.S. *Monarch*, the flagship, arrived on the 20th February, and things in general became more lively, the admiral being fond of society, and entertaining a good deal of company on board the *Monarch*. Football matches were got up, also paper chases, everybody who had the slightest confidence in his own powers of equitation hiring an animal of some kind. As the snake-fences are seven or eight feet high, the foxes used to go round the day before and obtain permission to pull out the two highest rails, leaving the jump about three feet six inches high. As this was always stiff timber, the horses generally had quite enough of it by the end of the day. Harry and Frank, who had ridden ponies all their lives, used to enjoy themselves very much, seldom coming to grief. MacNeil, the cadet of the gig, was the only one who hurt himself, he breaking his collar-bone owing to his pony stumbling on landing over an extra stiff fence.

About this time, the beginning of March, the Indians were brought to trial and four of them condemned to be hanged on the scene of the murder. The admiral sent the marines of the *Monarch*, *Andromeda*, and *Goshawk* as a guard, the commander of the *Goshawk* being in charge of the whole, in aid of the civil powers. The sentence was carried out at Metlakatla on the 15th March, our youngsters being very glad that they

were not ordered to attend the execution. Some of the other Indians received various terms of imprisonment, the whole of them being sent to witness the execution of the four ringleaders.

The remainder of March was occupied by the *Andromeda* in refitting, &c., and on the 2nd April the sails were bent. The small-arm men of the squadron were now landed every week, if fine, as well as the fieldpieces, the whole making quite an imposing force—especially as the *Monarch's* band used to accompany them. They had one field-day at Beacon Hill, behind the town of Victoria, the townspeople providing a lunch on the occasion. There are no troops stationed either in British Columbia or Vancouver's Island, the only military force being one hundred marines who occupy one end of the island of San Juan, the other end being occupied by an American garrison. The two garrisons were very good friends, but it was always a bone of contention, until, by the fiat of the Emperor of Germany as arbitrator, the island was finally ceded to America, and the British garrison withdrawn.

The *Andromeda* was now ordered to prepare for sea, and, having filled up with stores and provisions, &c., she unmoored on the 12th April and hoisted the boom-boats in in the afternoon. Next day she weighed with a north-easterly wind and ran out of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, passed the lighthouse at Cape Flattery at six P.M., and shaped a course S.W. for the Sandwich Islands, the distance being rather more than 3000 miles.

"Well, old Bungs," said Hughes that evening, "are you glad to get into blue water again?"

"Not particularly," said Bungs. "I hope next time we go back to Vancouver's we shall go in the summer; such infernal dirty weather; might just as well be in the English Channel."

"Well, you are an old growl," said Hughes; "but if you are not satisfied with the Sandwich Islands, you had better jump overboard, but I expect you will be getting married when we get there."

"You be hanged," said Bungs, who hated the sight of a woman.

"Are there jolly girls there?" asked Harry.

"Rather," said Hughes; "they go about full gallop all day long riding straddle-legs like a man."

"Blessed if I go ashore there, then," said Bungs. "Women ought to stay at home, and mend the clothes, and boil the kettle."

"There, I disagree with you," said Seymour. "I think they ought to come out in their store-clothes, and delight the eyes of us male critters: they are the ornamental half of creation, and ought to show themselves off accordingly."

"Don't you know the three most beautiful sights in the world?" asked Hughes. "They are a beautiful woman, a ship under full sail, and a ripe field of corn, and of the three I should give the palm to the woman. What do you say, Bungs?"

"I would not give a rap for the whole three. Give me a good glass of grog, plenty of baccy, and an old shipmate to play cribbage with, and I would not call the Queen my uncle."

"Bungs, you are just cut out for a Greenwich pensioner: if you only had a wooden leg or so, and a three-cornered hat, you might just walk in there, and no one would know that you had not been there for years."

"And a very jolly place to finish off in," said Bungs; "anyhow, there are no petticoats allowed in there."

"Well, Harry," said Seymour, "it is our middle watch, so we had better turn in."

During the night the wind freshened and came round to N.W. By noon next day, they were under double-reefed top-sails, fore and main topgallant sails, courses, and fore topmast staysail, and reeling off eleven knots. This is the sort of weather sailors like, if the wind is steady, as there is too much wind for sail drill, too much sea for gun drill, and the men have an easy time generally, though first lieutenants of men-of-

war generally find sufficient to employ the men and keep the devil out of their minds.

They carried this weather down to about 35° N., when the wind became light and variable, and after a week's flapping about they picked up the N.E. trade, very light at first, and setting studding-sails both sides, soon ran the remainder of the distance, and anchored off the little town of Honolulu on the 4th May.

This is the seat of government and the best harbour. Queen Emma was at that time the ruling sovereign, and the English were very popular. The Sandwich Islands lay just within the tropics, and enjoy a beautiful climate. Palms, plantains, bananas, guavas, and mangoes grow in profusion, and living was very cheap at that time, the principal trade then being caused by the number of whalers which came there to refit and get provisions. Most of the islands are of coral formation, with the exception of Hawai, which is volcanic and very much larger than any of the others; but they have been so thoroughly described by Miss Bird and other more able pens than mine as not to require more than a passing notice.

The *Andromeda* lay close to the shore, and the men were allowed plenty of leave. Twice a-week cricket matches were got up, and as the merchants were very hospitable, the officers were generally asked to a dance in the evening. Everyone enjoyed himself very much except Bungs, the misanthrope, who consoled himself with his pipe on board.

Captain Maynard, in order to return some of the hospitality they were receiving, proposed that they should give an afternoon dance. The ship was accordingly prepared the afternoon before: by running some of the quarter-deck guns right aft and others forward in the waist, a large space was obtained. Tasteful trophies of arms were fixed up on the main and mizzen-masts, and smaller ones between the ports, while flags of all nations were tacked up under the awning, and hung from the ridge-ropes at the side. Smaller flags were arranged like cur-

tains in each port, and a light platform run up and draped with flags for the banjee. Everything was ready by noon, but as the day was warm, a kedge anchor was run out, and the ship warped, her broadside to the breeze. At one o'clock the boats landed to bring the guests, and at two the banjee struck up the first dance, and soon everyone was making music with their footsteps. Refreshments were laid in the captain's cabin and the wardroom, and at five P.M. an hour's interval was given, more for the sake of giving the musicians a spell.

"Where on earth is old Bungs?" said Seymour. "Let us make him trip the light fantastic toe, or else we will put him in an empty water tank."

Bungs was searched for high and low, but could not be found.

At last Hooper, the master's assistant, told them that Bungs had slipped quietly on shore, about a quarter to one, in a shore boat.

"By Jove!" said Hughes, "the old boy has done us this turn."

It was true. Bungs, who said little, but perhaps, like Minerva's owl, thought the more, had quietly slipped on shore, calculating that all the people he wished to avoid would be coming on board the *Andromeda*. He was not far out in his ideas, for he found he had Honolulu almost to himself.

Dancing was resumed about six, and kept up till about nine P.M., when the guests were landed, blue lights being burned as they went over the side.

The week after this Queen Emma and the royal family paid the *Andromeda* a visit, receiving a royal salute on leaving. A few days afterwards Captain Maynard and most of the officers were received by Her Majesty on shore; and after a banquet, in which pigs of all sizes roasted whole, poultry and fish cooked in various ways, bread fruits, plantains, and eggs formed the principal ingredients, a number of men, in hideous

wooden masks and quilted armour, went through some manœuvres, after which some races took place, and Queen Emma presented Captain Maynard with some masks, quilted cotton suits of armour, and weapons of various kinds. About sundown the tables were again spread, and a rather free and easy banquet was partaken of. After this a "houla-houla," or war dance, was performed, and everyone returned on board with a very fair notion of the manners and customs of the Sandwich Islanders.

Whilst here, all hands bathed with confidence, and many of the youngsters used to go out to the reefs to enjoy the surf-bathing. A board about four feet long and eighteen inches wide is taken out through the surf, and then, waiting for a large roller, the swimmer lies on his board face downwards, and is carried in on the boiling top of the roller. There is some danger of sharks; but although some boys and girls are annually taken down, surf-bathing is never abandoned by these semi-amphibious Islanders.

Having remained about a month at Honolulu, Captain Maynard thought it convenient to go to sea to fire their allowance of ammunition. Accordingly the *Andromeda* weighed, and stood out a dozen miles, dropping a target, consisting of a cask, with a flagstaff and a couple of shot slung below it. After working once round it, the target was sunk, and two more being dropped overboard, were also eventually sunk. The remainder of the ammunition was expended at a coral island close to them; and after a week's cruise, the *Andromeda* returned, anchoring, however, on this occasion, off the town of Hilo, the capital of Hawai, for the purpose of giving the officers the opportunity of seeing the burning lake of Kilanea, Mauna Loa, the volcano itself, seldom showing signs of activity through the crater at the top. Half the officers visited the lake of molten lava one week, the other half the next, and the *Andromeda* returned to her anchorage at Honolulu on the 17th June.

On the 10th July the *Amphitrite* and *Desperate* arrived, and after a fortnight's gaiety, consisting of cricket matches, and balls on shore, and bonnet hops, as afternoon dances are called on board the ships, the *Andromeda* weighed on the 25th, and proceeded to visit the southern portion of the station. The Society Islands, of which Tahiti is the chief, were seldom visited by English men-of-war at that time, owing to the jealousy shown by the French, under whose protection the islands had been placed by Queen Pomare.

CHAPTER XVI.

“WELL, Bungs,” said Hughes that evening, “you have got out of that without getting spliced after all.”

“I shall never get spliced,” replied Bungs.

“You say yourself that women ought to mend the clothes and boil the kettle, and when you get a little older you will want somebody to look after you,” said Seymour.

“Then I will get an old marine or blue-jacket, and get a billet in the coastguard, take a little cottage with a green door and a brass knocker somewhere on the coast, where I can hear the waves, and pass the rest of my life in peace, undisturbed by petticoats.”

“How much jollier to have a nice little wife, and see a lot of little Bungs growing up around you,” said Hughes.

“Bah!” said Bungs; “if there is one thing worse than women, it is children.”

“Pretty child you must have been, Bungs,” said Seymour.

“Don’t believe he ever was a child,” said Hughes; “must have come into the world with that same old monkey-jacket on.”

“If you had to do the work I have, you would not dress any better,” said Bungs, who was rather touchy about his dress being referred to.

“One thing I like about this station,” said Seymour, “is

that we get good long cruises, and our pay gets a little time to accumulate. How far is it to Valparaiso? Get the chart down, one of you youngsters."

The chart being produced, the distance was found to be nearly 6000 miles.

"By Jove, that will take us at least six weeks, and if we get a foul wind, we shall get short of water, and that will be no joke."

"When I was up the Arctic ——" began Bungs.

"Confound you and the Arctic! Why, you never got thirsty up there, whereas we have the whole width of both tropics to cross," said Hughes.

Shortly after everyone turned in.

On the 1st August Seymour and Stewart completed their time as midshipmen, and, as both were well up in their duties, had no difficulty in passing their examination, and received an acting order as mates, afterwards receiving the order from the admiral, and having of course to pass gunnery and navigation on their arrival in England. That evening they wet their commissions, and, half-an-hour's extra light being granted them by the first lieutenant, singing was kept up till 9.30 P.M., when they all turned in.

This voyage was monotonous, as they sighted no land the whole way, and saw very few ships until a few hundred miles from Valparaiso, when they met some of the Yankee clippers which run from New York to San Francisco. On the 9th of September the *Andromeda* anchored off Valparaiso, saluting the Chilian flag and admiral. Here they found H.M.S. *Calypso*, a corvette of their own class, just arrived from England. The *Nereus*, store-ship, had not moved, and their sails, which had become worn by the long voyage, were sent on board her to be overhauled. The running gear was also unrove, the boom-boats hoisted out, and the standing rigging refitted, rattled down, and blacked. This occupied about three weeks, when the *Andromeda* was again ready for sea.

This coast being subject to earthquake waves, ships were always kept as much as possible ready for sea at a few hours' notice.

Several of the *Calypso's* officers being of a sporting turn, cricket matches were got up between the two ships, and also against the eleven got up amongst the merchants and their employees. Paper chases were also organised, the country being very different to Vancouver's Island. The meet was generally at the first post-house on the road to Santiago, from which two hares or foxes, as they were indifferently called, started with twenty minutes' lead, but unless they had a good knowledge of the country they were soon viewed and run into, only the best among them succeeding in giving a good run over the few obstacles to be found. On the way back larking prevailed, some of the best mounted taking turns in follow-my-leader ; on one occasion some of them nearly getting into a fix by jumping over a bush-fence into an enclosure where some cattle work was being carried on. They were immediately surrounded and might have been roughly treated, if Seymour, who had improved his time by learning Spanish, had not demanded to see the patron or owner of the cattle. He fortunately turned out to be an Englishman whom they had already met at the cricket field. His arrival entirely altered the aspect of affairs, and having asked them up to his house, he gave them lunch, at the same time advising them not to jump into any more corrals, as the native owners would have a decided objection to their doing so ; and the least they could expect would be to have to pay a fine of all the money they had about them.

Rejoicing in their good luck in having fallen into the hands of a countryman, they remounted their horses and returned to Valparaiso without further adventures.

Orders arrived from the admiral for the *Andromeda* to make her way up the coast to Panama, calling at such ports as Captain Maynard selected ; but news having arrived of a vessel having been wrecked on the island of Juan Fernandez, the

Andromeda weighed on the 15th October and shaped a course for that island, which lay about west by south from Valparasio, distant about 400 miles. On the 18th she arrived there, and found the wrecked crew, sixteen in number, in tents made out of spars and sails.

They remained here three days, wishing to explore the island. It is one of the few places where the albatross breeds; and as they had not caught any on their passage round the Horn, they were not sorry of the opportunity of seeing them at home. October being spring in the southern hemisphere, the birds were nesting, some broods being already half-fledged. A few old ones were killed. But the albatross is more interesting and majestic when seen at sea in a gale of wind, swooping past the ship on his broad pinions, than sitting on the bare top of a rocky island. No use is made of the defunct bird beyond making his pinion and shank bones into pipe-stems, and it is mere wanton cruelty to destroy so large a bird for such a small object.

The wrecked ship had gone to pieces, but the *Andromeda* hoisted in anything they wished to take with them from the tents, and also hoisted their long-boat on board. On the 21st October they left the island and returned to Valparaiso, putting the crew on shore in the hands of the English consul, who forwarded those of them who wished to go to England, while the rest of them joined the merchant ships which were in want of hands.

Having filled her water tanks, the *Andromeda* weighed on the 23rd, and stood out close-hauled on the port-tack to get an offing. Two days afterwards she anchored at Coquimbo, remaining only one day, and three days afterwards arrived at Caldera, the seaport of Copiapo. These are uninteresting places, and Captain Maynard determined not to call anywhere between there and Callao. On the 31st October she left Caldera for Callao, where she arrived without incident on the 12th November. Here they found H.M.S. *Clio*, and learned

to their regret that Sir J. W——n had been promoted to be ambassador at Madrid, and that a new man had arrived in his stead. The seine-net was now again in requisition, and some good hauls were made ; some quail and duck were also shot near the banks of the Primac.

Seymour, Harry, and Frank had not forgotten the jolly bath they had enjoyed in Lima, but thought it rather far to go only for a bath. Fortunately for them, Captain Maynard, being senior to the captain of the *Clio*, was obliged to call on the new Minister, and, Frank having told him that they were longing to go, he told them to pack a few traps, as they would visit Chorillas as well.

Accordingly, on the 20th, they started for Lima, arriving there in the afternoon, and the three were not long before they reached the bath, where the attendant remembered them, and, after a most refreshing dip, they sat on the stone benches and ate fruit, feeling very lazy.

"By Jove, there is a beautiful girl," said Seymour, referring to one whose mantilla had slipped either by accident or design, as she passed the bench where they sat.

"Yes, she was," said Frank.

"What do you think, Harry? But, I forgot, Harry is blind to every girl, except the *Andromeda's* goddaughter."

"I wonder," said Harry, "if Mr. Calhoun will really christen her Andromeda ; no one but a Yankee would have thought of such a thing."

"Well," said Seymour, "I think Meda is a very pretty name, and only a Yankee heiress can afford to wear such a name as Andromeda. Eh ! Harry, is she to be Mrs. Malcolm some day ?"

"Castles in the air," said Harry ; "the chances are hundred to one that I shall never even see her again, and by that time she will be married to a member of Congress or something."

On returning to the hotel, they found Captain Maynard had got through his duty visit, and informed them that they

were all invited to go down to Chorillos next day, with a merchant whom he had met on their last visit to Lima. So next morning, after another bath in their favourite spot, they went to call on Mr. Evans the merchant, who requested them to come to breakfast at twelve o'clock, and bring their luggage with them.

Mr. Evans had married a fair Limeña, and at last they had the pleasure of seeing a Peruvian lady without her mantilla. Mrs. Evans, or, as her name was in Spanish, Donna Anita Aguirre de Evans, was now about thirty-seven years of age, with two daughters named Engracia and Carita of seventeen and sixteen years of age, and beautiful girls they were, Donna Anita, herself, not looking more than thirty years of age, and being very lively and pleasant. Of course they spoke English as well as Spanish, and after a couple of hours' conversation, the boys felt quite at home with them, Seymour taking the opportunity of practising his Spanish with people who spoke both languages and would help him out.

About three P.M. they set out in two carriages for Chorillos. This is a pretty little place about six miles from Lima, to which all the fashionables of Lima resort to enjoy the sea bathing. Built at the base of the foot hills of the Andes, along the top of a precipitous cliff about three hundred feet high, it is an almost ideal watering-place, each villa being separate, and surrounded by palms, banana, plantain, orange, and lemon trees, which are varied by occasional tall cypresses. These, all growing in luxuriant gardens, enclosed by hedges of various flowering shrubs, and the whole overgrown by honeysuckle and creepers with brilliant-hued flowers, form a delightful view, while to seaward is an island about a mile and a half from the sandy beach at the foot of the cliff; the constantly passing ships also forming a never ending source of interest to the people promenading on the Alameda, which runs along the top of the cliff, being provided with seats under the shady avenue of lime trees which line each side of it.

Tiburón, or Shark Island, is formed of sandstone, and covered with scrubby vegetation ; but at the distance it is from Chorillos it forms a very effective central object in the view to seaward. Bathers are not deterred by its ominous name, for I believe that even the oldest inhabitant has never heard of any one having been taken down by a shark. The beach is reached by a road cut out of the face of the cliff where necessary, while in other parts advantage has been taken of the natural formation of the sandy rock, the whole being at an easy slope, so that the stoutest duenna need not over-exert herself. Closed at the south end by inaccessible cliffs which extend into the water and serve to shelter the bathing-place from the south wind ; towards the north the sandy beach runs along, gradually widening until the cliffs, becoming lower and lower, are gradually merged in sandy hills, which again soon reach the dead level which extends to Callao, a distance of some fifteen miles, following the coast-line.

That evening there were no guests besides themselves, but both Donna Anita and her daughters were accomplished musicians, the latter singing English songs as well as Spanish. Donna Anita told them they would have a dance next evening, and advised them to practise the Spanish steps with Engracia and Carita. This they did, the three youths taking turns with the two girls ; and as the principal difference consists in the slower time of the Spanish dance, they got on very well, agreeing eventually in the opinion that for a warm climate the slow time was the best. About 11.30 P.M. they all retired, having spent a very pleasant evening.

Next morning they were up about six A.M. and ran down to the beach, where they enjoyed a splendid bath. On regaining the house they found coffee waiting them, with eggs and bread and butter. All over South America it is not the custom to eat anything substantial till breakfast-time, which ranges from half-past ten till noon. The natives never take anything but a cup of coffee, or else "yerba," in the early morning ; but Mr. Evans

generally had something light with his coffee, retaining so much of English custom.

The ladies did not appear till about nine A.M., taking coffee in their own rooms. Seymour then observed them in the garden, and, with Frank and Harry, went to wish them "good morning," when their services were at once enlisted in gathering flowers for the breakfast table. They soon had sufficient, when their further assistance was laughingly dispensed with, and they went out for a stroll under the lime trees.

"Well, those are jolly girls," said Frank.

"Yes," said Seymour; "all the same I wish Miss W——n had not left Lima, for I do not think that any girls come up to English ones, though perhaps it is because their ways are not as our ways that we do not appreciate foreigners.

"Well," said Harry, "we are the foreigners here, and I hope that the natives will appreciate us this evening."

"Oh, you ought to be thinking of Meda," said Frank; "luckily we each have a nugget to remind us of her; so, till we get hard up and have to sell them, we are not likely to forget her."

"I will never sell mine," said Harry.

"Never is a long time," said Seymour, "and Byron says that a certain place is paved with good intentions. However, let us go and see if breakfast is ready."

At the villa they found that Captain Maynard and Mr. Evans had returned from his office, and that breakfast was ready, and having saluted Donna Anita, whom they had not seen before that morning, they all sat down to breakfast. This consisted of a meal more or less answering to an English lunch, light wines being served with it, finishing up with a cup of coffee. The ladies then retired for siesta, although the fresh sea breeze prevented anyone from feeling the heat oppressive. Lima is situated about 12° S. of the Line, and as it was now nearly midsummer there, the heat is sometimes very great.

Seymour and the two lads retired to their rooms, and read,

or pretended to read—though why they should feel ashamed of following the custom of the country and taking a nap during the heat of the day was more than they could themselves explain. About three o'clock they heard some one moving, and after brushing their hair, &c., they went out to see if any one was about. Presently Donna Anita saw them, and sent Engracia to ask them to come and take a "matè". They found Donna Anita and Carita seated under the verandah which looked on the garden, and chairs were brought by a little girl who was serving the "matè".

"Yerba" is a compound made of the twigs and leaves of a shrub which grows in Brazil and Paraguay, and which are ground to a powder. It is of a dull green colour, bitter to the taste, and is said to be very sustaining. Two or three spoonfuls of it are put into a "matè" bowl, which is simply a small gourd, often silver-mounted; some sugar is added, and boiling water poured in till the "matè" is full. The mixture is then sucked up through a silver pipe with a perforated bulb at one end. "Yerba" is taken nearly all over South America by the natives in preference to anything else, though I suppose that in districts where coffee or cocoa grow, they would naturally be preferred. It is quite an acquired taste, and, also being taken boiling hot, is not generally appreciated at first by visitors.

Seymour, seeing the ladies take it, was bound to try, but found it so hot as to bring the tears into his eyes. The silver pipe or bombilla also burnt his lips, and he devoutly wished that he had tried its effect on Frank or Harry first. However, these two and the ladies had a good laugh at him, and, waiting till it got a little cool, the three did not dislike it, though the custom of everyone sucking out of the same pipe appeared strange to their notions. The hot pipe, however, speedily condenses and evaporates any little moisture there may be in it; anyhow, neither of the three expressed any reluctance to use it after the lips of such pretty girls had

touched it. Shortly afterwards the ladies retired to dress for the evening stroll. Seymour, Harry, and Frank ran down to the beach and had another dip, and returned in time to escort the ladies in their walk along the Alameda.

A military band was playing, and they all sat down and listened to it, watching the people strolling round and round the plaza, Donna Anita and her daughters exchanging bows, smiles, and occasional words with their friends.

About half-past seven they all returned to the villa, where Donna Anita told them that they could have some cold meat and bread and cheese, as they would have supper later on. They had what middies and sometimes other people call a "snack," and then retired to dress.

Seymour looked very well in his tail coat and scales, which he had bought from Jackson, and, having had them slightly altered, they fitted him very well. Seymour was now nearly twenty and very well made; with a light curly head of hair and a laughing blue eye, he was as handsome a youth as you would see in Her Majesty's service, and that is saying a good deal. He put on his Crimean and Turkish medals, but had carefully left his "Humane Society" medal on board the *Andromeda*, very few naval men ever wearing this decoration. Frank and Harry both asked him why he had not brought it.

"Well," said Seymour, "all you fellows know I have got it, and it looks so like boasting to put it on. Look at your father, Frank, he has half-a-dozen medals, but never wears even a ribbon."

"Oh, well," said Frank, "he has a wife and family."

"So you think wives are to be won by ribbons," said Seymour.

"Certainly," said Frank. "Every Jack promises his Gill a 'bonnie blue ribbon to tie up her bonnie brown hair'."

"Well, let us go in," said Seymour.

Accordingly they went in to the drawing-room, which had been cleared of its furniture, and in the breakfast-room beyond

found their hostess and her daughters arranging the supper table.

"Now, Mr. Seymour," said Donna Engracia, you will have to summon all your Spanish, for I am going to give the belle of Lima into your charge."

"I hope she will take her mantilla off," said Seymour.

"Oh, yes ; if you have courage to ask her to dance," said Donna Engracia.

"If I was fortunate enough to please you last night, I care little for the belle of Lima."

"Nonsense," said Donna Engracia ; "once you have seen her you will see nothing else ; but here are the first arrivals."

These were old friends of the family, and by nine o'clock there were plenty of people to begin the dance.

A string band had been hired and placed in the garden, and they now struck up a quadrille. Captain Maynard led out Donna Anita, and everyone else finding partners, the ball began, Donnas Engracia and Carita doing duty with some partners who were generally wall-flowers ; but they had Seymour's and the other two boys' names inscribed deep in their lists. Harry and Frank, being shy of speaking the few words of Spanish that they knew, had begged to be introduced to partners who spoke English, thinking that, like Merry's French, their English might be preferred to their Spanish. The quadrille was over, and the musicians were tuning up their instruments for a valse, when Donnas Severa de Aguila and la Senorita de Aguila were announced. Donna Engracia tapped Seymour lightly on the shoulder with her fan, and said, "There is your fate ; come, I will introduce you".

Seymour bowed, and, coming forward, was introduced to a girl who certainly put every other one into the shade. Tall, with regular features, and magnificent auburn hair, blue eyes which varied from sapphire to lapis lazuli as her moods changed, a regal beauty extended her hand to Seymour. She was one of those few who still claimed their lineage from Atahualpa—

last of the Incas, and beautiful almost as those daughters of the sun who still exist in tradition.

Seymour went through the dance mechanically and resigned his partner to her mother with a deep reverence, and was making his way outside when Donna Engracia met him, and said, "Well, sir, what do you think of my friend?"

"Magnificent! but an automaton," said Seymour.

"That is because you do not know her," said Engracia, warmly; "if you could see her, as I have, reciting the glories of the lost Incas, you would not say she was an automaton."

"Yes," said Seymour, "perhaps I was wrong in using that word, I should have said she was unapproachable."

"It is because they are poor and proud, and will not mix with the Spanish society," said Engracia, "that she has that manner; but come, we are losing all the fun, discussing my friend, whom I hope you will some day know better."

"I am quite willing," said Seymour, "but at present I can only admire her at a distance; I think she is the sort of girl of whom those lines might have been written:

"A tiger, 'tis said, will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity".

"Well, come and do your duty and dance," said Engracia; "mind you are to take me in to supper."

Seymour accordingly danced till supper-time, and Engracia managed to seat him between the "daughter of the Incas" and her mother, slipping off herself on a pretence of looking after the other guests. Seymour attended to both his neighbours, and his late partner thawed a little with the champagne. He did not dare on so short an acquaintance to ask any question about the ancient Peruvians, but her manner showed that at least she did not dislike his attentions. After supper he danced with her again and strolled round the garden; shortly afterwards her mother and she took their departure. About four A.M. all the guests had departed, and Seymour was thinking whether it was best to go and turn in or to go and have a

bath when Engracia made him a sign with her fan, "How nice it is out here," said she ; "are you tired?"

"Not a bit," said Seymour ; "I was just thinking of going and having a bathe."

"I have got something for you," said Engracia ; "look here"—so saying, she displayed a small silver comb—"do you know it?"

"Why, it is very like one that she ——" said Seymour.

"She! why, you have not even asked her name," said Engracia, "and you do not deserve that I should tell it you, but I stole it out of her hair that I might send you with it to-morrow."

"'Oh! woman in our hours of ease,'" began Seymour, laughing, when Engracia tapped him smartly with the fan, and, saying, "You are an automaton ; good-night," left him to make his way to his room, where he found Frank and Harry in bed, but awake.

"I vote that the first of us that wakes shall call the others," said Seymour ; "an early dip will do us good after all this dissipation."

About 7.30 the three made their way down to the beach. On the way back, Harry said : "Seymour, you have not opened your lips this morning except to blow out salt water. A penny for your thoughts."

"They are worth a good deal more," said Seymour smiling, "for I was thinking of that girl I sat next to at supper. I wonder what her name is."

"Oh! I know that," said Frank, "it is 'Atalina,' and she is, I do not know how many great granddaughters of the Inca of that name. Well, let us have some coffee and go to bed again, as nobody is stirring except the cook."

About eleven A.M. most of the inmates of the house had made their appearance, and at twelve they were all gathered round the breakfast table. Conversation was rather languid, as Engracia and Carita were both too good natured to pick their

friends to pieces, as is sometimes done by lovely women in England when discussing their "Dearest Foes".

"Mr. Seymour," said Engracia after breakfast, "I am quite disgusted with you. Here have I been and committed highway robbery in order to send you with this comb to-day, and you do not show the slightest interest in it."

"I am at your orders, fair lady," said Seymour.

"Very well, after siesta I will give you a note, and you can take it and the comb to ——"

"Atalina?" asked Seymour.

"Who told you her name?" asked Engracia.

"A little bird," said Seymour.

"It must have been a 'corvedilla' (tell-tale) then," said Engracia.

"But tell me," said Seymour, "why are you so anxious that I should see more of your friend?"

"Oh! if I tell you, you will be more conceited than ever."

"That," said Seymour, "is impossible."

"Well, it is because everyone said, last night, that you were the handsomest couple in the room."

"After that I had better go and sestiar," said Seymour, and everyone else having retired, Donna Engracia and he did likewise.

Cupid is often drawn blind, and on this occasion he certainly was so, for Seymour and Engracia were rapidly losing their hearts to each other, while she was doing her best to make him fall in love with her friend, and it was not till months afterwards that she realised the words of Jean Ingelow:

"How could I tell I should love him to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I tell I should love him afar,
When I did not love him anear?"

But this is anticipating. After siesta Seymour, Harry, and Frank went to the "Villa Aguirre," and were hospitably received, and shown some very ancient silver vessels and

ornaments, but somehow the ladies de Aguila lacked that magnetic attraction which just makes all the difference.

The evening was passed quietly, and next morning Captain Maynard and the three youths returned to Callao, Mr. Evans and his family remaining at Chorillos for the summer.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON the 2nd of December, 1857, Harry, Frank, and the rest of the naval cadets completed two years' service. and after being examined by the naval instructor in navigation, the first lieutenant and master in seamanship, and the gunner in gunnery, they were entitled to wear a white patch on their jacket collars, and their pay was increased from about eleven sovereigns a-year to about thirty-one pounds, a midshipman's half-pay, being supposed to be three farthings a-year paid quarterly.

The ship having been two years in commission, Captain Maynard, in order to celebrate the day, asked all the officers to dine with him, and gave the ship's company an extra allowance of materials for plum-duff, and in the evening spliced the main-brace.

On the 15th December, the *Andromeda* weighed anchor, and stood out under plain sail on her way to Panama. After an uninteresting voyage of a fortnight, they arrived at Panama. Here they found the *Arachne*, and learned that yellow fever was raging on shore. Captain Maynard, therefore, sailed the *Andromeda* across to Tabogo, where they would have the advantage of good sea-breezes, and a more healthy anchorage than Panama.

The *Arachne* sailed next day for the south, and the *Andromeda* was once more alone in her glory. The pinnace was sent to Panama to board the mail steamer once a fortnight, but even then did not land at Panama. Every precaution was taken to keep the ship well ventilated, swinging stoves being

lighted below, and chloride of lime placed in every position where the air might possibly stagnate, and Captain Maynard gave orders that no man should drink water which had not been boiled. Whether, owing to these precautions or not, the sick-list remained small, and not one caught the fever, except three or four of the pinnacle's crew, and they only got it slightly.

The *Andromeda* remained three months at Tabogo, during which time two men died, but not from Yellow Jack. On the 1st of April a ship was sighted which looked like an English man-of-war, and shortly after H.M.S. *Desperate* made her lumber. Captain Maynard went on board her, and advised her captain to remain at Tabogo, although the yellow fever was not now so violent.

The *Andromeda* left Tabogo on the 5th April, and calling in at Acapulco for a day or two, anchored on the 22nd at Manzanilla. Here they found that the engines and everything worth taking had been removed from the *Golden Age*, which now only showed a few timbers above the water's edge. On their first visit to her wreck it struck them that she would make a splendid bathing place, as the sharks could not get inside her, and as the water was beautifully clear they could have a first-rate dive. Nearly every day of the ten that the *Andromeda* remained at Manzanilla, the youngsters had a bath, a luxury only to be fully appreciated by people in tropical climates, where you can seldom venture to bathe on account of the sharks, and a lower studding-sail not giving much scope for swimming, though considerably better than nothing. Harry brought back a small piece of the timber of the *Golden Age*, and, making interest with the carpenter, had a pair of candlesticks, and a stand for a lamp or a flower vase, turned by one of the carpenter's mates.

On the 3rd of May the *Andromeda* left Manzanilla and sailed up the coast, calling at San Blas and Mazatlan, at each of which ports she remained a couple of days; then, beating

up the Gulf of California, she anchored in Pichilingue harbour, Captain Maynard having some business to transact at La Paz, one of the chief towns of the Isthmus of California. Here they were interested in the pearl fishery, which was being carried on in the bay from two schooners which also followed the trade of shark-fishing, the skins being dried and sold to be manufactured into shagreen, while the carcasses were boiled down, yielding a rank oil. Whales were also numerous, one being stranded about half-a-mile from the ship, and smelling most unpleasantly when the wind set from that direction.

The pearl-diving was carried on from the boats of the schooners, each diver having a heavy stone to assist him to reach the bottom, where he instantly lets go the stone and fills his bag with the pearl oysters, shooting up to the surface as quickly as possible, where his bag is emptied, and after hauling the stone up and getting his wind he is ready for another dive. The divers are generally from two to three minutes under water, the depth varying from four to ten fathoms. Beyond this the divers do not care to venture. Several lives are lost annually by sharks, but as the men have the chance of sharing the price of a good pearl, they are willing to run the risk. Most of the pearls are small and of a light brown colour, a really first-class one being rare.

Some of the officers obtained some average ones, but the best ones were beyond their means, or at any rate what they cared to give. Seymour bought a few which he afterwards had mounted in various ways. The seine net was hauled here, and two or three good catches made. On the last occasion a shark about ten feet long got into the net and made a large hole in it, through which most of the fish escaped. This put an end to their fishing for the day, and the net, after being triced up to dry, was mended the next day.

On the 24th the *Andromeda* dressed ship and fired a royal salute in honour of Her Majesty's birthday ; and on the 25th weighed anchor and sailed out of the harbour, running down

the coast until she cleared Cape San Lucas, and hauled up N.N.W., close-hauled on the starboard tack.

On the 15th June she ran through the Golden Gate (as the entrance to the magnificent harbour of San Francisco was called) and anchored about half-a-mile from the town. They were soon afterwards boarded by a boat from the American flagship offering them every facility for provisioning or watering ship, &c.; and, having saluted the American flag and admiral, a boat soon afterwards came off from the shore with an *aide-de camp* of the general commanding the district, offering them every civility in his power. As water was the only thing the *Andromeda* required, a steam water tank was soon alongside from the Navy yard; and in the afternoon Captain Maynard went on board the *Wabash*, carrying the flag of the American admiral, afterwards proceeding on shore and calling on the general.

San Francisco was at that time nearly all built of wood, all the waterside houses being built on piles driven into the mud, Montgomery Street, which is the principal one, being almost the only one which could boast some stone edifices.

Seymour, Frank, and Harry drove out one day to the Ocean House, which faces the sea, and saw the sea lions, which are always lying on and swimming round a small rocky island situated at the base of the cliff on which the Ocean House is built. The animals are not allowed to be molested, and are watched with great interest by all the visitors to San Francisco. A magnificent view is also obtained of the Golden Gate, about a mile and a half across, and the harbour of San Francisco. This is one of the largest in the world, being nearly fifty miles from north to south, and fifteen to twenty broad. The river Sacramento enters it at the northern end; and in the valley of that name is to be found some of the most beautiful scenery on the face of the globe. It contains the beautiful waterfall called the "Bridal Veil," now well known to tourists, but at that time only visited by the miners and farmers in its vicinity.

After a fortnight Captain Maynard was thinking of starting for Vancouver's Island, but the general and admiral both requested him to wait for the fourth of July celebrations. So he consented; and the ships, having all dressed with flags, in rainbow fashion, a royal salute was fired at noon, and, about 1.30 P.M., the two companies of small-arm men and the marines were landed to take part in the procession. They were given the place of honour on the right of the American seamen and marines, and next the San Francisco fire brigade. These latter looked very well, having a uniform like our Royal Artillery, but with silver helmets, all the fire engines being polished till they shone again.

After the procession, the men were sent on board the American flagship, after leaving their arms on board the *Andromeda*, and were entertained at a banquet prepared for them. Most of the *Andromeda's* officers also went on board, the captain, and those who had taken part in the procession, remaining on shore as the guests of the city marshal and the general.

A grand banquet was given in the dining-room of the Lick House, so-called after a carpenter named Lick, who amassed money and built this immense hotel. Champagne flowed freely, and patriotic speeches were made, the *Andromeda's* officers being toasted with great heartiness, and Captain Maynard making a suitable reply.

On the 6th July, the *Andromeda* weighed and passed the Golden Gate, on her way to Vancouver's Island. The voyage up was without incident, and, on the 12th, the *Andromeda* once more made a running moor in Constance Cove, Esquimalt Harbour. Here they found the *Clio*, the *Goshawk*, and the *Growler*.

Captain Maynard found that he was senior officer, and could therefore do as he pleased. The boom-boats were hoisted out, and the sails unbent and sent to the sail-loft for repair, and general leave given to the men.

"Well, Bungs," said Seymour the evening after their arrival, "you have got your wish of being at Vancouver's in summer time."

"Yes," said Bungs, "but I have too much work to do to go on shore and enjoy myself like you."

"That is just the mistake you make," said Hughes, "you are one of those chaps who are always thinking that the world will not go round without their valuable assistance."

"I should like to know how the lower-deck would get on without me," said Bungs, who was never so happy as when making a martyr of himself.

About a fortnight after this the master of the *Goshawk* was invalided, and Captain Maynard gave Bungs an order as acting-master of her. As he was the senior second master on the station, the admiral confirmed his acting order, and he remained in the *Goshawk*, being soon afterwards promoted from home.

"Well, Bungs," remarked Hughes, "when are you going to wet your commission, or are you so sad at leaving your beloved lower-deck and whitewash brushes, that you are not equal to it?"

"Oh," said Bungs, "we will have some punch to-night, though I am very sorry to leave the old ship, even though it is for promotion."

Accordingly, some punch was brewed that evening, and Bungs' health and song proposed in a humorous speech by Jackson, who came in from the wardroom for the occasion; and, having sung "He is a jolly good fellow," at the top of their voices, Bungs' health was drunk with all the honours, and he made quite a sentimental reply, Hughes and Seymour, on this occasion, permitting him to tell his yarns about the Arctic without interruption.

In August Hughes was promoted from home, and Seymour became senior mate and officer of the fourth watch. The weather was now lovely, and Seymour asked Captain Maynard

to give Frank, Harry, and himself a fortnight's leave for a shooting and fishing expedition. Captain Maynard was very glad to do so, knowing that Seymour would lead the lads into no evil.

Seymour had been finding out from the *Goshawk's* officers the best place to go to for sport, as she was always stationed at Vancouver's, or rather divided her time between the island and New Westminster and other ports on the mainland of British Columbia.

On the 20th August the three friends embarked on board a small steamer which ran from Victoria to Nanaimo and Burrard's Inlet; and on arrival at a place called Cowichen, about ninety miles by sea from Victoria, they landed, and proceeding to the house of an English clergyman there, to whom Seymour had a letter of introduction, they were asked to stay the night, Mr. Reece promising to procure Indians to carry out some flour, hams, &c., and guide them to Cowichen Lake, which was about eighteen miles from the settlement.

Next morning they started early, and arrived at the lake about one P.M. They found the lake to be about ten miles long, and varying from one to two miles wide, with a small river running out of one end. Here they were fortunate in finding a deserted hut, and having discharged their Indians, they proceeded to cut a lot of ferns and put them into the standing bunks with which the hut was furnished.

Harry put up his rod, and going down to the lake, soon had a dozen fine trout averaging about a pound. Seymour and Frank took their guns and strolled off through the woods, and soon had seven or eight brace of willow grouse, having brought a dog with them, which they did not fire at on this occasion when he treed the birds. Going back to the hut, a fire was made, and the trout and some birds cooked in the frying-pan.

"Well," said Harry, "we are not likely to starve at this rate; and do you know I have found an old raft and a regular

sort of pier, so with your axe and some of these young fir-trees we will soon fix it up."

After supper they strolled down to look at the raft. Two large pine-trees had been felled so as to fall into the water about three feet apart, and having rough planks nailed across every two feet or so, formed quite a convenient landing-stage. The remains of the raft were lying close to, and on inspection turned out to be pretty sound. Four large pine-trees had been bolted together with wooden trenails, and four thick cross-pieces fastened on them in the same manner. On these cross-pieces a rough deck had been fastened, a rail, made out of young fir-trees and fixed to six uprights, running round the primitive craft, while three thwarts were fastened on the fore and aft rails and secured to the uprights.

"Hurrah!" said Seymour; "we only want a mast and sail and three oars, and we will commission our raft."

"Our blankets will do for the sail," said Harry; "and we can soon make a mast, yard, and three oars. Luckily there is timber of every description here."

"Well," said Seymour, "let us leave it till the morning. The only drawback I can see to our enjoyment is the infernal amount of mosquitos. I think I shall try oiling my face and hands."

"Let us make a good smoke where it will blow into the hut," said Frank.

"Well thought of, Frank," said Seymour; and a smoky fire having been made, they soon all turned into their fragrant beds of fern and covered themselves with the blankets they had brought with them.

There was no door to the log hut, but the nights were very warm, and their rest was only broken by their dog, which they had christened Bones from his starved appearance. He was uneasy all night, barking at intervals, probably disturbed by the animals which came down to drink at the neighbouring stream and which he scented. In the woods there are always inde-

scribable sounds going on in the stillest night, and until you know what these are caused by and get accustomed to them, sleep is difficult to obtain.

In the early morning they were awakened by a most unearthly cry, like the shriek of a human being in agony, ending up with a sort of discordant laugh.

"What on earth is that?" exclaimed Harry, jumping up. "It is like the war-whoop of the Indians that you read about in Mayne Reid's books."

"Why, I declare, it is nothing but a great bird," said Seymour.

"Yes, I expect it is the great loon; the *Goshawk's* fellows told me about it."

"Is it a diver?"

"Yes," said Harry, "it is down now."

"Well, we shall not be able to sleep any more if it is going to treat us to that sort of music, so I will light the fire and boil the kettle."

"All right," said Frank, "I will fry some ham, if you will cut some wood, and we will make a damper."

Three cakes of flour and water were soon made the size of the frying pan, and fried on the top of the ham, which kept them from burning; the coffee was made, and pannikins produced, and they thoroughly enjoyed their meal, which was not spoiled though all three were cooks on the occasion. After breakfast they went down to the raft, and in about two hours had her ready for commission.

"I vote we call her the *Meda*," said Harry.

"Right you are," said Seymour, "I will be skipper, you shall be the starboard watch, and Frank the port. I think we will pipe to dinner before we go exploring in her, so come along."

"Let us have a bath first," said Frank.

So walking along to their pier, they undressed and plunged in. They soon scrambled out again, and went up to the hut,

where they cooked some more grouse and trout, and made a hearty meal. After dinner they went down and embarked on the raft. As it was nearly calm, Frank and Harry took an oar each, and Seymour steered with the other one.

"Where shall we go?" said he.

"Anywhere you like," answered the boys.

"Well, I will steer for that island," said Seymour.

In about twenty minutes he sung out "way enough," and Frank and Harry ceased pulling, and the raft ran gently alongside the rocky shore of the island. Making the raft fast, they proceeded to explore the island, and soon found that no beasts of any sort were on it. They saw a lot of duck, however, and determined to drop quietly down, and try to get a shot; and as the duck had probably never been shot at before, they managed to get five birds out of the flock, fine mallards.

A breeze now sprang up, and, as it was fair to go back with, they hoisted a red blanket tied on to the yard. This made a capital lugsail, and the *Meda* took them back in about half-an-hour, Harry trailing his flies after them, and catching half-a-dozen trout, larger than the ones he caught the day before.

"Well," said Seymour, "to-morrow, we will start early and explore the lake. The wind was fair all the morning to run down to the other end, and chopped right round this afternoon, so, if it always does that, we shall have a fair wind both ways."

Making the raft fast, and taking the blanket up with them, they then set to work to pluck and clean the ducks, and make a supply of dampers, ready for next day. They cooked some trout and ducks, saving the ham, in case they might have bad weather, or not be able to obtain birds. They sat yarning till about nine P.M., when they turned in, and slept soundly, the dog doing the same, having apparently become reconciled to the weird noises which always prevail in a pine forest at night.

Next morning they were up at sunrise, and, taking the dampers and some cold duck with them, they embarked in the *Meda*, taking Bones with them. The wind, as Seymour had

anticipated, was fair to run down to the other end of the lake. Harry caught some fish on the way down, as they were rising fast in the ripple caused by the fresh breeze, which took them along about three miles an hour. In about three hours and a-half they reached the other end of the lake, and found that it was marshy, with a small stream running into it. They ate their luncheon before landing, and then separated a hundred yards or so, Seymour following the stream, Frank and Harry on each side of him.

They got some pintail-duck, some teal and snipe, and about a mile and a-half from the lake they saw some ponds which were covered with birds. Holding a council of war, they decided that Seymour and Frank should conceal themselves while Harry took Bones with him and went on to put the birds up, as they were nearly certain to fly towards the lake and afford Seymour and Frank good shots.

Harry soon got pretty close to them, and let fly his first barrel at them on the water and the second as they rose. He secured five ducks with his two shots; and to his surprise about twenty wild geese got up some two hundred yards higher up the stream. He could not get loaded in time for them, but they flew directly over Seymour and Frank, who had knocked over some ducks and were ready for the geese. When they passed they killed three, and one other came down badly winged. On Harry's rejoining them they counted their bag, which amounted to nine ducks, three geese, four teal and widgeon.

"Look out," suddenly sang out Seymour; "here they come back again." About a hundred ducks came by within shot, and the six barrels brought down ten birds. "I vote we leave them alone now," said Seymour; "we have got more than we can eat before they get high."

"All right," said Frank; "but let us try and find that wounded goose. Harry, bring Bones; he seems to obey you best."

Bones ranged all over the marsh but did not find the bird;

but as they made their way down to the raft they spied him swimming ahead down the stream. "Run ahead across that bend," said Seymour; and Frank having headed him, the poor goose had no chance of escape, and was soon killed and secured.

By this time it was about two P.M., and a fresh breeze sprang up fair for them to go back by.

"This is a regular land-and-sea breeze," said Seymour; "it could not be better if we had ordered it."

The breeze was stronger than in the morning, and they arrived at their landing-place in less than three hours. On their way back Seymour remarked that the top of one hill was open and rocky, and said, "We will go up there to-morrow and try for some blue grouse; and we ought to come across some deer also".

"I wish we could get a cariboo," said Harry.

"I believe they are very scarce and wild now," said Seymour. "Later on in the rutting season they are easier got at, as the Indians call them like they do the moose." *

"What is the difference between moose and cariboo," asked Harry.

"Well, I believe the difference is principally seen in their horns, the cariboo being like a very large red deer, with plain horns with points, while the moose has broad palmated horns, and is very much taller at the shoulder than he is further aft; besides, he is a bigger animal altogether; but if we get some black-tailed deer I shall be quite satisfied. I would like to get a cariboo all the same. I saw some splendid horns in Victoria the other day, but they wanted twenty dollars for them. Well, here we are at our pier," said Seymour; "now for roast goose."

The geese were plucked and cleaned, and Seymour dug a hole in the ground with his hatchet. In this he made a roaring fire of pine wood, and two geese and some trout being ready for cooking, the ashes were raked out, the geese and trout put in,

* The moose, I believe, is not found west of the Rocky Mountains.

the whole covered over, and in about an hour and a quarter were taken out perfectly baked. Some dampers had been made, and they sat down to their feast with that best of sauces—hunger.

“Where did you learn that way of baking?” asked Frank.

“Why, in the Crimea to be sure,” said Seymour.

“I wish we had got some stuffing to put in them; goose is no good without it,” said Frank.

“Oh, you are too particular,” said Seymour; “you should be thankful for small mercies, and remember how wretched we should be if we had bad weather and no sport.”

“That is true,” said Harry.

After yarning till about nine P.M. they turned in. Next morning they arose with the sun, and after coffee and a swim, started down the lake in the raft and landed at a point nearest to the hill they had remarked the day before. Making the *Meda* fast, they struck up through the woods, but did not see any deer. On the open ground Bones pointed in some fern, and the covey springing almost from under their feet, five blue grouse were knocked over, and in about two hours they had twelve brace between them. On their way back some willow grouse were also shot, and Harry caught some more trout.

“By Jove, our larder is well stocked,” said Seymour. “I wonder if we could get a deer by watching down by the stream, which runs out at this end of the lake.”

“Yes, or we might get a bear or panther,” said Frank.

“Well, we have not seen any of their tracks, but there is no doubt there are plenty in the island if they would only show themselves,” said Seymour. “I will go down to-night by myself, and see if I can get a deer or something. It is no use more than one of us going, for the animals, if they come, are sure to scent us.”

Accordingly Seymour, taking his gun loaded with ball and his blankets, went down to the stream, where he had noticed the tracks of deer, and ensconcing himself among some bushes

where he had a clear view of the pool where he expected the deer to come, he made himself as comfortable as possible. Nothing appeared, and Seymour gradually dozed off, till he was awakened by a loud snort. The night was very dark, and Seymour could only see for a moment a pair of eyes glaring apparently straight at him, and the animal, whatever it was, disappeared in the obscurity before he could get a shot at it.

Disgusted with himself for going to sleep, and thinking it was no use waiting any longer, he picked up his blankets and made his way back to the hut. Next morning early, the three were going down to have a bath, when they saw a man on horseback crossing the little bridge over the stream. A light broke on Seymour's thoughts, and saying to himself, "I wonder if that is the animal I saw last night," he wished the horseman good morning, and said :

"We are just going to have our coffee, will you come and join us?"

"With pleasure," said the man.

Seymour led the way to the hut where the man dismounted, and informed them that he was a Hudson Bay traveller, and that he went round buying furs and skins from the Indians.

"I slept," said he, "just the other side of the bridge last night: if I had only known there was a hut here and you fellows in it, I should have been better off."

"Was your horse loose last night?" asked Seymour.

"Yes, my old mare was hobbled and went down to the water in the middle of the night."

Seymour then told him how near he had been to shooting at it, saying, "I thought of every animal that could be here by chance, but I never thought of a horse, as there are no settlements near here, and horses are scarce even in the settlements".

"Well," said the traveller, "I am very glad you did not shoot."

"So am I," said Seymour, and coffee having been dis-

cussed he mounted his horse, and, having wished them adieu, proceeded on his way.

"By Jove, Seymour," said Harry, "you nearly put your foot in it.

"Yes," said Seymour ; "but I do not think he could have said much if I had shot his old mare. I was nearly certain it was a cariboo, and if I had been ready with my gun I certainly should have let fly. Well, all's well that ends well," added he "what shall we do to-day?"

"Let us try for deer again ; we have got lots of birds."

So they started off through the woods, Seymour saying, "If we get separated and cannot find our way, we can always make our way back to the lake and along the shore to the hut. As long as the sun is out we can always tell which is north, but if it gets cloudy look at the trees, you will see that the bark is much thicker and rougher on the north side than on the south."

"How is that?" said Frank.

"I suppose it is a wise provision of nature to save them from the cold north winds, and I suppose also the sun never reaching that side has something to do with it. But we must separate, as, when we are together, we always find something to talk about, and we shall never get a shot at any deer while we make so much noise."

Accordingly they separated, Bones following Harry, and, after plunging about in the bottom of a deep valley, sometimes crawling under the trunks of fallen trees, sometimes over them, and through undergrowth far higher than his head, Harry at length climbed clear of the thick wood, and entered an open glade. While looking about him, Bones started off yelping, and Harry, following up as fast as he could, saw Bones baying at about a dozen deer. Two were bucks, which kept threatening Bones with their horns, the rest being does and fawns, some of the latter being very young. Harry dodged from tree to tree until he was about sixty paces off, when, resting his gun over a branch to take a steadier aim, he fired at the broadside

of the biggest buck, and was delighted to see him give a convulsive jump in the air, and then fall down in a heap. Forgetting all about his other barrel, Harry dropped his gun, and, drawing his hunting knife, ran to the buck, which was dead ere he got to it, and cut its throat.

Bones had pursued the deer, and could be heard baying at a short distance, as the does would not leave their fawns. Harry could have easily shot one, but was already too good a sportsman to think of doing so.

"The next thing is how am I to get this deer to the hut," thought Harry, looking up at the sun, and remembering that it had been behind him on his way from the lake. He first tied a handkerchief to the deer's horns to keep off any wild animal which might have a liking for venison, and then calling Bones, who was lying down at a little distance, made the best of his way down the hill; then, following a deer-track, and occasionally blazing a tree with his hunting knife, he soon emerged on the border of the lake.

"All these points are as like as peas," thought he. "I will hang my waistcoat on this tree," and, after doing so, he turned to his left along the margin of the lake, and, after about an hour's tramping, saw the hut at a little distance. Seeing smoke arising from the fire, he knew one, or both, of his companions must have returned, and when he got close to, he gave a triumphant yell, and both Seymour and Frank appeared.

"Well, Harry," said the former, "have you shot anything that you are yelling like a wild Indian?"

"Yes," said Harry, "I have shot one, but it was Bones who found them, and barked at them till I could come up and get a shot."

"Well, Bones shall get a good feed of venison," said Seymour; "now let us have some grub. But what have you done with your deer?"

Harry related his adventures, and they agreed that after their meal they would take the *Meda* along to the point

where Harry had hung up his waistcoat. Accordingly they embarked, and, under sail and oars, soon made out the point with Harry's garment hanging up in the tree where he had left it. Bones seemed to know where they were going, running along the track, and looking back at them and barking.

"Well, you are a nice boy, Harry," said Frank; "you left your watch hanging up in your waistcoat."

"Did I?" said Harry. "Luckily there are no pickpockets in these parts."

Bones knew the way much better than they could find it, and they soon arrived at the scene of Harry's success, and having cleaned the deer, they cut a sapling and slung the carcase on it.

The black-tailed deer are rather larger than the English fallow deer, so this one must have weighed about three hundred pounds. They were not sorry to get it on board the raft, and, returning to the hut, skinned it and hung the meat up in the trees. Harry cut a portion of the skull off with the horns. These, though full grown, still had some of the velvet adhering to them. Some venison steaks were fried that evening, and enjoyed by all of them, for ducks, grouse, &c., though very good eating, in conjunction with other things, are apt to pail on the appetite when you can get nothing else.

The next three or four days were spent in exploring the shores of the lake, and they found another deserted hut, inside which were two pair of deer's horns.

"Hurrah!" said Frank, "we shall have a pair each now, but I would sooner shoot one for myself."

Their leave being up in another three days, and as they had to go by compass for at least forty miles before they came to any settlement, they thought they had better start next day. Accordingly, having made sandwiches out of the remains of their hams, and packed their "swag" as well as they could, they left the frying pan and kettle behind, as their coffee was done, and started on their homeward voyage about nine A.M.

Following at first the track by which the Hudson Bay traveller had made his appearance, they trudged on till noon, when, arriving at the stream which ran into the other end of the lake, they had a frugal meal, washed down with a draught of clear water, and then resumed their way. About two P.M. they arrived at the top of the hill to the south of the lake, and turned round to take a last look at it, and then plodded steadily on till near sundown, when they saw a small lake and determined to camp by it.

Harry put his rod up, and Seymour and Frank went to try and get a duck or two, in which they were speedily successful; and Harry having caught a dozen trout, they were soon frying on the embers, and having made a good fire, they lay down with their feet towards it, and were soon sleeping soundly.

In the morning they made their ablutions in the lake, and, after a hasty breakfast, resumed their journey. About 9.30, Bones, who was on ahead, ran yelping into the forest, and just afterwards they met a gentleman whom they knew, and who told them that Bones had gone after a she bear with two cubs, as he had seen them cross the road.

"Fancy our having been looking for bears and panthers all this time, and never seeing even their footprints," said Frank.

Mr. Sebright, as the gentleman was named, told them it was useless to try and follow through such thick undergrowth, and after giving them directions how to reach Goldstream, the nearest settlement, he proceeded on his way and they resumed theirs.

At noon they halted and finished the remains of their provisions, and, while resting a little, Bones made his appearance and came in for the scraps.

"Bones, you brute," said Harry, "you are the only one of us that has seen a bear. Why didn't you stop it for us like you did the deer?"

Bones wagged his tail, as much as to say he had done his best, and soon after they were again on the road.

It was nearly sundown before they reached the first houses of the settlement, and about half-past seven they reached a house where they could get some food and a shake-down for the night. Some ham and eggs were soon frizzling in the frying pan, and, having imbibed some colonial beer to celebrate their return to civilisation, they sat down to table with their host, and made a capital meal.

After dinner over, a pipe and a glass of grog, they found that their host had formerly been in the army, and had tried farming, but could not make it pay. He had then had a turn at the diggings, made a small pile, and spree'd it all away at San Francisco, the miner's paradise. Now he ran a mail waggon from Goldstream to Victoria, and was part owner of a claim higher up the valley, which was being worked by his two partners, one of whom was a graduate of Cambridge, and the other was also a gentleman by birth.

Next morning, finding that the mail waggon was going into Victoria, and would pass about two miles from Esquimalt harbour, they took a passage in it, and by twelve o'clock were once more on board the *Andromeda*, leaving Bones on shore with his owner.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON the 15th of September Captain Maynard, being desirous of visiting New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, and also of affording the officers an opportunity of doing so, ordered the *Goshawk* to get her steam up next morning ; and a party, consisting of Captain Maynard, Palmer, the second lieutenant, Seymour, the chaplain, the doctor, the paymaster, the marine officer, with Frank and Harry to represent the middies, embarked on board her, and she steamed out of Esquimalt harbour, and proceeded to the island of San Juan, which has been before referred to as having two garrisons—an English one at the west end and an American

one at the east. The English one was commanded by a captain of marines, with two subalterns and a surgeon. They had very comfortable log huts, with a good messroom and billiard-room attached. Having little military duty to perform, they spent most of their time in fishing and shooting, and some of them were nearly as good backwoodsmen as the Hudson Bay Company's employés themselves, and they had a very fine collection of furs, skins, horns of cariboo, panthers, and bears' skulls, &c.

All the officers dined on shore at the marines' mess, and Seymour and the boys relating their shooting adventures to one of the subalterns, who was the great sportsman among the marine officers, he told them that cariboo were now only to be found on the mainland, and, proposing an expedition next month, if possible, he promised to come with them as guide. Seymour, Frank, and Harry were very glad to make an agreement that if they could get away, they would accompany him on a shooting expedition.

Soon after everyone went on board the *Goshawk*, which was to start early. At four A.M. she weighed, and made the best of her way to the mouth of the Fraser river, and steamed up it to New Westminster, which is about forty miles from the sea.

The "Muddy Fraser" is entered by a broad estuary, in which the mud banks show here and there. Numbers of canoes were fishing, some for salmon, others for the eulachon or candle fish, while a few were in search of the royal sturgeon.

An arrow-shaped spear-head is loosely fastened on to a long, slender pole, a line being attached to the head and the other end of it to a bladder. An Indian sits in the bow of the canoe, and simply prods the bottom of the river until he strikes a sturgeon, when the pole comes away from the spear-head, and the bladder being thrown overboard, the canoe follows it, until the fish, becoming partially exhausted, the Indians get hold of the line, and haul themselves close up to the fish, which is eventually killed by lances, with broad sharp blades.

The sturgeon is here often killed over twelve feet long, and is a valuable fish, its skin being taken off and made into shagreen, while the flesh is easily sold at a better price than salmon.

No salmon or trout are ever taken by fly in the Fraser, the consistency of whose water is like thick pea-soup, but of a good honest mud colour. When the salmon run up the river in spring time to spawn, every gorge and narrow is watched by the Indians, and when the salmon arrive, they are hauled out by huge landing-nets, giving no trouble whatever in their capture, and are then split from tail to head, a little salt sprinkled in them, and they are hung up on poles to dry. As they form the principal food of the Indians of the district for the winter, their capture is an important matter.

I have been told by a credible eye-witness that he has seen the salmon running up the Fraser in such numbers as to force each other out on the banks of the river when they got to a gorge or narrow place. The fact of the Indians using no other method of catching them than a simple landing-net is sufficient evidence of their numbers.

On arriving at the "City of Stumps," as New Westminster was disdainfully called by the Victorians of Vancouver's Island, Captain Maynard and the rest of the officers proceeded to a hotel which was clean and neat. Every house in the "City of Stumps" was at that time built of wood, and roofed with shingles; the streets were full of mud, and a side-walk about five feet from the ground alone kept the foot passenger out of it, leaving him, however, to wade through the sticky compound whenever it became necessary to cross a street.

The shops were not on the scale of Regent Street, but nearly everything a human being could be supposed to require might be bought in one store or another. Except in the actual street the stumps of the trees which had been cut down to provide the timber, of which the houses were built, could be seen everywhere; and just outside the town the almost impenetrable

primeval forest looked at them with a dark and forbidding aspect.

Captain Maynard, accompanied by Seymour, Frank, and Harry, visited the Hudson Bay Company's stores next day, and purchased some bear, panther, and deer skins, as well as a couple of very fine heads of cariboo. They also inspected the specimens of gold and quartz at the museum, miners being at work farther up the Fraser river, but as there was as yet no road beyond New Westminster, the great gold rush did not come there till some years afterwards.

As the governor was at Victoria, which he greatly preferred to New Westminster, there were no official visits to be made, and, having remained two days, the *Goshawk* left early in the morning of the third, and arrived in Esquimalt harbour the same evening.

The admiral being expected, the *Andromeda* bent her sails, filled up with provisions, powder, shot, and shells, and got ready for sea, except hoisting her boom-boats in and unmooring.

On the 20th October the *Monarch* arrived, and the *Andromeda* was inspected by the admiral, who was very much pleased by her appearance as well as the smartness with which she went through all the evolutions required of her.

The *Monarch* was expecting her relief, having been over three years and a-half in commission, and after a fortnight at Vancouver's she sailed for the south to meet the *Cumberland*, a line-of-battle ship which was to relieve her. Captain Maynard was left senior officer at Vancouver's until the arrival of the new commodore in the *Tribune*, the *Amphitrite* having gone home to be paid off.

The *Tribune* arrived on the 15th November, and as the weather now became wet and cold, the *Andromedas* were not sorry to leave Vancouver's, in spite of the jolly time they had spent there. She sailed on the 20th November for the Sandwich Islands, encountering a strong north-westerly gale after clearing the Straits of San Juan de Fuca.

The Pacific, as its name implies, is never visited by tornadoes, cyclones, or other disagreeable storms. From about 40° north to 40° south a gale of wind is rarely encountered, except off the coast of California and Mexico, which is subject to violent northerly gales, which, however, only last two to three days at the outside. Below 40° south strong westerly winds are always blowing, called by sailors the "roaring forties"; and in the vicinity of Cape Horn it is generally blowing hard from one quarter or another.

The *Andromeda* soon ran out of the bad weather, and had variable winds, till she picked up the N.E. trade, which took her down with studding-sails both sides to the Sandwich islands. As she had now been three years in commission, they began to hope for their orders for home in a few months. The *Andromeda* arrived at Honolulu on the 16th December, and they now again enjoyed bathing and fishing to their hearts' content.

As there were plenty of orange, lemon, and other trees on shore, the men got leave to decorate the lower deck for Christmas Day, arches being formed opposite each mess on the lower deck, which also boasted a chandelier made out of tinsel and coloured papers, flags being stuck into the plum puddings, and each mess trying to outdo the other in their decorations.

At twelve o'clock the ports were lowered, the candles in the chandeliers lit, and the captain and officers went round the lower deck, preceded by the banjee, and Captain Maynard having made the men a present of a couple of casks of Vancouver's Island ale, three cheers for him burst forth as he went round the lower deck. The ports were then opened, and the men fell to on their Christmas cheer.

In the evening the mainbrace was spliced, and all the officers dined with Captain Maynard. The table was laid on the upper deck, abaft the mizzen-mast under the awning, and, after a very jolly dinner, a bull dance took place. As there were no ladies, it was more of a romp than anything else.

Captain Maynard told the youngsters that now was their time to get curiosities to take home with them, and, accordingly, they invested in war-clubs, tomahawks, and all sort of horrid-looking spears studded with sharks' teeth; some hideous masks also were obtained, as well as shells of various sorts, and some feathered head-dresses.

A ball was given on shore on the 1st January, 1859, and everyone went except those on duty. On the 20th the *Calyпсо* arrived with orders for the *Andromeda* to proceed to Valparaiso to await her orders for home.

Captain Maynard proposed to the officers to give a bonnet hop as a farewell to the Sandwich Islanders; and accordingly, on the 25th, the ship was prepared as before, and the *Calyпсо's* officers being, of course, invited, dancing was kept up from about 3 to 9.30 P.M., with an interval for refreshment and to rest the musicians.

On the 30th January the *Andromeda* sailed for Valparaiso, and, after a tedious voyage of forty-eight days, once more came to a single anchor in the bay, on the 20th March. Here they found H.M.S. *Cumberland*, and heard that the *Monarch* had sailed for England a fortnight before.

Cricket was now their chief amusement. As the Valparaiso club were always ready for a game, the *Cumberland* also had an eleven, and every week a match of some sort was played. Harry and Frank being now nearly seventeen, and tall, well grown lads, generally played in the *Andromeda's* eleven.

The *Andromeda's* orders for home arrived soon after, and she hoisted her homeward bound pendant, with a gilt fish at the end of it, which trailed in the water about twenty yards from the ship. The new admiral inspected the ship, but did not put them through any very severe exercises, telling Captain Maynard that from the very high character she bore for discipline, smartness, and cleanliness, he felt it to be a mere matter of form.

On the 26th April the *Atalanta* arrived to relieve the

Andromeda, having with her Mr. Hardy's commission as commander. Captain Maynard asked the admiral for an acting order as lieutenant for Seymour, and had the pleasure of giving it to him the next morning. Commander Hardy accepted Captain Maynard's offer of going home in the *Andromeda* as his guest, and on the 5th May, 1859, the *Andromeda* weighed homeward bound, being cheered by each ship as she passed them, and returning it heartily.

Mr. Palmer was now first lieutenant, and Seymour took possession of Mr. Hardy's cabin, where Harry immediately stored all his curios. That evening Seymour and most of the officers were sitting aft and yarning when he said, "Well, Harry, here we are off for old England; are you not sorry that we did not go to Callao again?"

"Yes," said Harry, "I should have liked to say good-bye to Engracia and Carita before we left. It is a great chance if we ever see them again."

"Oh, they might come to England when Mr. Evans makes his fortune," said Seymour.

"Are you thinking of the daughter of the Incas?" asked Harry.

"No," said Seymour; "she is certainly the handsomest girl I ever saw in my life, but I am quite content to admire her at a distance."

"If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be?" quoted Harry.

"Exactly so," said Seymour; "there is a sort of want of sympathy about her which I should think repelling to most men. She might make a very good empress or queen, but as an ordinary man's wife I should think she would be a failure."

"I should always be afraid of her," said Harry. "I would like to marry a girl like Minnehaha Laughing Water."

"Yes," said Seymour, "one who would guide a man with such a silken rein as to make him think that he was guiding her all the time."

"Yes," said Harry, who had been reading "Hiawatha," "one who, though she bends him, she obeys him."

"Like Meda, eh, Harry?" said Seymour.

"I wonder where she is now," said Harry.

"Learning all the latest accomplishments, to fit her to be the future Mrs. Malcolm," laughed Seymour.

"Many a true word spoken in jest," answered Harry.

"Well, it is time to turn in," said Seymour; "it is our morning watch."

After a few days' variable winds they got into the "roaring forties," and the wind being abeam, they made about 250 miles a-day. Now and then an albatross was caught, but they were let go again, as it is wanton cruelty to kill them, except for stuffing as specimens or with some such object.

As they neared the latitude of the Horn, the wind came gradually round to S.W., and blew a hard gale. As they were well clear of the land, they did not mind how hard it blew, especially as the wind was fair. It was, however, very cold, being nearly midwinter in the southern hemisphere, and they naturally felt it the more from having been so much in the tropics.

As the Falkland Islands lie right in the track to Rio de Janeiro, Captain Maynard determined to call in there. So, on the 20th May, they again dropped anchor in Berkeley Sound, close to the entrance to Stanley harbour.

They remained three days, during which the officers shot upland geese and other wild fowl; while the men had a run after penguins, &c., and stretched their legs.

Meantime the *Andromeda* filled up with water, and took in a good provision of live stock, potatoes, &c., and on the 23rd she weighed anchor, and ran out of Berkeley Sound, shaping a course well to the eastward, in order to make a fair wind of the S.E. trades when she fell in with them.

Next day being Her Majesty's birthday, an extra allowance was served out, the mainbrace spliced in the evening, and all

the officers dined with the captain. Mr. Hardy, as first lieutenant, had always been popular ; and now that he was only a passenger, he could be more intimate with his subordinates, telling them yarns, which generally had a moral in them, and being the life and soul of the ship generally.

On the 13th June the *Andromeda* anchored in the bay of Rio, where they found a corvette named the *Columbine* and the *Egmont* store-ship. All those who could afford it now invested in feathers, flowers, and any other curios which took their fancy, and having filled up with provisions and water, and received invalids and time-expired men, the *Andromeda* weighed on the 20th June, and bade a long farewell to South America.

A short distance from Rio they again got into the S.E. trades, and ran off their 200 miles a-day, until they lost them about 5° south of the Line.

They had calms, and light and variable winds, with rain, till about 7° north, when they picked up the N.E. trades. These do not blow exactly from the N.E., being generally about E.N.E., thus enabling the *Andromeda* to lay her course for the Cape de Verde Islands. These were sighted on the 16th July, but, as the ship was not short of water, Captain Maynard did not care to waste time at such a place as St. Vincent.

They sighted the Canaries on the 23rd, and anchored in Funchal Bay, Madeira, on the 25th. This island is so well known as to need little description. Most of the officers took the opportunity of climbing up to the top of the grand corral, as the highest peak is called, the younger ones mounted on ponies, and coming down at a hard gallop at the risk of their necks, the road being a zigzag, with very sharp turns. No one, however, came to grief, and after a jovial dinner at an hotel, with beautiful gardens, they all got safe on board.

Next day they filled up with water, and bought some fresh provisions and live stock, and on the 28th July weighed anchor, and sailed out of Funchal Bay with a light breeze from the east.

That evening Seymour and Harry had the first watch, and

the former said : "Well, the next land we see will be old England, I hope".

"Yes," said Harry, "but I wish the wind would freshen ; we are only going about four knots."

"Oh, the girls will get hold of the tow-rope in a day or two," said Seymour, "and then we will slip along. What did you think of Madeira, Harry ?"

"An awful jolly place I thought it," said Harry ; "and what beautiful faces you see among the English visitors."

"Yes," said Seymour, "but one of my sisters died there, and to me it is a very sad thought that nearly everyone of those beautiful faces is doomed to an early death."

"I never thought of that," said Harry, softly ; and after some graver conversation than usual their watch was over.

A day or two afterwards a fresh breeze sprang up from S.W., and took them right up to the English Channel, when it shifted round through S. to S.E., and at ten A.M., on the 10th August, 1859, the *Andromeda* passed the Eddystone, and at twelve o'clock was safely anchored in Plymouth Sound, after being absent from England three years and a-half, and having sailed over 90,000 miles during her commission.

Several ships were at anchor in the Sound, and the *Andromeda* having saluted the port admiral, a guard boat came on board bringing them some late papers, and the officer of the guard informing them that France and Austria were at war. Captain Maynard went on shore to see the port admiral, and the *Andromedas* once more revelled in English legs of mutton, vegetables, bread and butter, and the celebrated clouted cream of Devonshire. Captain Maynard came on board in the evening, and told Mr. Palmer that the port admiral would inspect the ship the day after next, after which they were to go up the Hamoage to pay off.

That evening the wardroom officers gave a farewell dinner to Captain Hardy, inviting Captain Maynard and all the other officers, and healths were drunk and speeches made, after

which everyone who could sing a song was call'd upon, and a harmonious evening spent.

Next day was employed in cleaning the ship ready for inspection, and the day after the port admiral came on board, and put them through a very stiff ordeal. Being an old martinet, he used to say that he was paid for finding fault : but on this occasion he found it nearly impossible to do so, and after the inspection was over, he had the hands turned up, and told them that he had never inspected any ship of which it would give him more pleasure to give a very favourable report. This was very high praise from him, as he was not lavish of it.

The admiral being piped over the side and saluted, the men were given a half-holiday to make and mend clothes, and their friends allowed on board.

Next day the powder boy and shell lighter came alongside, and the powder and shell discharged. The day after the harbour master came on board early, and the *Andromeda* weighed and sailed up the Hamoage with a leading wind, where she made fast alongside the dockyard, and at once began to dismantle the ship, the sails being unbent and the running gear unrove that afternoon.

In a week's time the *Andromeda* was stripped to a gant line, and had no more to do except to take her lower masts out. On the Monday morning she was towed alongside the shear-hulk, and hoisted her lower masts and bowsprit out ; in the afternoon she was taken alongside the dockyard ; and on Tuesday, 25th August, the *Andromeda* was paid off, and everyone went on leave.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN MAYNARD, Frank, and Harry went straight up to London ; Seymour, who had to pass his examination at Portsmouth, went there with Stewart and Martin, the two acting mates ; the remainder all dispersed to their several

homes, except the paymaster, assistant paymaster, and clerks, who had to pass their books before they went on leave. The *Andromeda* was taken in charge by the ship-keepers, and towed up to some moorings far up Hamoage.

Captain Malcolm met Captain Maynard and the two boys at Paddington, and drove to the latter's house, where his wife and family were waiting to receive them after their long absence. Captain Malcolm thought Harry much grown and improved.

Next day the boys were taken to their outfitter and measured for some clothes, having entirely grown out of their plain ones, uniforms having been sent out from time to time.

As it was very hot in London, Captain Malcolm started for Cumberland as soon as Harry had some decent clothes to go in. Captain Maynard, who had to return to Plymouth until the *Andromeda's* accounts were passed, took his family with him and hired a small villa in Devonport, whence they could enjoy the sea-bathing.

Captain Malcolm and Harry arrived at Ostleburn on the 30th August and found Mrs. Malcolm well. She had invited some of Harry's cousins, the Ormathwaites, to the Hall as companions for him.

Having arrived late, they only had time to dress for dinner when the gong sounded, and Harry on descending was introduced to his cousins. They were two boys and three girls, Oswald, the eldest, being nineteen, Ellen, the next, eighteen, Tom seventeen, and Kate sixteen years of age. Frances, who was only fourteen, did not dine with them.

Harry had to recount some of his adventures, especially the burning of the *Golden Age*; and Ellen and Kate were very curious about "Meda," and cross-questioned Harry after tea, ending up by telling him that they would be his bridesmaids when he got married. Harry, who was fond of chaffing, soon became intimate with his cousins, and Ellen, who drew and etched, told him she had made a caricature in which he was represented shutting Captain Malcolm up in the safe,

Harry had only time to greet Buller and the older servants that night before he went to bed. Next day he was up early and all round the stables and gardens before breakfast. He found a very nice cob, about fourteen hands, had been bought for him ; and after breakfast his uncle said : " Harry, we will go round the home farm this forenoon, and I will show you the improvements ".

Oswald and Tom started off to the Eden to try and get some trout, the girls finding employment in various ways. At luncheon Oswald and Tom were absent : afterwards Harry and the three girls went to the croquet lawn, where he was initiated into the game, which was then just rising into favour. Afternoon tea was then also just coming into fashion, and Mrs. Malcolm told them that some guests were expected that night, and suggested that the girls should practise some music.

" Harry," said Ellen, " had you any music in the *Andromeda* ? "

" I should just think we had," said Harry. " Why, we had a big drum and a little one, three fifes, a piccolo, a triangle, two fiddles ; and the little drummer, when his drum was not wanted, used to join in with a cornet-a-piston."

" Goodness ! " said Ellen : " and did they all play at once ? "

" Sometimes," said Harry ; " only generally the fiddles played by themselves, and when they got tired the banjee would strike up, and *vice versa*."

" Well, let us go off and practise," said Ellen to Kate, leaving Harry and Frances alone.

" Do you play too ? " asked Harry.

" Oh, yes, I am learning," said she ; " but those two only look on me as a school-girl."

" Well, if I had stayed on shore I should have only been a school-boy," said Harry.

" Yes," said Frances ; " but boys are so different. Those two think themselves ' young ladies,' and give themselves such airs."

"Well, never mind," said good-natured Harry, "you and I will be friends. Where shall we go?"

"Well, we might go down and meet Oswald and Tom, if you like," said Frances.

"All right," said Harry; "let us take the dogs, I want to make friends with them. I will go and bring them if you will wait for me."

Harry ran off to the stables, and soon reappeared with "Nip" and "Curly," the former a bull terrier, the latter a Scotch one, between whom there existed the greatest jealousy, except in the presence of strange dogs, when they became sworn allies.

Harry and Frances started off on their way to the Eden. They had gone about a mile when they saw Oswald and Tom about two fields off.

"Let us sit down on this stile and wait for them," said Harry.

In a few minutes the two fishermen came up to them and showed the contents of their baskets. They had about three dozen trout between them, the largest about two and a half pounds, the smallest half a pound.

"Aunt Ellen will be glad to get these," said Harry, "for there are some guests coming to-night, and we can hardly ever get fresh sea-fish from Penrith."

"Have you had any fishing while you were away?" asked Oswald.

"Oh, yes," said Harry, who then launched into a glowing account of Cowichen lake and the other lakes and fishing-grounds of Vancouver's.

"And do you mean to say, Harry," asked Frances, "that the Indians really burn the eulachons as candles and flatten their children's heads so that they grow up to a point?"

"Certainly," said Harry. "Truth is much stranger than fiction. But nearly all stay-at-home people are like the sailor's mother who asked him what he had seen in his travels.

'Well,' said Jack, 'in Jamaica I saw mountains of sugar and rivers of rum.' 'Well, what else?' asked his mother. 'Oh, flying-fish and ——' 'No, no, Jack; I am very sorry to think you could tell your old mother such a lie as that. Mountains of sugar and rivers of rum I can believe in, for I have read that they both come from Jamaica; but fish that fly! No, Jack. I can never believe you again.' Thus you see she would not believe the only yarn of the three which was true."

"Very well," said Frances, "I will believe in your candle-fish and flat heads if you will promise always to tell me the truth."

"Well," said Harry, "you know I am afraid to spin any tough yarns, because Uncle Harry has been all over the world, and you have only to ask him and I should be bowled out."

"Oh, what a low motive to speak the truth that is, and I thought you such an honest boy!" said Frances.

"Well, I hope I am," said Harry: "but you know it is difficult not to stretch a point now and then, especially if other fellows are trying to cut you out."

By this time they had reached the porter's lodge and saw two carriages driving up.

"Here come some visitors," said Harry. "I wonder who they are."

"The first one is the Salkeld carriage, I know," said Oswald, who knew most of the county people, "and I think the other is from Edenbridge."

The carriages passed them, and on arrival they found that they contained Colonel and Mrs. Fortescue of Salkeld and a son and daughter, and Major Aylmer of Edenbridge with two sons and a daughter. Mrs. Aylmer, being an invalid, seldom left home.

Everyone retired to dress, and, on coming into the drawing-room, Harry, who wore his uniform in the evenings, was introduced to them all. As he was looked upon as Captain

Malcolm's heir, he was considered quite an eligible young man, though no absolute catch. However, he was rather young yet to think of matrimony; but there is no saying at what age match-making mothers begin to think of possible husbands for their daughters, who are perhaps still in the nursery.

Young Fortescue was at Oxford and the two young Aylmers at Cambridge. Oswald Ormathwaite had just left Rugby, and was going to Oxford next term. Tom was still at Rugby. The University men, strange to say, did not look down on the three lads, as young ladies who are just "out" sometimes do on their dearest friends who have the doubtful misfortune of being a few months younger.

Harry sat next Miss Fortescue and found her a very nice girl, "quite affable," as he told his cousins afterwards.

When the ladies left the room conversation turned on sport, as next day was the 1st September, but a Sunday. Colonel Fortescue and Major Aylmer were both great sportsmen, who in their day had been renowned in India and Africa for their prowess amongst the big game of those countries, and now in the evening of their lives were still keen after the less exciting sport which England affords. After some music in the drawing-room, the ladies retired and the men adjourned to the billiard-room. Being Saturday evening, however, they retired early, Captain Malcolm being most particular about such things, though no narrow-minded Sabbatarian.

Next morning they all walked down to the village church, and on the way back Harry said: "Well, our banjee was much better than your church music any way. Those school-girls all seemed to try which could sing the loudest and fastest."

"Had you a choir on board the *Andromeda*?" asked Miss Fortescue.

"Oh, yes," said Harry; "and Mr. Cleveland, the chaplain, had a harmonium of his own, which one of the officers played, and the men used to sing very fairly."

"You know," said Miss Fortescue, "here the vicar is a

bachelor, and no one takes an interest in the choir ; and the vicar himself is considered to be a much better judge of a horse or a bottle of old port than of anything else. Now at Salkeld the rector's wife trains the choir, and we have a very good harmonium, which she or one of her daughters plays. I hope you will come and see us before you go to sea again."

"I shall be very glad," said Harry. "if I am asked."

"Oh, I know my father intends to ask you," said Miss Fortescue ; "we have not such a big house as Ostleburn, though we are more to fill it."

Harry soon afterwards dropped behind, and asked Frances why she looked so cross.

"Do I ?" said Frances. "I was trying not to, and just after church too ; but you never came near me last night, and I could have scratched those girls."

"What ! in public ?" said Harry, smiling. "You know I like you very much, but uncle and aunt both told me to be attentive to our guests, so you must not mind if I seem to forget you."

"Oh, how I wish I was out !" said Frances. "To have to dine in the schoolroom with the governess, and then come in afterwards in my best bib and tucker like a little girl, while I am taller than all of them !"

"In a few years," said Harry, "we shall all be wishing we were younger, so there is nothing for it but patience."

Soon after they all arrived at the Hall, and after luncheon the young ones all went for a walk through the woods, down to the banks of the Eden. They saw a good many pheasants and hares, but did not flush any partridges, and got back to the Hall in time for afternoon tea, after which the men strolled round to the kennels and discussed the dogs, of which there were three couple of pointers and two of setters.

That evening, I regret to say, I think not one of the younger men went to bed till he had put his gun together and had a look at it.

Next morning the male portion of the inmates of the Hall started off at half-past nine in two dogcarts, the keepers and dogs having started earlier, and after a drive of about half-an-hour arrived at Barren Moor, which was to be first shot over.

The nine guns were divided into three divisions, with a keeper and a couple of pointers to each. Barren Moor was nearly all heather, but very few grouse ever frequented it. After leaving it, the party came to turnip fields where partridges were numerous, and, having arranged where to meet for lunch, each party took a different direction, there being little wind to affect their chances of sport.

Harry found that at first he could hardly hit anything, but the keeper told him to take more time, and he did better. As it was his first real day's shooting in England, he was not much disappointed at not doing so well as the others.

When they met at lunch, they found that the three seniors, who had gone together, had got four brace of grouse, twenty-two of partridges, and seven hares. Young Fortescue and the two Aylmers had five brace of grouse, twenty of partridges, and five hares ; while Harry's party, consisting of his two cousins and himself, had three brace of grouse, sixteen of partridges, and ten hares.

"Well," said Captain Malcolm, "you boys have not done so badly ; like all youngsters, I expect you were in too much of a hurry."

"Why do you not begin shooting the grouse sooner, Malcolm ?" asked Major Alymer.

"Well, that bit of Barren Moor is the only place on my property which holds any grouse, and it is not worth while disturbing other birds by firing before the 1st September for the sake of the few grouse I should get off it," said Captain Malcolm ; "and they are all the better grown and stronger on the wing by waiting. I do not care about shooting 'cheepers' myself."

After lunch they did not get nearly so many birds, and

when they arrived at the place where the dogcarts were waiting, the bag had increased to fifteen brace of grouse, eighty brace of partridges, and forty hares. Next day they shot over a different part of the property, and at the end of the week the guests departed, Harry having received cordial invitations from both Colonel Fortescue and Major Aylmer to Salkeld and Edenbridge.

Next week they went out twice. Harry, being quite as fond of fishing as shooting, spent a good deal of his time on the river, where there was a boat, so they always took their guns. In the evenings they varied their sport by going to the woods, and waiting for the homing wood pigeons.

On the 15th September, Harry was driven over to Salkeld, where he spent a pleasant week, and then went to Edenbridge for another. On the 30th he arrived at Ormathwaite Grange, where his cousins had returned in the meantime. Here there was a large party, and Harry was glad to make the acquaintance of many people he had often heard of but never seen before. Next day Harry did pretty well at the longtails, for he had got his eye pretty well in at the partridges, and though, perhaps, not equal to bringing down a "rocketeer," he now seldom missed a fair shot.

During the week Sir Oswald gave a ball to celebrate his eldest son Oswald's birthday. Many guests were invited, and, the Grange being a very large house, several who came from a distance remained for the night. Frances, to her great delight, appeared at it, and danced three times with Harry, and behaved as sedately as if she was "out" and presented at Court.

On the 10th Harry returned to Ostleburn Hall, where, to his delight, he found Captain Maynard, Frank, and two of his sisters.

Harry's six weeks' leave was up on the 7th October, but Captain Malcolm had written and obtained an extension of it till the end of the month, as he did not wish Harry to kick his heels about in a guardship at any of the home ports longer

than necessary. He had also written to a friend of his at the Admiralty to try and get him appointed to the *Pompey*, a line-of-battle ship just commissioned and ordered to the Mediterranean.

The two captains, Harry, and Frank shot pheasants, caught fish, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Frank's sisters were bright, intelligent girls, equally good at croquet, dancing, singing, drawing, painting, &c. As they had seldom had opportunities of equestrian exercise, they were glad of the chance of riding in the country on well-taught ladies' horses, which are very different from riding-school ones.

Harry enjoyed the last three weeks of his leave very much, and went over to bid adieu to his cousins at Ormathwaite the day after he received his appointment to the *Pompey*. He found the Grange still full of guests, as Sir Oswald always kept open house from August till after Christmas. Enjoying an income of some £12,000 a-year, he was able to do this, though, with a large family and a house in town, he was not a rich man. Harry said good-bye with a tearful eye, and gave Frances a cousinly kiss to remember him by.

Captain Maynard had also obtained an appointment to the *Pompey* for Frank, and, on the 1st November, he, with his two daughters, Frank, and Harry, left Ostleburn Hall, and took the night mail for London at Penrith, arriving in town about seven A.M. After a bath, &c., they had breakfast, and, having visited their outfitter and got all they required, they forwarded their chests, &c., to Portsmouth.

Captain Maynard took all his family and Harry to the theatre that night, and next morning he, with Frank and Harry, started for Portsmouth. Here, after luncheon, they proceeded to the dockyard, where the *Pompey* was lying, and, having reported themselves to the commander, they obtained leave to remain on shore till next day with Captain Maynard. That evening they strolled on the ramparts till it became too cold, when they went to the "George" and passed a quiet

evening. Next morning, after seeing Captain Maynard off by his train, they took their chests alongside the *Pompey* : but he, or rather she, as all ships are feminine, though their names may be masculine, deserves a new chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

THE *Pompey* was a two-decked line-of-battle ship, carrying ninety-one guns, viz., thirty-six guns of eight-inch calibre on the lower deck ; thirty-six guns, thirty-two pounders, fifty-six cwt., on the main deck ; eighteen guns, thirty-two pounders, forty-two cwt., on the upper deck ; and one sixty-eight pounder, ninety-five cwt., which worked on pivots all round the forecastle. The difference in those days between a pounder and an inch gun was that the former fired solid, the latter hollow, shot, both, of course, firing shell when requisite. The *Pompey* was two hundred and eighty feet long, sixty feet beam, and carried engines of four hundred horse power. She was heavily sparred, her main-yard being one hundred and six feet long, and her main truck one hundred and eighty-five feet from the water line.*

She was commanded by Captain Wallace, C.B., and her commander's name was Baxter. She carried six lieutenants, six mates, thirty middies and naval cadets, besides other officers in proportion, and her whole complement was 950 officers and men.

The gunroom, which was to be our hero's future home, was situated on the lower deck, and had two guns in it each side ; there were also a quarter-port and stern-port on each side, so they had plenty of air. The after part amidships was taken up by the screw-well, while further aft still the iron yoke of the rudder worked overhead, close to the beams of the main deck. A curtain of green baize ran along each side, from the fore part of the screw-well to the ship's side, and the quarter- and stern-ports were also beautified with curtains.

None of the *Andromeda's* officers had been appointed to the *Pompey*, though some of her ship's company were on board. Harry and Frank were put into different watches, and they, having been the last to join, had no chance of having a boat to command or of being stationed aloft, both positions which are coveted by most middies.

"By Jove, Frank," said Harry that evening, "what a floating town! Shall we ever get used to it?"

"In a week or two; but how unlucky that Seymour has just left the college and gone on leave."

"Yes," said Harry, "but I see his promotion is confirmed."

"I am very glad to hear of it," said Frank; "he was a true friend to both of us."

Next day Frank had a bad cold, and, becoming worse, was sent to Haslar Hospital. On the 10th November, 1859, the *Pompey* cast off from the wharf, and steamed out to Spithead, where they ran their trial trip on the measured mile, and averaged just ten knots, after which they came to a single anchor, and saluted the flag of the port admiral. Next day the powder hoy and shell lighter came alongside, and they received their powder and shell.

The next fortnight was spent in constant drills, when the ship was inspected, and was then ready to sail for her station; but as three other line-of-battle ships were going to start about the same time, the *Pompey* was detained in order that they might sail in company.

On the 2nd December Harry passed his fourth yearly examination, and was now allowed to drink the Queen's health in half-a-gill of rum a-day if he liked. Harry, however, fortunately for him, had no taste for drink, and his allowance generally was given to his hammock men or his servant, who are usually quite ready to show their loyalty in this manner at least.

Frank Maynard's cold turned to congestion of the lungs, and he was seriously ill. Harry, therefore, was attracted by a laughing rattle of an Irishman, a middy, a year older than him-

sell, one of those who are their own evil genius and that of everyone else over whom they obtain influence. Harry merely liked him because he was so amusing and good-tempered. They went on shore several times together, and sometimes remained for the night. Having spent all their ready money, Harry would have had no thought of going ashore until his pay became due ; but Blake, who was deeply in debt already, though Harry knew nothing of it, knew a very easy method of raising the wind.

"Isaacs is a first-rate old fellow, who has done several 'kites' for me," said he : "you have only to sign your name with mine, and he will let us have the money, and, what is better, he will always renew till further orders."

After some persuasion Harry agreed to sign a bill with Blake, the proceeds of which were spent in dissipation, and another bill for twenty pounds, the former one having been ten pounds, was signed. Harry had the good fortune to hurt his foot at this time by getting the rear truck of a gun run over it. I say the good fortune, as it probably kept him out of a very serious scrape. Blake was on shore with half-a-dozen other spirits as bad as himself, when they got into a row with the police, and, refusing their names and addresses, were lugged off to the police station. As they were in possession of three gilt pawnbroker's balls and some other curiosities, such as bell handles, &c., they were remanded for further inquiry, the end of it being that they were sent on board the *Victory* for identification and were all placed under arrest. Their names were all in the papers next day, and Isaacs, becoming frightened for his money, went on board the *Pompey* to try to get it out of Harry. The latter, who was in his hammock with his sore foot, was warned by one of the middies to keep still, and they put the Jew off the scent. As soon as he was gone Harry jumped out of his hammock and wrote to Seymour, telling him he was in a horrible scrape, and begging him to come down and see him at once.

Harry now felt the pangs of remorse for the first time and was utterly miserable, especially as he was ordered by the doctor to remain in his hammock, which was on the orlop deck, where there is no light to read by except the sentry's lantern, in the daytime with a common dip, as the candles are called on board ship.

On the morning of the third day Seymour came on board, and asking an old shipmate of his who was one of the lieutenants for the use of his cabin, took Harry in there, and said, "Now, Harry, tell me all about it". Harry unbosomed himself entirely, and Seymour said: "Well, Harry, I blame myself partly for this for not having warned you against bills. And to think that the honestest boy I ever knew should have to hide in his hammock from a Jew money-lender. Why did you not write to Captain Malcolm if you wanted money?"

"Because I was ashamed. I could not tell him how I had spent my money," said Harry.

"Well, I will go to Isaacs and pay the money on condition that you will give me your word of honour never to sign another bill."

Harry willingly gave his promise, and Seymour said: "Now, Harry, we will say no more about it. I will not say a word to anyone, and I know that your word is sacred."

"My dear old fellow," said Harry, "you were always my true friend and kept me out of evil."

"We all fall at some time or other," said Seymour. "Try, Harry, never to do anything you would be ashamed that I should know, and then I have no fear for your future. Only mind, 'Deeds, not words,' Harry. I will ask West to look after you a bit. He is a very nice fellow and my old chum in the Crimea."

Harry, with his heart lightened of its burden, then got into his hammock, while Seymour went up to thank West for the use of his cabin and to have a yarn about old times, also asking him to do what he could for Harry. Seymour then

went down to say good-bye to Harry, who could not resist putting his arms round Seymour's neck and giving him a hug.

"Well, good-bye, Harry," said he. "Write to me whenever you feel inclined, and have no more dealings with the chosen people."

Harry's heart was too full to speak, so with a lingering grip of their hands they parted. Blake was detained till after the *Pompey* sailed, and after losing a year's time, besides getting fined by the civil power, eventually went to the bad altogether.

Christmas Day was spent on shore by most of the officers and ship's company, and on January 1st the *Pompey* was ordered round to Plymouth to await her consorts. Frank Maynard was able to rejoin a day or two before she sailed, and Harry was very glad to have him back, as they were very fond of each other ; and Frank having sisters of whom he could talk to Harry had an influence which was good for them both.

Harry told Frank all about his scrape, and said, "If you had not been away I should never have taken up with Blake".

"Well, Harry," said Frank, "we are none of us perfect ; but we will try to keep each other straight for the future. I have been reading a lot lately while I was ill, and I came across this :

" 'The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

" 'Footprints that perchance some other,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.' "

"What is that out of?" asked Harry.

" 'The Psalm of Life,' by Longfellow," said Frank.

"I only read 'Hiawatha' and 'Miles Standish,'" said Harry. "I must read Longfellow through."

"Yes," said Frank, "nearly all poetry is ennobling; for true poets have higher thoughts than other men."

West, the junior lieutenant, asked the commander to put Harry into his watch, Frank being there already, and gave them the run of his cabin, which, as he possessed a good library, and constantly got the best standard works sent out to him, was no small boon to them.

The *Pompey* weighed on 2nd January, 1860, and ran round to Plymouth, where they arrived on the afternoon of the next day. Here they found the *London*, *Mars*, and *Donegal* anchored in the Sound, and, after saluting the port admiral, the captain went on shore.

The *London* and *Mars* were ninety-gun ships, the *Donegal*, a new two-decker, carrying 101 guns. After a week's stay at Plymouth, during which Frank and Harry visited Mount Edgecombe Park in plain clothes, and found that the obnoxious placard about dogs and midshipmen had been removed, the four liners were all ready for sea, Captain Carey of the *Donegal* being senior officer, Captain Wallace of the *Pompey* the second, the *London* next, and the *Mars* junior ship of the four.

On the 10th January the four ships weighed, and, running out of Plymouth Sound with a fair wind, formed in two columns line ahead, the *Donegal* and *London* forming the starboard and weather column, the *Pompey* and *Mars* the port or lee column.

They soon found that the *Mars* was the dullest sailer amongst them, and, as the pace of a squadron has to be regulated by that of its slowest ship, she became the tortoise for which the others had to wait: it was all the same, by the wind, wind abeam, on the quarter or right aft, the other three ships could generally spare her a couple of knots. In trying rate of sailing, the *London* proved herself the fastest and most weatherly, the *Donegal* being second, and the *Pompey* third, the *Mars* always last.

One night the ships exercised at night quarters, on this

occasion without accident. The *Pompey* was first to fire her guns ; and, to finish up with, both broadsides were fired at the same moment, Harry, who was on the upper deck, being nearly deafened by the explosion, people on the main and lower decks not hearing the report half as much, as, of course, the muzzle of the gun projecting about two feet more or less, the greater part of the noise is blown outside.

They had a stiff gale from the N.W., but, considering the time of year, they got off very easily. On the 16th they were off the mouth of the Tagus, and, getting up steam, took pilots on board, crossed the bar of the river, and anchored in two columns off Belem Castle. They all saluted the Portuguese flag, and, after receiving *pratique*, leave was given to the officers.

Lisbon has been destroyed several times by earthquakes, but seems to have risen from its ruins with finer buildings than before. A cricket match was arranged for the third day after their arrival ; but the Lisbon club, having a very good eleven, easily beat the fleet, whose eleven had never played together before.

Frank and Harry did not go on shore on the day of the cricket match, Mr. West having asked them to go out to Cintra with him on their day off. Accordingly, having hired a carriage and pair of horses, they left Lisbon about ten A.M., and arrived at Cintra about noon, the distance being about fourteen miles.

Having ordered lunch at an English hotel, they walked about the place, which is built on the top of a steep hill clothed with trees, principally cypress, cork, and cedar, amongst which the white houses peep out with a very pretty effect. On the highest point is a statue of Vasco de Gama, one of the greatest Portuguese navigators and discoverers. About half-past one they had lunch, and at three left Cintra. On their way back they stopped and climbed a hill to examine the aqueduct which supplies Lisbon with water.

The bullock carts astonished them more than anything, the whole being made of wood, solid, like the picture of those of the ancient Israelites.

Arriving at Lisbon a little after five, they had an hour and a-half to stroll about and examine the principal buildings, &c. One square in Lisbon is called Rolling Motion Square, being paved with stones of two colours, "blue black" and grey in wavy lines; and I suppose that when the British tar has taken a glass too much, he thinks he has got afloat again, as the wavy lines dance about something like real waves.

They got on board in good time, and Mr. West asked them to dinner with him in the wardroom. On the 23rd they left Lisbon, and, having a fair wind, sailed out in line ahead. When clear of the bar of the river they formed in two columns, and, the wind being north-easterly, the port column was now the weather one.

Next day, at noon, they sighted Cape St. Vincent, where once a famous battle was fought. After rounding this cape they hauled up to the wind to lay a course about E.S.E. for the Straits of Gibraltar. The wind falling light, they did not sight Cape Trafalgar, where another famous battle was fought, till the evening, so they stood on under easy sail during the night, and, on the morning of the 25th January, 1860, they anchored in Gibraltar Bay. Here they found sixteen English line-of-battle ships, four frigates, and two despatch vessels.

The Spaniards were at this time at war with the Moors, and there being a strong French and Spanish fleet at Algesiras, which is about seven miles from Gibraltar, across the bay, the greater part of the Mediterranean fleet had been ordered to watch their motions. Four line-of-battle ships of the fleet were on their way home, being relieved by the *Pompey* and her consorts.

On the 28th January the *Centurion*, *Orion*, *Renown*, and *Conqueror* weighed, and stood out under sail, all the ships they passed manning the rigging and giving them three cheers,

which they returned, flinging their white straw hats into the sea. This was a custom in those days when a ship left the Mediterranean ; I suppose it arose from the fact that they were not likely to want them again, and that they were going home to a cold climate. It was amusing to see the numerous shore boats picking up the hats : as there must have been at least 500 men in the rigging of each ship, there were more or less 2000 white straw hats floating about.

Frank and Harry had now an opportunity for the first time of learning the duties performed in a large fleet. This had been Captain Malcolm's intention in getting them appointed to the Mediterranean station. Every evolution was done, or rather begun, by all the ships at the same moment ; of course the ships which had been a long time in commission were much smarter than those recently commissioned. This led eventually to ships of a certain standing being ordered to perform one evolution, while those whose crews were not fully trained performed another one more simple. This was principally to avoid accidents, which are almost inevitable when a large number of ships drill against each other.

Though there was drill every day, there was plenty of leave given, and Frank and Harry had the opportunity of visiting the galleries in the north face of the Rock. This face is precipitous, and looks down on the neutral ground, a low sandy spit, which forms the isthmus which connects the Rock with Spain. It is about a mile and a half broad at the base of the Rock, becoming wider to the north, and at the Spanish lines, which are about two miles distant, it is about three miles across.

The galleries are hewn out of the solid rock, and armed with heavy guns. Being six or seven hundred feet above the neutral ground, they, of course, would have a great advantage over guns below them, though Frank and Harry both thought they would sooner fight on board ship than in the galleries.

"Certainly," said Harry, "on board there is always the additional chance of being drowned, but then we can swim,

while here we might be squashed flat as pancakes if the rocks overhead came down."

"Not much chance of that," said Frank, "though the repeated concussion might certainly loosen the roof."

"Anyhow, I prefer a ship which takes you quietly into action, whether you like it or not. If I was a soldier or had to fight on shore, I am sure I should run away," said Harry.

"Why, you did not run away when we stormed that fort in Vancouver's Island," said Frank.

"I forgot all about that," said Harry; "besides, I did not think the Indians would hit me."

"Perhaps poor Digby thought the same," said Frank.

"Oh, but he was used to it," said Harry.

"What! to being killed?" asked Frank.

"No, you duffer, to being shot at."

After coming out of the galleries the two pursued their way up to the signal station, which is situated on the highest ridge of the northern half of the Rock.

From this place, which is about 1400 feet high, on a clear day, the Sierra Nevada mountains of Andalusia can be made out to the N.E., about sixty miles distant, the country between being hilly and rocky, few trees, except occasional cork forests and stunted cedars growing within twenty miles to the north of the Rock.

From the east side of the signal station you look down on the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. This side, though not so perpendicular as the northern face, is, at any rate, inaccessible from the sea. Turning to the south the eye follows the ridge of the Rock, and is first struck by "O'Hara's Folly". This is a ruined tower, built on the highest part of the ridge to the south; but why so called I could never get any satisfactory explanation. Beyond are the Straits of Gibraltar, the ancient pillar of Hercules. Here are ships of every nation, size, and description constantly passing; while on the far side the white town and batteries of Ceuta can be easily made out, the

Straits being about twenty-one miles wide, and on a very favourable day, with a good glass, the nearest spurs of the Atlas mountains in Morocco can be made out.

Turning to the west, the rock slopes abruptly down at first, till the slope gradually lessening, the ground becomes more or less flat, close to the water. Houses commence about half-way down, becoming thicker and thicker, till they culminate in the town. The Rock is about three miles long and a mile and a-half wide where the town is situated at the north-western part of it, gradually becoming narrower, till it ends in Europa Point, which is often called the southern point of Europe, though, in point of fact, Tarifa Point, on the mainland, is at least nine miles farther south.

The batteries begin some way up the northern face, and are continued the whole way round the western side of the Rock to Europa Point, and some little distance round on the eastern side, until the Rock becomes inaccessible.

To the south of the town are the Alameda, the barracks, officers' quarters, the dockyard, &c. Trees of various sorts are planted about the Alameda and the isolated houses.

The English fleet lay at their feet almost, with many merchant ships at anchor and arriving and departing ; picturesque Spanish *guarda costas*, or revenue vessels, coming next ; numerous boats of various descriptions pulling and sailing about among the ships ; beyond stretched the broad bay till, on the far side, the French and Spanish ships could be seen lying at anchor off the town of Algeiras, about seven miles off.

"Well," said Harry, "I think this is the finest view I ever saw in my life, though I have not forgotten Rio harbour, which we saw from the top of the Corcovado."

"I think Rio is more beautiful, but this is more diversified," replied Frank.

After having drunk some bottled beer, and enjoyed the view, they asked the sergeant in charge of the signal station if there was no other way down, and he showed them a path

which would take them down past Ape's Hill, on the southwestern slope.

After a scramble of about a mile and a-half they got there, and found the cave, which has iron bars in front, with a padlocked door. This cave is supposed to communicate with the opposite coast by a subterranean passage. Many officers of the garrison have tried to penetrate the passage, but no one has ever got beyond a certain distance. It is certain that apes have often been seen on the Rock, though there is little or no vegetation or crops to attract them, and, as they disappear for months, the only solution is that they cross over by the subterranean, or sub-oceanic, passage.

Frank and Harry went on their way to Europa Point, to call on an officer in the artillery—a nephew of Sir Oswald Ormathwaite—a Captain Featherstone, member of a well-known Cumberland family, who received them with the hospitality for which that ubiquitous corps is celebrated. On hearing that they had visited the galleries already, he said, "Well, I do not know what more I can show you, but can you dine with me at mess this evening?"

"Yes," said they, "if you can pass us down after gun fire."

"Yes, I can do that," said Captain Featherstone; "come and have a look round our batteries here."

The guns mounted at Europa Point in those days were sixty-eight pounders, working on traverses, with some ten and thirteen inch mortars on platforms behind them.

After a look round the batteries, Captain Featherstone proposed a walk to the Alameda, where one of the military bands played every evening. Here all the military officers and their families promenaded, the civil officials, dockyard authorities, merchants, &c., &c., all taking an evening stroll, naval uniforms being plentiful also, as so large a fleet was seldom assembled at Gibraltar since the close of the Crimean war.

Some stately Moorish merchants also varied the scene with

their flowing white draperies and turbans. Most of them were magnificent men, some of them almost herculean, and all of them handsome.

After an hour and a-half spent at the Alameda, Captain Featherstone told the lads it was time to stroll up to the barracks, and after a welcome ablution they went to the ante-room, where they were introduced to the officers present, and shortly afterwards the bugle sounded the officers' dinner call.

After a pleasant dinner their host convoyed them down to the Ragged Staff landing-place, informing them on the way down that if a sentry hailed them they were to answer "Non-inhabitant," those resident on the island answering "Inhabitant". Captain Featherstone, of course, had the countersign, so there was no difficulty in passing the sentries. Of course, Gibraltar being held by force of arms from the Spaniards, the guards and sentries are nearly as particular as if we were at war with Spain.

On another occasion Frank and Harry came down late, and being busy talking when the sentry hailed them, one of them answered "Friend".

"No friends on the Rock of Gibraltar," answered the sentry; "stand or I'll shoot ye!" and bringing his bayonet down to the charge, he advanced towards them. Fortunately they were in uniform and had the countersign, so the sentry let them pass. Of course the worst that would have happened would have been that the sentry would have kept them prisoners till the corporal came round with the reliefs, when they would have been marched down to the main guard at the Ragged Staff.

As they went off to the ship, Frank said, "I wonder how we would feel if the Spaniards held the Land's End or Portland Bill or some such place".

"They could never have got there," said Harry. "Look at the Spanish Armada: the only Spaniards that landed in England were the prisoners and the poor devils who got wrecked."

"Yes," said Frank; "but to a proud nation like the Spaniards it must be very galling. No wonder the English are the best hated nation on the face of the earth: there is hardly a nation that we have not got some corner of their territory."

"Well, I suppose we must have all the highways to our colonies and India clear at any cost," said Harry.

"Yes," said Frank; "but that is no satisfaction to them."

They got alongside about half-past ten, and went down and turned in.

A few days afterwards Harry got a note from Captain Featherstone, asking what day Frank and he could come ashore for the whole day and have a ride out to San Roque, a village some few miles out past the Spanish lines, offering to mount them and accompany them.

Harry wrote to accept for the following Saturday, which, being general cleaning day, was the only one on which middies could get ashore for the whole day.

On Saturday morning, accordingly, the Fates in the shape of the commander being propitious, they landed in the market-boat at half-past six, in plain clothes, which they were allowed to do if going into the country, and went up to Captain Featherstone's quarters. Here they found him with two of his subalterns, named Wright and Talbot, booted and spurred, and after an early breakfast they started off about half-past eight in the morning and rode out at the land gate on to the neutral ground, and after a canter of a couple of miles arrived at the Spanish lines. A guard of about one hundred men was maintained there, their barracks consisting of some rough-looking square buildings.

The road, after passing the Spanish lines, lay pretty close to the sea-shore on the west side of the isthmus, passing through lanes of tall cacti of different sorts. After a mile or two of this sort of country they emerged from the sandy lanes on to a rocky path leading over a hill of about three hundred feet in height. On arriving at the top, Captain Featherstone

said, "Do you see that square rock on the top of that hill?" pointing to one a little off the road, on the summit of which was a rock, which, by a powerful stretch of the imagination, might be said to bear some resemblance to a chair or seat.

"Yes," said Harry.

"Well, that is called the Queen of Spain's chair. The story goes that a queen of Spain took her seat there, and to encourage her soldiers, who were about to attack the Rock, had it made known that she had sworn not to get off her seat until the English flag was hauled down."

"How long did she stay there?" asked Frank, who was aware that the Rock had never been retaken since its capture in 1704 by the English.

"Well, the tradition is a little dim, but any way it was some days."

"That must have been inconvenient," said Harry. "And how did she get off?"

"Well, finding that there was no chance of the Spaniards being able to haul the English flag down, she sent a flag of truce to the English governor, asking him as a knight and gentleman to relieve her from her dilemma by hauling the English flag down for a few minutes. The governor did so, and thus saved her from breaking her royal word or oath, whichever it was, and she sent him a magnificent jewel in acknowledgment of his magnanimity.

"That is a very nice yarn. I wonder if it is true," said Wright. "But if I had been governor, she might have stayed there for a long time before I would have caved in."

"Nonsense," said Talbot; "you know that anyone of your lady friends can turn you round her little finger, though, I grant, you can be as obstinate as a mule among men."

"Hum," said Wright, with a grin, "I believe that is a fact; for, though we call ourselves the lords of creation, the ladies somehow manage to boss us."

After three or four miles of rocky hills, with here and there

a cork tree and some scrubby bushes, they came in sight of San Roque, a picturesque little village on the side of a hill. Having put up their horses at a *fonda*, or tavern, they went strolling about, and entered the little church, which had nothing remarkable about it. So they soon returned to the *fonda* and waited for their breakfast.

Harry and Frank had now an opportunity of airing the little Spanish they had acquired in South America. Captain Featherstone, who was a man who seldom lost opportunities, could speak Spanish very fairly, but the subalterns only knew a few words.

"How fond these people are of garlic," said Talbot. "We shall not be able to go near the ladies when we get back."

"That does not matter," said Wright, "as you are a bachelor; besides, all the ladies I know like you best at a distance."

"You be hung!" said Talbot. "Next ball I will tell them all about your ungallant speech about the Queen of Spain. I will appeal from their feeling for their sex to their patriotism."

"I am sure that if a lady had been governor, or governess rather, the Queen of Spain or her mummy would have been there still," said Wright.

"Why, that is worse and worse," said Talbot. "They will never forgive you if I tell them that last speech."

"Oh, yes, they will, if you tell them that I said they could boss the lords of creation," said Wright.

"Well, perhaps that may save you," said Talbot.

It was now time to saddle up for their return, which they accomplished in about two hours. As Harry and Frank were in plain clothes, with breeches and gaiters for riding, they did not care about dining at the mess, so they had dinner at the English hotel, and went on board about nine o'clock.

On the 15th February the French and Spanish fleets weighed and dispersed, some going north and some passing the Straits, and going to Barcelona and Marseilles. There

being no longer any object in such a large fleet remaining at Gibraltar, the whole fleet weighed on the 20th in succession, and formed in two columns or divisions, the starboard one being led by the vice-admiral in the *Marlborough*, the port one by the rear-admiral in the *Hannibal*. The former flew the red, the latter the blue, ensign. A third admiral was on board the *Marlborough* as captain of the fleet, but he did not fly any flag except in his own boat, when he flew a blue one, being rear-admiral of the blue, but junior to the rear-admiral second in command.

After three days' sailing, during which the fleet were put through many manœuvres and exercised at sail-drill every evening, the signal was made for the *Pompey* to part company and return to Gibraltar. Most of them were delighted, for they had been at Gibraltar just long enough to begin to like it.

On the 26th February the *Pompey* again anchored in Gibraltar Bay. Two days afterwards Harry was delighted at receiving a valentine from his cousin Frances. Frank also got several from his sisters, but that is not nearly so nice as receiving them from other people's sisters.

The day after Captain Featherstone, Talbot, and Wright came on board the *Pompey*, and, after visiting the gunroom, were shown round the ship and introduced to Mr. West, who took them into the wardroom and treated them hospitably.

"Can you fellows manage to get on shore next Saturday?" said Captain Featherstone, "for the Calpe Hunt has a meet on that day, and I will mount you all three if you can come."

West declined, not being a riding man. Harry and Frank said they would be delighted to come if they could get leave.

Accordingly next Saturday morning they again went on shore in the market-boat and breakfasted with Captain Featherstone. After breakfast they cantered out over the neutral ground, and turning to their right, after passing the Spanish lines, they soon arrived at the meet. Captain Feather-

stone came early on purpose so as to breathe the horses before the hounds threw off. Talbot and Wright soon appeared, and nearly all the riding men of the garrison.

At 10.30 the hounds were put into a dense, scrubby underwood, and soon afterwards one hound after another was heard to join in the chorus as they acknowledged the scent; and Talbot, who generally acted as whip, viewed the fox away, giving a view halloo that might have been heard at the top of the Rock.

Everyone went helter skelter after him. Harry and Frank had been on one side of the covert which was impenetrable to horsemen, but their light weights soon enabled them to get pretty well up.

The country was very rocky, the only jumps being the small streams which intersected it or an occasional fallen tree, or some such obstacle.

After about ten minutes they got out of the rocky hills and on to a sandy plain, where there were some fields enclosed by banks of sandy soil, out of the top of which grew a broad-leaved cactus, nine or ten feet high, with occasional gaps in them. The fox was soon run down in the open after a run of about twenty-five minutes.

"Well, Malcolm," said Talbot, "what do you think of that for fox-hunting?"

"Well, there was plenty of rough-riding, but amongst the cactus hedges you could not see a bit. I have only been out once or twice in England," said Harry, "as Cumberland is not much of a hunting county."

"At any rate it gives an object for a ride," said Talbot. "But, hullo! here is another sort of object," pointing to Frank, who now made his appearance, all over mud and wet through, his pony also looking like a drowned rat.

"Where did you get into that plight?" asked Talbot, as he came up.

"I got into a bog about a mile back," said Frank, "and

in the middle of it was a stream deep enough to take the pony and me out of sight. However, we managed to flounder out on the other side."

"Well," said Captain Featherstone, "they are not going to draw again, as we cannot afford to kill more than one fox a-day, and the afternoon is often too hot for the horses. Come along, Maynard ; we will gallop home and get some dry clothes."

"My quarters are the nearest," said Talbot.

So the five of them galloped back, most of the other younger ones larking home over anything they could find to jump.

Frank soon had some dry clothes on, and felt none the worse for his immersion, though he had been ordered to be careful after his attack of congestion of the lungs. Talbot had some lunch brought to his quarters, as it was impossible for Frank to go to mess in his jury rig, Talbot being about six inches taller than him and broad in proportion.

"Well, Frank," said Harry, "you do look rather like a purser's shirt on a handspike."

"It doesn't matter," replied Frank. "Anyhow, I am very comfortable."

Talbot showed them his photographs, taken by himself, some of them being very interesting, having been taken during the Indian Mutiny, in which he had served, telling them most interesting yarns about it, but concealing the fact that he had been recommended for the Victoria Cross.

About five o'clock, Frank's clothes having been dried and cleaned by Talbot's servant, Harry and Frank strolled down to the boat, which left the shore at 5.30, in time for the wardroom dinner.

On the 20th March the rear-admiral returned in the *Hannibal* with two other line-of-battle ships and a frigate, bringing orders for the *Pompey* to proceed to Malta. On the 24th the *Pompey* weighed and proceeded under sail to Malta. Having light breezes, they were a week on the voyage. They sighted the Island of Galita on the 28th, Cape Bon, the point of the

eastern promontory which forms the Gulf of Tunis, on the 29th, and Pantellaria on the 30th. This island is of volcanic origin, and celebrated for its grapes. On the 31st March they arrived at Malta, the wind being very light. The tug was sent out for them, and they were towed into moorings near the coal wharf in the Grand Harbour.

Malta, once the property of the Knights of St. John during the Crusades, is just one big holystone. It is about seventy miles long and fifteen miles wide, and is nearly entirely destitute of vegetation. Vines, however, grow very fairly, as also fig-trees. These are about the only indigenous trees it can boast, though cypresses and other trees have been planted in many places. Goats are the only animals that thrive on the island, though some bullocks and a small breed of cows obtain a miserable existence by picking up the scanty herbage which grows in some places. The island is nowhere more than seven hundred feet above sea-level, and in autumn is hotter than many places ten degrees nearer the equator, especially when the sirocco blows across from the coast of Africa, from which it is distant about sixty miles.

The inhabitants are a mixed herd of Arabs and Italians, and, like most hybrids, have inherited most of the vices of both without the virtues of either. The natives of Gibraltar term the Maltese Smouches, and these return the compliment by calling the former Rock Scorpions. Their language is also a mixture of Italian and Arabic, in which the latter predominates; but nearly all the Maltese—at any rate those in the town of Valetta—speak pretty bad English.

The island is very strongly fortified, and a large garrison is always maintained. This makes it very pleasant for those naval officers who care to go into society, as balls, dinners, pic-nics, and all sorts of excursions are got up to the interesting parts of the island—St. Paul's Bay, where the Apostle was shipwrecked, being one of the most frequented. Civita Vecchia, with its catacombs and vaults, where the early Christians used to meet,

with many other interesting places, are an endless resource to those who care to find them out and learn their history.

In Valetta itself, which is built on the promontory which separates the Grand or Man-of-War Harbour from the Quarantine Harbour, are to be found many interesting places. The noble old Cathedral of St. John, the patron saint of the Knights of Malta, is one of the principal sights of Malta. Externally it is a heavy-looking pile, but inside it is richly and beautifully decorated. The floor is of marble mosaic, nearly every stone being engraved with the name of the knightly occupant of the sepulchre below. All round are white marble figures of the Grand Masters and other distinguished Knights of the Order.

Many rich and rare devotional offerings are contained in the space around the altar, which is entered by those golden gates which the greatest robber on modern record, Napoleon, took to Paris when the French possessed the island, and which were returned after the peace of Paris, when all the art treasures which that disturber of Europe had collected from the capitals of the countries which he had conquered were returned to their rightful owners.

The cathedral possesses a fine chime of bells, which are said to have been brought from Rhodes when the Knights of St. John were driven out of that island by the Turks.

The governor of the island resides in the building which was formerly the palace of the Grand Masters. It is a fine, spacious building, and contains the armoury. One long gallery is filled with armour and arms of the Middle Ages, many of the suits being beautifully engraved, chased, and inlaid with gold. The hospitals of the Knights are now occupied by the garrison as barracks, and are very large and airy. But it is time to get back on board the *Pompey*.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE *Pompey* on her arrival found the *Marlborough* and four other line-of-battle ships at moorings in the Grand Harbour. Having saluted the governor and the admiral, the captain went on board the flagship, and the ship was soon surrounded by the picturesque Maltese boats, painted all sorts of bright colours.

It was the custom for all messes to have a boat of their own, the gunroom boats generally carrying a flag of their own devising, which it was the height of ambition of the middies of other ships to capture. One gunroom mess had a gilt chanticleer on a red ground. Another immediately put a fox eating the rooster on their banner, and these two gunrooms used to watch when the others' boat shoved off, and, if possible, a larger number of middies would get into their own boat and go in pursuit. If they could catch them, or the other boat, confident in their strength, waited for them, a desperate struggle would ensue, generally ending in the flags being torn to ribands and the immersion of half-a-dozen of them, though sometimes one boat or other captured a prisoner, as well as a portion of their opponent's flag, and took him in triumph on board their own ship.

The *Pompeys*, having only just arrived, and being such a short time in commission, had not had time to feel any jealousy, or rather rivalry. They adopted a copy of their figure-head, which represented that noble Roman in full armour—perhaps as he appeared before running away from Cæsar at the battle of Pharsala—in white, on a blue ground.

The gunroom was inundated by Maltese tailors, curio-sellers, and all sorts of people anxious to sell their wares. These tradesmen, when a ship arrives on the station, try to induce the youngsters to buy by every means in their power, promising them unlimited credit. If they say, "I've got no money to pay you," they reply, "Oh, if you no pay, God Almighty pay".

But when the ship is ordered home, they do not show by any means the same trust in Providence.

The Maltese are celebrated for their gold and silver filagree work; cameos and lava ornaments are also to be got in any quantity; but Frank and Harry remembered Captain Maynard's advice, not to be in a hurry to buy curiosities when they first arrived on the station. Mr. West also told them that they could buy everything except the filagree work much better at the places which produced them, and that much better specimens of Maltese handiwork could be obtained on shore.

The *Pompey* did not require any refitting, but, as Captain Wallace was anxious to give her a coat of paint, she was ordered to go alongside the coal wharf and fill up with coal first. Accordingly, next morning she warped to the coal wharf, and by four P.M. had received about ninety tons of coal, which filled her bunkers, having expended very little hitherto.

"Well, Frank," said Harry, "this is a dirty job. In the dear old *Andromeda* we never had this sort of thing."

"No," replied Frank, "but many a time in the old ship we would have been glad of a little steam to help us. Just think how often we used to lie 'as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' for want of a screw to give us 'sense and motion,' as the ancient mariner says."

"When did you read so much poetry, Frank?" said Harry.

"When I was in hospital at Haslar," replied Frank. "One of the doctors was very fond of poetry, and lent me a lot of books."

The *Pompey* hauled off to her buoy the same evening, and next day the ship was cleaned throughout. The following day both watches were given three days' leave, all the painters were set to work, and the bulwarks of the upper deck were soon resplendent with new paint. The men were of course allowed to come on board at night if they chose, but Captain Wallace's object in giving all hands leave at the same time was, of course, to get rid of them while painting the upper deck.

In those days the British tar was much more given to drink

than he is now-a-days, and many men were taken up by the picket at night, and sent on board in the morning. At the end of the three days about seventy men were absent, and, as a reward of one pound was given when men were twenty-four hours absent, the Maltese policemen became very active, and made themselves very obnoxious to the men.

On the Saturday following some policemen had brought some men off, and, having received the reward, were standing on the lower stage of the accommodation ladder, waiting for their boat to come alongside. One or two of the men whom the policemen had brought off belonged to the messes close to the port outside which the policemen were standing. A tub of whitewash was speedily emptied over the three policemen in blue, and there was "the devil to pay and no pitch hot," as sailors say. The policemen, of course, at once complained to the officer of the watch, who reported the occurrence to the commander. The latter had the two messes next the port assembled on the quarter-deck, but the policemen could not identify any of the men. So they departed in wrath.

The affair, however, did not rest there, for the policemen reported it to the civil authorities, and they went to the admiral-superintendent of the dockyard, as the commander-in-chief was absent in the *Enchantress*, a paddle despatch vessel. The admiral-superintendent came on board, the hands were turned up and fallen in, the policemen went round and picked out two men. Unfortunately these two belonged to a mess on the other side of the lower deck, and quickly proved an alibi. As the policemen could not identify the men, the admiral gave the whole ship's company a good rating, promising to report it to the commander-in-chief. He, however, took no further steps in the matter, not considering it just to punish 900 men for a fault committed by two or three. The result was that the men never split on the culprits, and, although the *Pompeys* were often saluted with "Who white-washed the peelers?" the affair soon blew over.

"I say, Frank," said Harry, "whitewashing peelers is worse than whitewashing a goose."

"Well, they are scarcely birds of a feather," said Frank ; "anyhow, my father had a right to whitewash the goose if he liked, but those chaps had no right to whitewash the peelers."

Some of the extra hands, who had been painting, were allowed to go on shore when they had done their work, and one of these, named Wilson, was sitting quietly smoking in a public-house, when some policemen came in.

"You belong to the *Pompey*?" said one of them.

"If you can read large print," replied Wilson, "you can see that on my hat ribbon."

"Well, I've got your description, and there is three pound reward out for you. Will you come quietly?"

"Hum," said Wilson, winking to the other men, "if you will stand pots round, and sit down and be sociable, I don't mind if I do."

Wilson induced them to pay for a good meal as well, and, after a glass off the top shelf to finish up with, he expressed his willingness to accompany them. They embarked in the police boat, and were soon alongside.

"Thank ye, Bobby," said Wilson, "my leave is not up yet. Much obliged to you, I am sure, for a good feed, lots of lush, and a passage off."

The policemen looked rather bluer than their uniforms and interviewed the commander, whose sympathies, however, were entirely with Wilson. So they departed, sadder and, let us hope, wiser men.

While the ship was being painted no work, of course, was done, and Mr. West asked Harry and Frank to come on shore with him. Having hired two volantes, Mr. West got into one and Harry and Frank into the other and started off for St. Paul's Bay, which is situated in the north-western portion of the island. They drove round Marsamuscetta, or Quarantine Harbour, and on along the coast. The road is, of course, sandy.

Every building in Malta is of a light-yellow colour, which reflects the glare of the sun to a painful extent. The houses all have awnings in front of the lower storey and of the windows above. These are generally striped or of some gaudy colour, which at any rate affords relief to the eye. On either hand, when they got well away from the town, were small fields, bearing a scanty crop of wheat, each being enclosed by walls of the same yellow limestone. The landscape is relieved from monotony by numerous windmills, and every little village has its church, more or less worth examining.

They reached St. Paul's Bay about eleven A.M., and, after examining the chapel built to commemorate the shipwreck of the Apostle, they strolled to a convenient spot and enjoyed a bath. Whilst dressing, Harry said: "I wonder whereabouts St. Paul was wrecked. Perhaps quite close here."

"More likely near the point," said Mr. West, "for St. Paul says it was where two seas meet."

"I wonder what sort of craft it was, and how many the crew were," said Harry.

"I cannot tell you exactly the sort of craft, but there were 276 souls on board her," said Mr. West.

"Why, she must have been quite a big ship. I had no idea they had such big ships in those days. It must have been 1800 years ago nearly," said Harry.

"Yes," said Mr. West, "the shipwreck occurred in Anno Domini 62, so that is just 1798 years ago."

"How real that makes the Bible seem," said Frank, who, occupied with his own thoughts, though listening, had not hitherto spoken.

"Yes," replied Mr. West. "Cannot you imagine the shipwrecked crew gathering round the fires to warm themselves, and St. Paul shaking the viper off his arm? There is a tradition that all the snakes died out at that time, but I remember, when I was here on my way home from the Crimea, seeing a sentry kill one with his bayonet. However, let us see about some lunch."

Having brought some sandwiches, and bread and cheese, and a little light wine with them, they made a frugal meal, and, soon after summoning their volantes, they returned to Valetta. Here they inspected St. John's Cathedral, and soon after went on board.

Next week, on the Saturday, Harry and Frank hired a volante and drove out to Civita Vecchia. As they passed out of the Florian gate, across the drawbridge, they looked up and saw the façade of the gate, which is carved and ornamented. In the centre is the figure of L'Isle Adam, one of the most famous Grand Masters, who was in command when the last and most furious attempt was made by the Turks to reduce the island.

"Mr. West has a book all about the Knights of St. John, how they came to leave Rhodes and settle here, and everything," said Frank. "I shall get him to lend it me."

"What a lot he knows!" said Harry. "You can hardly ask him any question to which he cannot give you a satisfactory answer."

"He reads a great deal," replied Frank, "and always gets books sent out to him relating to the countries he visits. When I get a cabin I shall do the same."

They drove through the Florian Gardens, and on through the same sort of country as on their way to St. Paul's Bay. There seemed to be rather better soil in the fields and thicker crops of wheat. They arrived at Civita Vecchia about noon, and put up their horse at a fonda, ordering lunch for two o'clock.

They walked to the catacombs, and an old priest appeared to act as their cicerone. They went through many passages, full of skeletons, skulls, bones of all sorts, and some mummies. At last they were shown a mound of bones, built up in regular order in an irregular cone, surmounted by skulls. These were the skulls of the owners of the bones, as their cicerone carefully informed them; and this being the last and, from his

point of view, the best sight of the catacombs, the lads emerged once more into the cheerful sunlight.

Having rewarded the old priest—"Whew!" said Harry, "I am glad to get out of that musty place."

"Yes," said Frank; "it is not a very pleasant sight. Still I am glad we came."

"So am I," said Harry. "But, Frank, I do not mean to be irreverent—but what a confusion there will be at the last day at that heap of bones."

"Well," said Frank, "I do not think it is irreverent if we do not turn it into ridicule; still I think that those sort of things are best left unsaid, though we may not be able to help thinking of them."

They returned to their fonda, where they had their lunch; and after a look at the church and a walk about the little town, they returned to Valetta.

Next week all the small-arm men and fieldpiece parties were landed and drilled at Florian, in preparation for a grand review on the Queen's birthday in the week following. On the Monday they landed again, and went through the evolutions which would be performed on the Wednesday.

On that morning all the ships dressed rainbow fashion, with the royal standard at the main. At twelve o'clock a royal salute was fired from each ship and the different forts, and at 1.30 the whole force, including marines, landed and marched up to Florian, where the *Marlborough's* men took the right of the whole line—the navy, as the senior service, always taking the right of the line when brigaded with the army. The governor soon after arrived, and was received with a general salute. The whole force then marched past the saluting-flag in columns, afterwards re-forming line; and, the governor driving off the ground, the men were marched down and embarked.

The *Pompey* was now ordered to prepare for sea, and, having filled up with provisions and water and hoisted her

boom-boats in, received her orders for the coast of Syria. On the 1st June she slipped her moorings, and sailed out of Malta harbour with a southerly wind, bound for Beyrout.

After a fine passage they arrived on the 7th, and anchored off the town in the open bay of Beyrout. Here they found a French and Turkish admiral, and saluted first the Turkish flag, then the French admiral, and last the Turkish one. The *Victor Emanuel* and the *Lapwing* were the only English ships here.

The Druses and the Maronites were at this time massacring each other for the love of God, the Druses being Christians and the Maronites Mahometans. Many of the Christian women and children took refuge on board the English ships, and the *Lapwing* was employed to take them down the coast to Joppa or Sidon, whichever they wished to land at.

The country being in such a disturbed state, no one was allowed to go far inland, but the seine was sent away to the mouth of the Dog River and a jolly day spent. They caught plenty of fish, and the bathing here was beautiful, the water being so clear that they could see any white object lying on the bottom in twelve fathoms of water. After a blow, if they had swung round their anchor, they only had to take a boat and go and look down at it, a small square tube with a glass at one end being used, and sunk three or four feet below the surface if there was any ripple on the water.

Beyrout is a refreshing place to look at from the anchorage. The white houses with their flat roofs, embosomed in groves of orange, lemon, and cypress trees, with an occasional cedar, the mountains of Lebanon in the background, and the blue sea, studded with small craft and boats, form together a very pleasant sight. On landing, however, though the eye may not be much offended, the nose is, for, like most Oriental towns, it is filthy. There is, however, a good hotel, and, as horses are easily procured, you can get away from the town in a very short time. A good road leads straight into the country, and there

are post-houses every few miles where you can obtain refreshment for man and horse.

A few of the officers were allowed to go up to Baalbeck, but no midshipmen were permitted to join the party. Neither Harry nor Frank had the requisite funds; so they consoled themselves with the reflection that, if there had been leave for midshipmen, their impecuniosity would have prevented their going.

Mr. West, however, joined the party, and described Baalbeck on his return. He told them that there were magnificent temples, or rather ruins of temples, there; that some of the stones of which the sides were built were sixty feet long, twelve feet high, and twelve feet thick, and that they were so beautifully laid that you could not see the joint at a few yards' distance.

"I wonder how they got such immense stones up their in places," said Frank. "Why, it would puzzle the engineers and architects of the present day to do it."

"It is supposed to have been done by slave labour and the use of rollers, inclined mounds being raised as they got higher up," replied Mr. West; "though it is still wonderful how they got them to fit so beautifully. Some of the stones which we measured lying in the quarry were still larger."

"I wish these Druses and Maronites would leave off killing each other, for my father says that if I can get leave to go to Jerusalem I can draw an extra bill for £10."

"It is a long way from here," said Mr. West. "Joppa is the best place to start from, as it is only about fifty miles from Jerusalem."

The *Pompey*, however, did not go down to Joppa, so they never got the chance of going to Jerusalem. They made several excursions into the Lebanon, however, and saw some of the magnificent old trees, some of which are supposed to be more than three thousand years old. They also enjoyed boating, bathing, and sea-fishing to their hearts' content.

The *Victor Emanuel* was relieved by the *Mars* and sailed for Malta, and on the 30th July the *Marlborough* arrived with three other line-of-battle ships and the *Doris* frigate, and on the 5th August the *Pompey* weighed under sail and shaped a course for the Island of Candia, being ordered to call in at Suda Bay on her way to Corfu. She experienced a strong Levanter or Levant gale on her passage, and anchored in Suda Bay on the 12th August.

Suda Bay is a large inlet on the N.W. coast of Candia. The town is very dirty, but there is plenty of fruit and vegetables to be obtained, and there is fair shooting in the island; but on this occasion the *Pompey* did not stay there long enough to give the opportunity of forming any parties for that purpose.

On the morning of the 15th the *Pompey* weighed and stood out under sail, and next day passed Cerigotto and Cerigo, two islands belonging to Greece, and the day after sighted Cape Matapan. On the evening of the 18th the *Pompey* came to an anchor in the harbour of Zante, the most southerly of the Ionian Islands. Here they spent two days, and on the 21st anchored at Argostoli, the capital of Cephalonia. Another two days were spent here, and on the 24th the *Pompey* left under sail, and on the morning of the 25th passed the small islands of Paxo and Antipaxo and anchored in the harbour of Corfu at two P.M. Here they found the *London*, one of their former consorts; so Captain Wallace was senior officer.

Corfu, which has since been given up to the Greeks to mismanage with the rest of the Ionian Islands, was one of the favourite stations in the Mediterranean. Possessing a lovely climate, and producing every description of ultra-tropical fruit, a beautiful country, well wooded, and containing plenty of game-birds, it was naturally a coveted station with the military. A land-locked harbour, secure anchorage, and cheap and good living secured its popularity with the navy. The neighbouring coast of Albania afforded fine sport for those who could afford

it, deer and wild boar being plentiful. The citadel is built on a rocky point some 500 feet high, and strongly fortified. The town is clean, well laid out, and has a park with an avenue of plane trees round it. It was the most English-looking piece of scenery the Pompeys had come across in the Mediterranean.

The garrison, or at least some of them, played cricket every day; and soon the Pompeys, after practising a little, challenged the *London* and were victorious, and, shortly afterwards, the *Pompey* and *London* together challenged the garrison, and were actually victorious by one wicket. Next week, however, the garrison, in the return match, putting forth all their strength, which they had not previously done, took a fearful vengeance by defeating them by an innings and twenty-three runs.

Of course drills went on all this time; but, lying close to the shore, and Captain Wallace liking to see his officers enjoy themselves, they had a very good time of it. They bathed from the ship, morning and evening. Sometimes, taking a boat, they landed on the rocks under the fort and fished, catching rock cod and snappers, both an addition to their fare not to be despised. Boat races were also got up, a crew of the *Pompey's* middies beating a crew of the *London's* in their four-oared gigs. Harry and Frank both pulled in their boat. They were now both over eighteen years of age, and fine athletic young fellows.

In the end of September Harry got a letter from Seymour, announcing that he was appointed junior lieutenant of the *Pandora*, a corvette, and going out to the Pacific again, promising to remember them to all old friends, especially Engracia, Carita, and the daughter of the Incas.

"I'll bet he marries Engracia," said Harry.

"I certainly will not bet against it," answered Frank; "but who do you think I saw to-day?"

"I am sure I do not know," said Harry.

"Talbot," answered Frank. "He has got his company, been shifted to Malta, and, having a month's leave, he has come up here to get some shooting."

Next day Talbot came on board, and, having taken a great liking to both the lads, especially to Harry, asked them to join a shooting excursion to Albania, promising them that their share of the expenses should not be more than a sovereign apiece. They promised to come if they could get leave, and, as they both bore good characters, no difficulty was experienced.

They were to start in a small yacht belonging to the garrison on the Monday morning, and be away for a week. Having made their preparations, they went ashore on the Sunday afternoon, where Talbot met them, and having put their guns and baggage on board the yacht, which lay about 200 yards from the gun wharf, they went up to the artillery mess and dined. After dinner Talbot took them over to the infantry mess, and introduced them to the two other men who completed the party. These were a Captain Blackburn and Lieutenant Cross. The former was a very small man ; but the latter was about six feet two inches in height, and stout in proportion. They agreed to sleep on shore and go on board at daylight. One of their servants, who had been an under keeper, was sent on board with their guns, dogs, &c., and they turned in early, so as to be astir at daybreak.

Talbot, Harry, and Frank were called at three A.M., and took a cup of coffee, after which they set out in search of Captain Blackburn and Lieutenant Cross. They found the latter hammering at the former's door, but hitherto without avail. Just as they reached the landing, Cross was giving a tremendous kick at the door ; the lock broke, and Captain Blackburn appeared with his sword in one hand, a nightcap on his head, and a night-light in his other hand.

"What the devil is the meaning of this, Mr. Cross?" said he.

Then, catching sight of Talbot and the two lads, it suddenly dawned upon him that he was going on a shooting expedition.

"Ah ! by Jove ! I'm awful sorry. I quite forgot all about the yacht, and thought Cross was playing some of his practical jokes. I will be down in a jiffy, if you will go downstairs."

After a hearty laugh, the four others tumbled downstairs, and Cross asked them to have another cup of coffee while they waited.

"Awful old beggar that is to sleep, and he always requires to think for about two hours in the morning before he can remember anything," said Cross.

"Oh, I remember him in India," said Talbot: "nothing would make him turn out except the sound of the bugle-call, and that got played out as soon as active service was over. Here he comes."

Captain Blackburn entered, and, with fresh apologies for having kept them waiting, he set to work at his coffee.

"Cross, you son of Anak," said he, "I shall put you down for barrack damages; you have broken about a square foot out of my door."

"Well, you should get up when you are called, then; besides, it can be mended while we are away."

Coffee over, the five marched down to the gun wharf and went off in the little dingy in two trips, as it would not hold them all at once.

The yacht *Rosina* was a cutter, decked with a well aft for the helmsman. She was about twenty tons, and was used to communicate with the Island of Vido, which is about two and a-half miles from the landing place at Corfu. She had her main-sail up, and they immediately weighed anchor and started off with a nice breeze from the eastward, which was a little before the beam, as they had to steer about E. by N.

Butrinto, to which they were bound, is a small village at the mouth of a rivulet, about thirty miles from Corfu. It is on the Albanian coast, and they arrived there about noon. The crew, who consisted of one man, a Maltese, who looked after the *Rosina*, was sent on shore to see if the guides had come, and presently returned with the intelligence that they had not. Roberts, the servant, had, in the meantime, prepared some lunch, and they sat down to some cutlets and ham and eggs, washed down with bottled beer.

"Well," said Blackburn, "it will be too late to start after oar or deer to-day ; so I think we had better try to get some duck along this stream."

Harry, learning that mullet were to be caught with a small net they had brought with them, volunteered to try his luck with it. Pedro, the Maltese, was an adept in the use of it, and promised to initiate Harry. The other four landed in two trips of the cockle-shell, dignified by the name of dingy, and proceeded up stream to some marshes. The dogs, consisting of a couple of setters and a nondescript named Gip, which Blackburn declared could do anything from pointing a snipe to baying a tiger, were taken with them.

Harry, immediately after, started with Pedro in the dingy, the latter taking the net to show Harry how to cast it. When extended, the net is the shape of an oyster-shell. Leaden pellets, a quarter of an inch in diameter, were fastened every six inches, and a cord running through thimbles every foot, served to close the net as the edges sank, enclosing anything within it. Harry sculled gently up with one scull astern, and Pedro flinging the net and hauling it in, half-a-dozen fine mullet were soon flapping about in the bottom of the boat. It looks easy, thought Harry, and, after one or two failures, he succeeded in casting the net properly, and soon had as many mullet as he thought they would want. They then returned on board and got his gun.

Pedro offered to pull him upstream to meet the ducks and geese which had been disturbed by the other sportsmen, and which Harry, from his Vancouver's experiences, was pretty sure would follow the course of the stream. Many birds passed over his head, so, thinking that seeing the boat made them wary, they secured it to the shore, and, landing, concealed themselves in some tall bulrushes at the water's edge. The next lot of ducks flew lower, though still out of shot ; but, a few minutes afterwards, several hundred duck of different sorts passed, about thirty yards off, going about ninety miles an

hour. Harry blazed into the "brown" of them, and seven birds fell. Pedro jumped into the dingy and secured the lot, having had a good chase after two wounded ones.

Again concealing themselves, they waited some time before any birds appeared, and Harry had begun to think of moving when Pedro touched him on the arm, and, a long way up, Harry made out three white specks. As these approached, he saw they were wild geese, and crouched down as if his life depended on making himself as small as possible. They passed about forty yards off, and Harry let fly both barrels at them. The first shot, with the right barrel, had evidently hit the goose, but it did not drop; the left barrel, loaded with an Eleys' wire cartridge, dropped the second bird dead as a door nail, and Harry was obliged to be content with that, as the wounded bird was strong on the wing, and flew away over marshy ground, where it would have been impossible to follow it. Harry, therefore, got into the dingy, and Pedro pulled down the stream.

By the time they reached the yacht the sun was nearly down, and Harry saw the party coming down from the village, where they had gone to ascertain if their guides had arrived. Harry sculled the dingy on shore for them, and learned that no guides had made their appearance.

All hands set to work to wipe their guns out. Talbot was the only man who had a breech-loader; Blackburn's gun was an old "Joe Manton," which he swore as far exceeded any ordinary gun, either breech- or muzzle-loader, as Gip did any ordinary dog.

"If it had not been for Gip," said he, "we should have got hardly any birds. Neither Huz nor Buz his brother—as the setters were named—would retrieve a feather, while Gip, though a smooth-haired white dog, went in as if he was a curly black retriever."

"Well," said Cross, "I think that they showed their sense; they only like water with something in it."

"Like their master," replied Blackburn.

"Tell us, Blackburn, why did you cut Gip's tail off?"

"Because I thought that if it grew any longer it might wag him instead of his wagging it."

"How was it," said Harry, "that you could get no guides?"

"Well," said Cross, "man being a fighting animal, they had gone away to keep up a feud, and we could find nobody at home except women and children. I think the best thing we can do is to go and try for wild-fowl in the Venetian Harbour."

"Well, if there is no sign of any guide to-morrow, let us wait till noon, and then start."

"How is it," asked Harry, "that all hill tribes fight so much among themselves?"

"Well, one reason is that the practice of carrying arms is more general, and most hill tribes gaining their living by hunting and shooting, they are more likely to invade their neighbour's happy hunting-grounds than their lowland cousins are to intrude on each other's cultivated land," said Captain Blackburn.

"Yes," continued Talbot, "and these Albanian highlanders keep up a family or tribal feud as sacredly as the Corsicans do a vendetta."

"Will none of the villagers go as guides?" asked Harry.

"No," said Cross; "it is against etiquette, and, besides, it is really dangerous to go into the mountains at such times as the hillmen are on the war-path, for, always ready to risk their own lives, it is little wonder that they pay small regard to those of others."

"It must be like your native isle, Cross," said Talbot—"a beautiful country to live out of."

"Not at all," said Cross; "it is only during the landlord-shooting season that Ireland is unpleasant."

"But that lasts all the year round," said Blackburn.

"But it is time we turned in."

"Just one little taste more of the 'cratur,' " said Cross.

Frank and Harry went on deck, where they had arranged their shakes-down, and the others turning in below, the *Rosina's* crew were soon fast asleep. At sunrise next morning they were all up, and, after a plunge overboard and some coffee, they landed to inquire about the guides. After some trouble they learned that one of them had been either killed or very seriously wounded.

"Well, we must give up all hopes of boar or deer this trip," said Captain Blackburn, "and go over to the Venetian Harbour, where, at any rate, there are plenty of wild-fowl and no infernal hill tribes to look out for."

The same afternoon they anchored among the islands opposite, which form part of Corfu, and which, from their number and the intricate passages between them, have been named the Venetian Harbour. Here they spent two days, getting any quantity of wild-fowl of all sorts, and then sailed down along the coast of Corfu till they arrived opposite a wood which is celebrated for cock-shooting, some marshy ground near also holding plenty of snipe. They made a large addition to their bag, and arrived at Corfu on the night of Friday. On Saturday afternoon Frank and Harry returned on board the *Pompey*, taking with them a fair proportion of the game, which was very welcome as a change to all the officers' messes.

While they were absent a gunboat had arrived, bringing their orders for Naples ; so, after going on shore once more to bid farewell to all their friends and acquaintances, and Talbot coming on board in order to take a passage as far as Messina, they left Corfu on the 3rd November, 1860.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER two days' pleasant sailing they sighted Cape Spartivento, and, the wind falling very light, steam was got up and the sails furled. The white peak of Mount Etna

was the first Sicilian land they observed, and soon after, turning to the northwards, they steamed up the Straits of Messina till they anchored about five P.M. in the harbour of that town, which is prettily situated at the base of a hill some 2000 feet high. Harry and Frank did not land, as they were to leave in the morning, and they wished to enjoy the last of Talbot's society, who was to return to Malta by a mail steamer, which was momentarily expected. However, they had a good yarn on deck, Talbot pointing out Scylla and Charybdis, with which the lads were much disappointed.

"Why, there is no whirlpool at all," said Frank.

"No," said Talbot ; "but at present it is quite calm, and I can easily imagine that, with a strong wind meeting the current, a very powerful eddy might be formed, quite sufficient to put the ancient Romans in a blue funk."

"I thought the ancient Romans never got in a funk," said Harry.

"Not on land," said Talbot, "or in positions which they were accustomed to ; but even Cæsar's tenth Legion, though they made it their proud boast that they were equal to 'either fortune,' might have been excused feeling uncomfortable if they got into a whirlpool."

"Well, the only whirlpool I ever saw was in Scotland," said Harry. "I think it was called Corrievrechan."

"I know it," said Talbot. "It is in the Sound of Jura. There is a rhyme about it :

" 'Should you pass thro' Jura's Sound,
Shape your course by Scarba's shore ;
Shun, oh, shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievrechan's thunders roar.'"

It is dangerous to small craft, and, at some states of the wind and tide, even to the Clyde steamers."

"Well, I should like to see the Maelström," said Frank.

"So should I," said Talbot, "but at a distance. I rather envy you fellows going to Naples. You will see Pompeii and

Herculaneum, and go up Vesuvius. I hope next year to spend my leave there."

"Could you not spare time to ascend Etna?" asked Frank.

"Not at present," answered Talbot, "besides; Vesuvius is active at present, and Etna has shown no signs for some years."

Soon after they turned in, and, the mail steamer arriving during the night, Talbot went on board her at eight A.M., and at 9.30 the *Pompey* weighed under steam, and passed between Scylla and Charybdis, without their being able to detect anything like their idea of a whirlpool. In the afternoon they passed close by Stromboli, which is an active volcano, and was smoking away merrily, and throwing up stones, scorix, and occasional jets of steam and mud. A small town is situated at the base of the volcano, which is simply a cone-shaped hill about 1500 feet high.

"I should not like to live there," said Harry.

"No," answered Frank; "but I suppose one can get used to anything. I daresay Dr. Johnson would have preferred the crater of a volcano to a ship, as he considered the latter 'a prison, with the chance of being drowned'."

"Well, he would have been very glad to get on board the *Pompey* if Stromboli erupted much, and he was there," said Harry.

"Yes," said Frank, "I think he was better at 'taking a walk down Fleet Street' and laying down the law than anything else, though he certainly made a good dictionary."

On the 7th November they arrived at Naples, still under steam, as the little wind there was was ahead. Passing the Island of Capri, celebrated for the baths of Tiberias and its Blue Grotto, Vesuvius came in sight, and, though not nearly so high a mountain as Etna, it has of late years kept up its reputation as a volcano to a much greater extent than the Sicilian one. The well-wooded hills of Amalfi and Sorrento next appear to the right, and in the eastern angle of the bay is the

seaport town of Castellamare. Here the Italians have a dockyard, where they have since built some large ironclads. Next, along the shore, the ruins of Herculaneum appear; to the left of them Pompeii is next made out, both lying close to the sea, and running some distance up the gentle slope of the unquiet mountain. Resina is the next village, and is, more or less, joined to the town of Naples by houses straggled along the shore, and suburban villas farther inland. Naples itself lies in the northern angle of the bay, while farther round to the left is Posilippo point, off which lie Procida and Ischia, two islands, which complete the bay on the left hand, as Capri does on the right, entering from the S.W., the latter island being about twenty-two miles from Naples.

"See Naples and die!" is the vaunting maxim of Neapolitans, and, certainly, few people have a better right to be proud of their town and its surroundings, though many people do survive to a good old age without having seen it. The man-of-war anchorage is opposite the landing-place of Sta. Lucia, and here the *Pompey* found the *Hannibal*, with the rear-admiral second in command, and another line-of-battle ship called the *Cressy*. A French and Austrian admiral were also at anchor, two large Russian frigates, and an American corvette. The *Pompey* saluted the Italian flag, and each of the admirals and these all returned the salute.

At this time Garibaldi had just freed Italy, having entered Rome on the 20th September, and resigned his powers into the hands of Victor Emanuel, king of Sardinia. Naples was *en fête*, all the political prisoners having been liberated, many of whom had passed years in the castle of St. Elmo, which frowns on the town from the summit of the hill behind it, and Castel d'Ovo, built on a rocky point between Sta. Lucia and the Chiaja, which is the fashionable drive or Rotten Row of Naples.

It does not concern this story to enter into any account of the iniquitous tyranny of the Bombas, or the revolution,

headed by the liberator, which freed Italy. Frank and Harry, like most lads of their age, paid little attention to politics, though of course, like all natives of free countries, they sympathised with the Italians and other nations not so fortunate in this respect as their own.

Several of the mates had been promoted, and Harry was now midshipman of the first cutter and Frank of the second, Harry also being senior mid of the foretop. These, however, were minor changes; but Captain Wallace invalided soon after their arrival at Naples, and was succeeded by a captain named Bradley from England, and the change was not appreciated by any of them.

Captain Bradley had been a long time on shore and got out of the groove. He had not kept pace with the times, and so had much to learn. He was an uncertain-tempered man, smart and slack by turns, and constantly nagging at people when not afraid of exposing his ignorance. None of the officers anticipated such good times as they had with Captain Wallace, and there is nothing the ship's company dislike so much as an uncertain captain; for, however strict a man may be, they know what to expect. But Captain Bradley would threaten a man one day with four dozen for some slight offence, of which on another occasion he would take no notice whatever. As Harry and Frank, however, both knew and did their duty, they did not fall foul of the skipper for some time.

The cutters were usually the boats used to land and bring off officers, so Harry and Frank often visited the shore, though they could not leave their boats. When they had been about a month at Naples, Mr. West asked them to join a party to ascend Vesuvius, adding that some shore people would join them in the ascent. On a Saturday morning, accordingly, they landed in the market-boat, and walked to the house of Mr. West's friends, where they left their uniforms, as they intended to go to the opera in the evening.

The party consisted of two gentlemen and three ladies and

themselves. They drove out in two carriages to Resina, where the carriages were left, and the ladies mounting ponies, the gentlemen walked with them until they reached the observatory. Here they had an opportunity of inspecting the sensitive seismometers, which foretell, with more or less certainty, the movements of the mountain.

At this time the molten lava was welling slowly out of the side of a spur of the hill immediately opposite the observatory, and could be approached near enough to hold out copper coins at the end of a long stick and get them covered with the fluid lava.

After getting as many as they wished, they proceeded over a very rough track till they reached the base of the crater. This was then a steep cone some five hundred feet high. Here the ponies were left, and a rough sort of sedan chair provided for the ladies of the party, who were each carried by two men. When near the top, the ashes became pretty warm, and, on the edge of the crater, eggs could be cooked by making a hole a few inches deep. There was unfortunately no wind, and the atmosphere was so stifling from the sulphur which exhaled from the crater, that the whole party were glad to leave the top after a quarter of an hour's stay there, their movements being quickened by some hot ashes and pumice-stones which fell close to them.

The crater itself was then about half-a-mile across, though the actual vent through which an eruption takes place is only from ten to fifteen yards wide. On this occasion, of course, it was impossible to descend into the basin of the crater, as it was as much as they could do to breathe the asphyxiating atmosphere at the edge. Having picked up some pumice-stone and specimens of sulphur, they came down the cone very much faster than they had ascended it, and soon after arrived at the observatory, where they had lunch, and afterwards got into their carriages with their curiosities, arriving at Naples about five P.M.

After a welcome bath and change they found dinner ready, and about eight they set out for the opera of San Carlos. As the ladies were too tired to join them, Mr. West and the two lads went by themselves. San Carlos is one of the largest operas in the world, and some of the finest singers have been trained there. The entrance to the pit was only two carlini (about eightpence); but, as they went in uniform, they went to the box provided gratis for English naval officers. The opera that night was "Linda de Chamouni," and was magnificently mounted and performed.

Harry was much interested at first until the curtain dropped, and they began to look about them with the opera-glasses which Mr. West had brought with him. Frank was using the glasses, and handed them to Harry, saying, "Look at that box, the fourth from the stage, and see whose face that girl in white with light-blue ribbons reminds you of". Harry looked, and his heart stood still, for there, before his eyes, sat Andromeda.

"Is it not like?" said Frank.

"Like!" said Harry; "it is herself. There is no other face like hers in the world."

"Plenty more beautiful," said Frank.

"Possibly; but not to me," replied Harry.

"Why, you are trembling all over. You must be in love. It is probably some Neapolitan who never heard of the *Andromeda*," said Frank, tormenting his chum.

"You are blind," replied Harry; "what other girl would have a brooch made out of a nugget, even if I did not know the face I have seen nearly every night in my dreams?"

"Well, you may be right," said Frank, "for there is somebody very like Mr. Calhoun at the back of the box."

"How are we to speak to them?" said Harry; "they are with a lot of strangers, and I dare not go to their box. I wish she would look this way."

The curtain, however, rose without this happening, and Andromeda's attention remained fixed on the play, which had

now lost all interest for Harry, and might have been "Semiramis" or "John Gilpin's Ride to Edmonston" for all he knew or cared. At the end of the second act, Mr. Calhoun left the box, and Frank said, smilingly, "If he has not forgotten sherry-cobblers and such things, you will probably find him in the refreshment room, if there is one".

Harry seized his cap and jumped up, and was off into the passage behind their box in an instant, Mr. West looking rather surprised. Frank told him the yarn about Andromeda, who, this time, took a quiet look round, her glance, for a few seconds, resting on Frank, but without the slightest sign of recognition.

Harry meanwhile, after rushing about looking for a refreshment room, found out that there was none; but that those who wish for any have to go to one of the numerous cafés in the square where the San Carlos is situated.

"Why, I shall have to look through every blessed one, and he will get back while I am away," thought Harry; "I will go back to our box. Anyhow, I can see her dear little face."

On his return, however, he found that she had changed places with another lady, and was now invisible. On hearing that she had looked at their box while he was away, he was still more inconsolable.

"Oh, if I had only sat still," said he.

"You need not flatter yourself that she would have known you any more than she did me," said Frank, grinning.

"Oh, confound you, shut up," said Harry, "anyhow, I cannot stand this."

"Malcolm," said Mr. West, "I can easily find out to-morrow where Mr. Calhoun is staying, and all about him, from the American Minister, so you should not be so much put out."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. West," said Harry, who now got more calm as he saw the impropriety of rushing about like a lunatic, "that will be the best way. But you do not know how I have thought of her face, and this beggar Frank has no feeling."

"You can put your nugget on, or in your pocket, and the mutual attraction will soon bring them together," said Frank.

Harry's only reply was a dig in his chum's ribs, and soon after, the opera being over, Andromeda disappeared, and Mr. West not caring to stay for the ballet, they walked down to Sta. Lucia, where Frank and Harry, who had partially recovered his composure, put several dozen oysters out of sight.

The oysters at Naples are very small and delicious eating, served on toast and spinach. Even a midshipman in love may get through two or three dozen without inconvenience.

Next day being Sunday, Mr. West went on shore to church in the afternoon, and, meeting the American Minister, learned that Mr. Calhoun was his guest, and had informed him of the reason for which he had given his daughter her classical name.

"Send the youngsters on shore anyway, Mr. West," said the hospitable American, "and I will fix them up."

On Monday Harry received a letter from Mr. Calhoun, asking Frank and himself to come on shore and see them as soon as possible. Meda sent a kind message, and Harry was elated to think that he would soon see her again. On Wednesday afternoon the two lads obtained leave, and were soon at the American Minister's residence. Mr. Calhoun soon entered, and expressed his pleasure at seeing them again. Meda was out, but arrived soon after, and appeared to be as charming as even Harry could wish. Perfectly frank and self-possessed, though only sixteen years of age, she had lost, through education and travel, those mannerisms which, in English eyes, are prejudicial to success in society; though an American fair one, whose father has "struck ile," may guess and calculate as much as she pleases. Mr. Calhoun himself suited his conversation to his company, and could almost have been taken for a high-class Englishman if it had not been for his manner of shaving, which left his cheeks bare, leaving the moustache and goatee beard which so many Americans affect.

Mr. Calhoun soon proposed that they should take a drive,

and Meda went out to get ready. A carriage was ordered and the four got in, Mr. Calhoun and Meda sitting behind, and the two lads in front. She had put on her nugget brooch, and Harry, pulling his out of his pocket to show her, was asked why he had never got it mounted. He replied that it was too large for a breast-pin, and he did not like to get it cut.

"You might get it mounted as a paper weight or something of that sort," said Mr. Calhoun.

"I will some day," said Harry, "when I get back to England."

"Have you seen any cameos and lava ornaments?" asked Meda. "They fix them up very nicely here."

Harry replied that he had not bought any as yet, and, bethinking him of the filagree work he had got at Malta, he resolved to ask Meda to take her choice of the best next time he came on shore.

They drove out nearly to Posilippo, and on their return dismissed the carriage at the gardens on the Chiaja. Here Frank had the generosity to talk to Mr. Calhoun, and Harry was alone with Meda for the first time in his life. All his pretty speeches went out of his head, and he could only steal a glance now and then at the thoughtful grey eyes and oval face, surmounted by its wealth of dark auburn hair.

At length he proposed to sit down on one of the garden seats, and began to ask her questions. Meda told him unreservedly how she had been christened in New Orleans, and had been called Meda ever since. Her self-possessed manner gave Harry courage, and he asked her if she would accept a silver star of Maltese workmanship for her hair, and was delighted when she promised to do so. Harry told her how he had hoped to meet her again, and, learning that they were going to visit England on their way back, determined to write to his uncle and induce him to ask them to Ostleburn Hall.

Mr. Calhoun and Frank now made their appearance, and all four strolled along the gardens, till Mr. Calhoun stopped and said :

"Meda and I are engaged to dine out to-night, but if you can come on shore on Saturday, I will get some people and we will drive out to Pompeii".

The lads accepted gratefully, and, after seeing them to the American Minister's door, were easily induced to come in and have a sherry-cobbler. Soon after they took their leave, and Frank said :

"Well, I did not think any Yankee could do without guessing and calculating, like they all used to on the Pacific slope".

"No," said Harry ; "and do you know, Frank, I have been almost dreading that Meda should have that way of talking, but she only said 'fix' once, and then it might have been said by any English girl."

"Ah, well, your cousin Frances' nose is out of joint," said Frank. "I shall have to go and console her when we go home."

"You are quite welcome," said Harry ; "I am almost glad that Seymour is not here, though it is almost treason to him to say so ; but I mean that he is so much my superior in every way that I could have no chance with Meda if he was here."

"Oh, Seymour is engaged to Engracia by this time," said Frank, smiling. "You have much more reason to be jealous of some Yank who keeps a store full of wooden nutmegs and such 'notions,' picks his teeth with his bowie-knife, and shoots his adversary 'on sight'."

"That is not the sort of rival that I should be afraid of with Meda," replied Harry, smiling. "I am very thankful that you never fell in love with her, my dear old fellow ; I do not know what we should have done if that had happened."

"Our duty, I hope," said Frank, rather gravely. "But, thank God, our friendship is not tried in that way."

Presently they reached Sta. Lucia and took a boat on board the *Pompey*.

On the Saturday they landed in the market-boat and could

not resist a few oysters at Sta. Lucia to give them an appetite. Considering it too early to call for Mr. Calhoun and Meda, they had some coffee and biscuits at a café, and about eight o'clock reached the American Embassy. Mr. Calhoun and Meda were ready, and a carriage waiting, they got in at once, and after about half-an-hour's drive arrived at the villa of an American friend of Mr. Calhoun, who introduced Harry and Frank to his wife and daughters, two pleasant girls, both older than Meda.

After a light breakfast of fish and fruit, the party started in two carriages, Mr. Calhoun and Mrs. and Miss Fairfax and Frank occupying one carriage, while Mr. Fairfax, his second daughter, Meda, and Harry took their places in the other. These last two exchanged a smile, as Harry handed her in, at an arrangement which suited them both so perfectly.

The drive out to Pompeii was accomplished before noon, and, having ordered lunch to be ready for their return, and hired a guide with whom Mr. Fairfax was acquainted, the party proceeded to inspect Pompeii. Mr. West had lent Frank *The Last Days of Pompeii*, by Bulwer Lytton, and so they were both quite well posted, as their Yankee friends would have said. Mr. Fairfax and his daughters had visited the ruins several times and did the honours to the others. The guide, though one of the best of his class, did not even know the date of the cities being overwhelmed. Harry took an opportunity of telling Meda that he had not forgotten the star for her hair, but did not care to present her with it before so many people.

After seeing and admiring nearly all of the buried city which had then been excavated, they returned to lunch at the Fonda di Diomed, so called from the merchant whose house was just within the gates, and which is mentioned in Lord Lytton's book.

Harry and Meda had conversed a good deal during the forenoon, and he had found her much better informed than himself, though he paraded the well-known story of the Roman

soldier who remained at his post to be overwhelmed because he had not received orders to leave, and also extolled Pliny the Younger for taking his father on his back and, like a second pious Æneas, carrying him off to a place of safety.

At lunch they had some of the far-famed "Lacryma Christi," but were not much struck with it, Mr. Calhoun remarking that good Sauterne, which it resembles in colour, is a preferable wine. Harry and Frank, of course, did not pretend to be connoisseurs, though they liked the light Italian wines and pure Marsala, which is easily obtained from Sicily.

The drive back was performed in the same order; and in the dusk somehow the star found its way from Harry's hand to Meda's, and their hands did not part without giving and returning a slight pressure, which thrilled through them both. Mr. Fairfax and his family got out at their villa, giving both the lads a cordial invitation to come and see them. The rest drove to the Embassy, where they were to dine together, the Minister and his attachés dining with one of the other representatives to the Italian government. Meda, to Harry's delight, appeared with the star in her hair, blushing every now and then when she met his enraptured eyes.

Frank, after dinner, again did them the good turn of engrossing Mr. Calhoun's attention, but was rather surprised to hear him say: "Well, now, Mr. Maynard, I think those two are getting real fond of each other".

"I can answer for Harry," said Frank, delighted, for his friend's sake, to think that Mr. Calhoun was not likely to object.

"Well, sir," continued the latter, "they are only boy and girl yet; but I must have a talk with him, for Meda has been my companion all her life, and I will not part with her till she is old enough to know her own mind."

Harry and Meda had meanwhile passed out on to the balcony, and were leaning over it, looking out on the moonlit scene.

"Thank you so much, Meda, for wearing the star. I only wish it was more valuable," said he.

"Now, Harry," replied she, "it is not the actual worth of a present I value, but the kind thought that prompted it."

"I hope you will always be a star to me, Meda," said Harry, as he stole his hand into her little one.

"I am not worthy," said she, softly.

"I am sure you are, Meda, dearest. I love you. I think I have loved you ever since I saw you. Can you love me?"

Meda tremblingly turned towards him, and in another moment her beautiful head was resting on his shoulder, and their lips met in the first shy kiss of love.

"Does that mean yes?" asked Harry.

"Yes, dear Harry ; but we are so young."

"There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream," said Harry. "I forget which poet says that, but I think now that he is right."

After some more disjointed talk, sweet nonsense, &c., Meda said : "Now, Harry, we must tell father. Will you tell him before you go to-night?"

"Certainly," said Harry, stoutly, though he had some doubts as to what Mr. Calhoun would say to a midshipman, whom he knew to be nearly dependent on his uncle, proposing to marry his daughter—"certainly ; 'Faint heart never won fair lady'."

"Oh, Harry, you are getting quite poetical," said Meda.

"All your doing, my darling," said he.

"Well, we must go in, it is getting late," said Meda.

"One more kiss before I face your father," said Harry, and a fond embrace having been exchanged, they entered the room where Mr. Calhoun and Frank were still pretending to converse.

Frank looked at Meda, and was struck by a change in her which he could not explain. She said good-night to Frank, kissed her father, and went out of the room, blushing celestial rosy red as her eyes sought those of Harry, as if to assure him



MEDA TREMBLINGLY TURNED TOWARDS HIM.

that he was first and last in her thoughts now, and conscious of that change in herself which Frank had noticed, and which she could explain though he could not, namely, that she had become, in that short time, a woman and in love. Harry plunged at once into the business by saying: "Mr. Calhoun, can I speak to you alone?"

"Certainly, Mr. Malcolm," said he, "if your friend does not mind stepping out on the balcony, or, if you like, we will take our chairs out there."

"Oh, let us go out, if you do not mind, Mr. Calhoun," said Harry, thinking, perhaps, that Meda's sweet presence would appear to be there to help him.

As soon as they got outside, Harry said: "Mr. Calhoun, I love Meda, and I have told her so".

"And what did she say?" asked Mr. Calhoun.

"I think she loves me," said Harry, "and she said we were very young."

"That," said Mr. Calhoun, "is dreadful true. Now, Harry," continued Mr. Calhoun, laying his hand on Harry's shoulder, "we will say no more to-night. I know no young man I would sooner trust Meda to than you, but as yet you are only boy and girl; she is sixteen and a-half, and you are—how much?" asked he, good-humouredly.

"Nearly nineteen," said Harry.

"Well," said Mr. Calhoun, "no man ought to marry before he is five-and-twenty."

"Seven years!" cried Harry; "why, it is a lifetime!"

"Remember that one man in the Scriptures waited seven years, and then got the wrong woman," replied Mr. Calhoun. "But, anyhow, I have a great many things to think of before I can give you any promise. I will write in a day or two, and then you can come on shore and see us again. Now, you had better go on board with your friend, and do not be discouraged because I will not allow either of you to do anything in a hurry."

Harry was obliged to be content with this, and, wishing Mr. Calhoun good-night, they walked slowly down and went on board, conversing as they went. Frank giving good advice, and making Harry quite angry, till he reminded him that this was only the fifth time he had seen Meda.

"Yes," said Harry ; "but I have thought so much about her that I seem to know her quite well."

"Well, you really know nothing of each other," said Frank, "and she will probably marry some Yankee or other."

"So she shall," said Harry, "if she likes him better than she does me."

"And you will marry," went on Frank, "your cousin Frances or ——"

"No one," broke in Harry. "Meda's is the only face in the world for me."

"Well, I suppose you will make my life a burden to me, as I am your only confidant," said Frank.

"You are not worthy to talk about her," cried Harry. But by this time they were alongside the *Pompey*, and went down and turned in.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON the 2nd December Harry and Frank completed five years' service in the Navy, and thus had one year more to serve as midshipmen ; and on this day Harry received a letter from Mr. Calhoun, in which he told him that, on mature consideration, he could not approve of any engagement between Meda and him, at any rate until Harry was twenty-one and had prospects which would entitle him to ask some one to share his future. He himself, he continued, was obliged to go at once to America on urgent affairs, but that he was going to leave Meda in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax, who would ensure her having the best masters for singing and languages, and, in a year or two, would visit England, when, if Harry and she

were still unchanged, Meda was to go and visit Captain and Mrs. Malcolm. "I think you cannot doubt my good-will after this," concluded Mr. Calhoun's letter. "The Fairfaxes will always receive you well, and I do not object to your writing to each other occasionally. I am off in a week's time, so the sooner you come on shore and see me the better."

Harry showed the letter to Frank, and his opinion was that Mr. Calhoun was very favourable to him.

"He is giving you every opportunity," said Frank, "and far more than you could expect."

Harry growled out something, and proposed that they should go on shore next day. Frank moved an amendment that they should wait till Saturday, as it was the only day that they could get away for the whole day, and they could not get leave for both days. Harry agreed to curb his impatience, and counted the hours till Saturday came.

They landed as usual in the early boat, and Harry wanted to start off at once to the American Embassy. Frank, however, pointed out that as Meda did not even know they were coming that day for certain, she was still probably in bed.

"So I vote we have some coffee," said Frank.

This passed away half-an-hour, and about eight A.M. they ventured to present themselves, and as people get up much earlier at Naples than they do at home, they found that everybody was stirring. The Minister appeared first and welcomed them, Mr. Calhoun came next, and then Meda appeared, looking as fresh as a dewy rosebud, and demurely shook hands with Harry and Frank. They then sat down to breakfast, to which Harry managed to do full justice. Perhaps midshipmen are different to other lovers, but Harry certainly never lost his appetite.

Mr. Calhoun proposed a drive, and, giving orders for a carriage to be ready at ten A.M., he called Harry out into the courtyard, and asked him what he thought of his letter; and Harry, who really felt that he could not have expected so

much concession on Mr. Calhoun's part, thanked him warmly for the opportunities he would have of seeing Meda at Mr. Fairfax's house, and for permission to write to her.

"There is another thing, Harry," said Mr. Calhoun. "I belong to the Northern States, but my most valuable property is a cotton estate near Richmond ; and if, as I greatly fear, we are on the eve of a civil war in America I may lose more than half my property. My cattle ranche in California is large, and will be very valuable, but I have a son married to provide for as well as Meda, so you see I have many things to think of. I shall not have time to visit England on my way home, though I hope to do so soon ; but a war on the slavery question, if it once breaks out, no man can foretell the end of. I have perfect confidence in Meda, who has sense and discretion far beyond her years ; but it is only fair that she should have the opportunity of seeing 'men and cities' before becoming engaged to anybody, for there is no mistake in life so fatal to happiness as for a woman to marry in a hurry and repent it for the rest of her life. Think of all this, Harry, and, if you are the lad I think you, Meda's welfare will come before anything else in your estimation."

Harry could not but acknowledge the justice of Mr. Calhoun's remarks, and at the time was a good deal moved by them. Frank, meanwhile, had been talking to Meda, and happening to address her as Miss Calhoun, she said : "I think, Mr. Maynard, that as you served on board my godmother, the *Andromeda*, you may venture to call me Meda."

"I shall be very glad of the permission if you do not think it will make Harry jealous," said Frank.

"No, I think I can answer for that," replied she, smiling. "Now, if I were to call you Frank, he might have some cause for it."

"Yes," said Frank, "but you know he and I have always called you Meda when we spoke of you, and it is an effort to think of you as Miss Calhoun."

"Have either of you heard of Mr. Seymour lately?" asked Meda.

"Oh, yes, we heard from him about a month ago, and we think he will be married before long to a young lady we knew at Lima."

Frank then told Andromeda all about Engracia, Carita, and the daughter of the Incas, and was still engaged in describing some of the places they had visited in the Pacific, when Mr. Calhoun and Harry made their appearance, and the former said: "Meda, it is time to dress; the carriage will be round in ten minutes' time". And when she had gone, he said: "Now, where would you like to drive to to-day? Have you thought of anywhere?"

On learning that they were indifferent, he said: "Well, shall we drive out to Posilippo and see the Grotto delle Cani? You have been up Vesuvius, and seen Pompeii; and as Posilippo is in the other direction, I thought we might as well go that way."

Meda now appeared, having made a simple toilet, and the carriage being ready, they set off, driving along the Chiaja and along the Posilippo road, which follows, more or less, the sea-coast, thus bringing into view a succession of small bays, in many of which the fishermen were hauling their nets, and here and there a small village nestled among the vine-covered slopes of the hill on their right. As they approached the point, the islands of Procida and Ischia came into sight, and Capri, at the opposite side of the bay, stood out boldly.

A little after twelve they arrived at the Grotto delle Cani, so called, not from any historical associations, but from the practice of putting a wretched dog into the cave, which is full of sulphureous vapours, and, from a safer atmosphere outside, watching the poor brute become asphyxiated by them. Meda was quite indignant, saying that no northern nations would do such a thing, and that she felt quite ashamed of having witnessed such a performance.

"Let us go," said she. "I, at any rate, will not countenance such cruelty."

Harry was the first to follow her example, and she said : "Don't you think it cruel, Harry ?"

"Yes, I do," said he ; "but they say the dogs are used to it, as they are taken out as soon as they become insensible."

"I have no patience with such nonsense," said Meda ; "if we could only ask the dogs, they would tell a different tale. What are you thinking of, Harry, that you are looking at me like that ?"

"I was thinking how beautiful you looked when you got indignant," said Harry.

Meda could not repress a smile at Harry's admiring and partly repentant face, and they were soon talking of their own affairs.

Mr. Calhoun and Frank followed slowly, and on reaching the place where they had left the carriage, they got in and drove on to Puzzuoli, where they stopped at the principal *fonda* and ordered lunch, the horses being taken out and attended to.

After lunch they strolled down to the sea-shore, where they sat down, and Meda produced her sketch-book. Harry was delighted to find she could draw, and said : "I wish I had the talent, for I could draw every place I went to, and have some thing to remember it by in after years. However, when we are married, it will not matter, for you will be able to do all the places we go to."

"Silly boy," said Meda ; "if you can draw at all, I think it is castles in the air."

"Well, it is very pleasant, anyway, Meda ; but do you know that I have not had a single kiss to-day ?" said Harry.

"You do not deserve one. You looked on at that poor dog and took no pity on him," said Meda.

"Yes," said Harry, "but you can show how much more pitiful your nature is than mine by forgiving me, and I will promise to think more of dumb animals for the future."

"Well, then, you may take one," said Meda ; and Harry speedily availed himself of the permission.

"Tell me more about Mr. Seymour," said Meda. "I always thought he had such a noble face."

"Yes," said Harry, who was always ready to praise Seymour, "that was because he was full of noble thoughts. His was the most chivalrous nature I have ever known. His manner to all women especially took my fancy. I think, from what he says, that he will leave the service soon and marry, as he is well off now his father is dead. Frank's father always said that a young man married is lost to the service, and I think it is true, for, if a man has nothing but his pay, he cannot afford to marry young, and if he waits till he is a captain he is bound to stick to the service."

"How much is your pay, Harry?" asked Meda.

"£31 18s. 9d.," replied Harry, "and out of that I have to pay £5 for the naval instructor."

"And your half-pay?" asked Meda.

"Three farthings a-year paid quarterly," replied Harry.

"And that is what you propose to marry me on? It is a magnificent income," said Meda, laughing. "There come father and Mr. Maynard, and I must pack up my paints, and oh, Harry, he is going away on Monday and I shall be so lonely."

"I will come and see you whenever I can, my darling," said Harry, "and the Fairfaxes are very nice people, and you say you have lots to learn yet."

"Yes, Harry, but even you can only come when they will let you, and I have never been parted from father for more than a few days at a time, and I shall miss him at every turn, and I do not know when I may see him again. He has been father, mother, and brothers and sisters to me," and poor Meda looked as if she had a great inclination to cry.

"I cannot even remember my father," said Harry, "and very little of my mother."

"Harry, I did not intend to remind you that you were an orphan," said Meda, softly.

"I know that the heart that felt so much for that poor dog will never wound mine intentionally," said Harry, kissing her hand.

"There was no occasion for that," said Meda, as her father and Frank turned the corner ; "pick up my campstool and make yourself useful."

Meda showed her sketch to her father and Frank, and then they walked back to the *fonda*, where they found that the horses were put to. After settling their bill they drove back to Naples, and after dinner Mr. Calhoun and Meda walked down to Sta. Lucia with them and saw them off, parting with many expressions of good-will on both sides.

On Monday morning Mr. Calhoun went on board the mail steamer which was to convey him to Marseilles, Mr. Fairfax accompanying him to see the last of him and to escort Meda back to his own villa. Harry from the foretop of the *Pompey* saw the steamer go, and I am afraid was more engaged in watching a small boat which was one of the last to leave her than in attending to his duty.

As the ships had very few days left before the end of December to get rid of their quarter ammunition, the *Hannibal*, *Cressy*, and *Pompey* weighed under sail next day on a week's cruise, and having fired it away and gone through a good many evolutions and drills which cannot be properly performed in harbour, the *Cressy* was ordered to Malta, the *Hannibal* with the admiral returned to Naples, and the *Pompey* was sent to Castellamare.

Here the men were given leave, and the officers had the opportunity of visiting Herculaneum, which is close to ; also of driving to Sorrento, famous for the inlaid and veneered boxes made there. Harry expended all his spare cash in a very nice one, which he thought would hold Meda's needlework and sewing materials. Amalfi, where there is a palace of the

former royal family of Naples, was also visited ; and as Capri is easily reached from this side of the bay, Mr. West asked them to go with him on Christmas Day, which was a general holiday. Accordingly, they drove out as far as Cape Campanella, where they took a boat and were soon landed on Capri. They walked over the island and visited the baths of Tiberius.

"What a luxurious lot the old Roman emperors must have been !" said Frank.

"Many of them were," said Mr. West, "but particularly those who had risen from the ranks—successful soldiers who, once raised to the purple by a victory in war or in civil strife, had no occupation and led the life of voluptuaries and gluttons, and many of them died from the effects of their vices. This very Tiberius died from the effects of gluttony."

"What a death for a man who had once led the sternest soldiers that the world ever boasted to victory ! Have you ever been to Rome, Mr. West ?" asked Harry.

"No," answered he ; "I never was at Naples before ; all the time I was up the Straits before was spent in the Crimea or, at any rate, at the east end of the Mediterranean."

"I think, of all the things I saw at Pompeii, the amphitheatre excited my fancy most. I should like to have seen the gladiators fight," said Harry.

"It is only natural, after reading Bulwer Lytton's book," said Mr. West ; "we forget all about the morality of it, 'butchered to make a Roman holiday' though they were."

By this time they had reached the landing-place close to the blue grotto, and entering their boat, they were soon threading their way up it. The grotto extends several hundred yards under the island, and contains several large caverns. In some of these they lighted torches, and the colour was quite ghastly. The water is beautifully clear, and they were thinking of having a bath, but Mr. West said that at any moment other visitors might come in, perhaps with ladies among them, so they gave up the idea.

On emerging from the grotto they pulled some little distance straight out to watch the varying colour of the blue tints as they receded from the entrance, and then pulled for the mainland. Here they had a light meal at the *fonda*, where the carriage had been left, and then drove back to Castellamare. That evening they dined with Mr. West in the wardroom, and he found a letter from Seymour awaiting him, announcing that he was coming home with the intention of leaving the service, and that Engracia, Carita, and their parents were to come home in the spring of 1861. and that he was to be married to Engracia in June.

Next week Harry received his first letter from Meda in answer to one he had written a week before ; but as lovers' letters are generally only interesting to themselves, I will spare the reader the infliction of reading them.

In the first week in January the *Pompey* returned to Naples, where she found that the *Renown* and *Albion* line-of-battle ships had arrived, and that the *Pompey* was ordered to Malta. The day after their arrival Harry and Frank went on shore to bid adieu to Meda and her hosts. Harry took the Sorrento-wood box with him, and Meda was very much pleased with it. After a pleasant evening they strolled in the garden, and Meda and Harry soon found themselves alone, and Meda said to Harry, "Here is a little thing I want you to wear now and then for my sake," giving him a small heart made of lapis lazuli, with a tiny gold **A** in its centre on one side and an **H** on the other, the whole being mounted as a breast-pin.

"Oh, Meda, how kind of you to think of this !" and on this occasion he did not wait for permission, but took a kiss from her willing lips. "My favourite colour, too," continued Harry. "How did you come to think of this, Meda."

"Do you suppose I do not often think of my 'boy in blue' ?" said Meda, laughing ; "it is my favourite colour too ;

"For green is forsaken, and yellow's forsworn,
But blue is the truest colour that's worn".

After another turn or two, they were told that supper would be ready in a few minutes, and Meda said: "Harry, I want to speak to you seriously for a few minutes, and we may not have time after supper". Meda then began to speak of those higher things which are far too sacred to be lightly set down here, and when they went into supper, although the tears were glistening in their eyes, both their faces were serene and happy.

After supper they had some music, one of the Misses Fairfax singing very well, and Meda sang "Home, sweet Home," very nicely, though her voice as yet had not reached its full compass. About eleven P.M. Mr. Fairfax told them he thought it was time they were starting, as the *Pompey* was to sail in the morning. Bidding a hearty farewell to Mrs. Fairfax and the two girls, Harry and Frank walked down to the gate with Meda and Mr. Fairfax, and the two lovers took a tender farewell of each other, and Mr. Fairfax saying, "We shall always be glad to hear of you through Meda," they thanked him for all his kindness and started on their walk into Naples.

As it was a fine starlight night they enjoyed their walk, conversing as they went. After a pause, Frank, who had been looking up at the stars, said: "Why, there is Andromeda!"

"Where?" said Harry, looking round with a start.

"Up there," said Frank.

"What a turn you gave me, you villain!" said Harry.

"Well, if you were a proper sort of lover," said Frank, "you would have remembered long ago that Meda has a namesake up there, especially as you had seen the star you gave her glittering in her hair all the time you were spooning in the garden."

"Spoonng!" said Harry, indignantly. "If you had heard how beautifully she spoke of death and beyond it, you would not call it spooning. I was just thinking of what she had said when you had said, 'There's Andromeda,' and for a moment I thought you had seen her ghost."

"I hope she will not be a ghost for many a long year," said Frank. "Did you tell her about Seymour?"

"Yes," said Harry; "and I told her I was sure Seymour would be delighted if she would be a bridesmaid at his wedding, and she said that she would be very glad if it could be managed."

"Well," said Frank, "Mr. Calhoun is a rich man, and so is Mr. Fairfax, and the expense of a trip to England would be nothing to them."

Soon after they arrived at Sta. Lucia and went on board.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON January 9, 1861, the *Pompey* weighed under sail and stood out of the Bay of Naples with a westerly wind, which fell light, however, in the afternoon. In the first watch they could see the glow from Stromboli, and in the middle watch were abreast of it. At daylight on the 10th they sighted the high land above Messina, and before noon the breeze freshened, and after dinner they passed Scylla and Charybdis once more, and anchored off Messina. Many of the officers went on shore, among them Mr. West, Harry, and Frank.

The English were very popular all over Italy at this time, both from the moral support they had given the Liberator's cause, and the number of refugees they had received and protected from the tyranny of the Bourbons. A military band was playing, and, when a good number of the *Pompey's* officers had assembled, it struck up "God save the Queen," and all the men took their hats off.

After a stroll round the town they were going on board, when an officer in a red shirt and his arm in a sling stopped them, and invited them to come into a private house which they were passing. He turned out to be half an Englishman, his sisters, to whom he introduced them, speaking English as well as himself. He had been badly wounded at Milazzo,

about twenty miles from Messina, where Garibaldi gained one of his victories, and, being desirous of seeing an English doctor, he asked Mr. West if he would be allowed to go on board the *Pompey*. Mr. West immediately invited him to come on board with them, and introduced him to the senior surgeon, who, on looking at his arm, said that he could save it if he could keep the patient with him. As the only way this could be done was by the Garibaldian coming on board the *Pompey*, Mr. West volunteered to ask Captain Bradley's permission, and, having spoken to the commander, he went in to the captain's cabin. The latter was in a very good humour, and at once gave his permission. The Garibaldian, whose name was Captain Schiavone, went on shore, promising to be on board early.

Next morning, as it was almost calm, steam was got up, and, Captain Schiavone coming on board about half-past seven, the *Pompey* weighed at eight; and, in return for their civility of the evening before, Captain Bradley took the *Pompey* as close as possible to the town, and, hoisting the station flag at the main, the band played the Garibaldian hymn and the Italian national anthem, the English flag at the peak being dipped. All the people who were not already looking at the *Pompey* ran out of their houses and cried, "*Viva, viva, gli Inglesi!*" throwing their caps into the air, and dancing about like lunatics. The *Pompey's* rigging was manned and three cheers given, after which the *Pompey* steamed on her course.

This day they got an excellent view of Etna, the northern slopes of which begin to rise from the surrounding country, about thirty miles south of Messina. At such a distance as the *Pompey* passed—i.e., about twenty miles from the centre of the mountain—it appears to have a very gradual rise, slightly increasing as it nears the peak, which, as Mount Etna is rather over 7000 feet high, is capped with snow for some distance down. The southern slope is also gradual, and, as Mount Etna stands up alone above the country around, it looks mag-

nificent. With the aid of a good glass deep ravines between the spurs of the mountain could be distinguished, as also plateaux of lava from former eruptions.

In 1861 Etna had been inactive for a long period, which is remarkable when it is considered that Stromboli, at a short distance, is nearly always active, and that Vesuvius the year before had been very active indeed. As Etna certainly belongs to the same chain of volcanoes, one would think that it would have also shown signs of activity, but when the *Pompey* passed no smoke even was visible.

In the evening they sighted Syracuse, and a breeze from the east springing up, sail was made and the fires banked. The boilers, which could be used for that purpose, were set to condense fresh water from the salt, and the *Pompey* continued her voyage under sail. About midnight Cape Passaro light was sighted, and in the morning they were out of sight of land. At ten A.M. Malta was sighted, and the *Pompey* ran in under sail until close to, when the wind failed them, and she went in and took up her moorings under steam. Here they found the *London*, *Donegal*, and *Cressy*, the admiral superintendent's flag flying in the *Hibernia*, an old sailing three-decker, which lies in Dockyard Creek.*

As the *Pompey* had now been fourteen months in commission, her rigging required overhauling ; so the topgallant masts were sent on deck, the lower yards and topmasts struck, the upper rigging sent on shore to be overhauled, the lower masts stayed, and the lower rigging set up and sparred down ready for rattling, and everything received a thorough refit. Captain Bradley gave an order that no midshipmen were to go on shore who could not satisfy the commander as to their knowledge of staying masts and setting up rigging.

This did not affect Harry or Frank, who were now among

* Captain Schiavone, through the influence of the surgeon of the *Pompey*, was admitted to the naval hospital, and in three months was discharged with his arm cured.

the seniors, and who had learnt more in the *Andromeda* than Captain Bradley was capable of teaching them. Harry was now promoted to the charge of the first launch and Frank to the second, as the *Pompey* now had only two mates, one of whom had charge of the upper deck, the other of the main deck ; the lower deck being in charge of a second master, the orlop deck in charge of the senior master's assistant. Harry soon wrote to Meda, describing their voyage down and what they were doing, Frank and himself joining in kind remembrances to the Fairfax family.

As no drills could go on whilst the *Pompey* was refitting, Harry and Frank could get a good deal of leave, and used to go and see Talbot at Fort St. Elmo, which is situated on the point of the tongue of land on which Valetta is built, and which commands the entrances to both harbours. Talbot had very comfortable quarters, to which Harry and Frank were always welcome. He also showed them many interesting nooks and corners of Malta. Of course, as an artillery officer, he had access to every part of all the forts, and could point out to Frank and Harry how and where the different Turkish assaults had been made, telling them the names of the grand masters and other knights—

" Whose bones are dust,
Whose swords are rust,
Whose souls are with
The saints, we trust".

Talbot kept two horses, which the lads were welcome to whenever he did not require them, which, being adjutant of the artillery at Malta, was pretty often. However, as there is no hunting or paper-chasing at Malta, they did not care so much for riding.

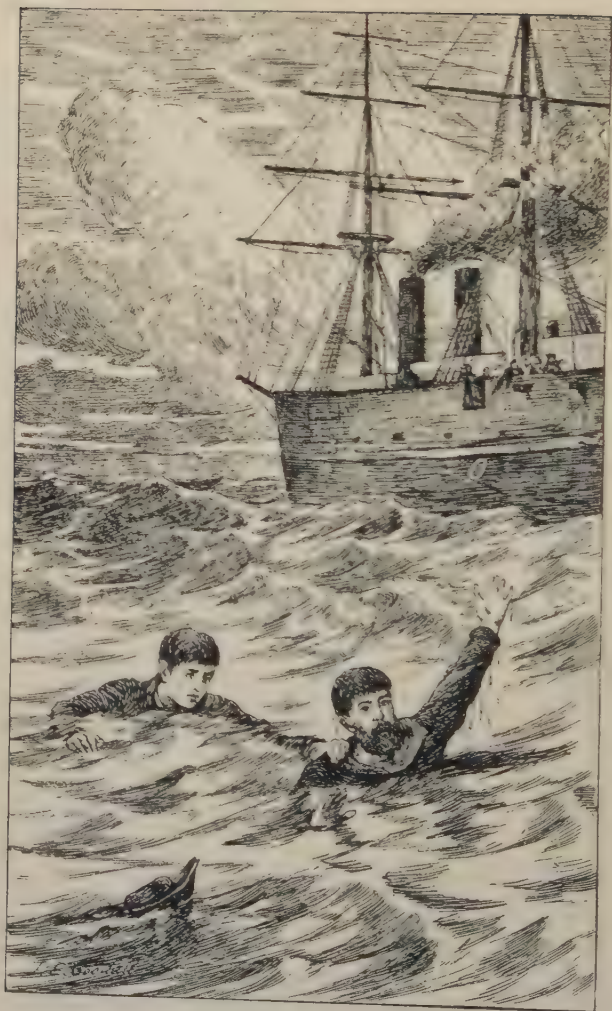
In about three weeks the *Pompey* was all atanto once more ; and on the 10th February the sails were bent, and she received orders to prepare for sea, orders having arrived from the commander-in-chief that she was to be ready on his arrival,

which was daily expected. The *Pompey* accordingly filled up with provisions, powder, shell, &c., and, the *Marllorough* arriving on the 16th, Captain Bradley reported her ready for sea.

They learned that their destination was Beyrout, and that, on arrival there, they were to be honoured by bearing the flag of the captain of the fleet, who had been left there with a squadron of four line-of-battle ships, a corvette, and a despatch gunboat. The *Pompey* was inspected by the commander-in-chief, and sailed on the 19th February for Beyrout. Harry received a letter from Meda a day or two before they sailed, but which contained nothing in it interesting to anyone except themselves.

The *Pompey* had variable winds on her voyage, and went to night quarters one night. Nothing worthy of note occurred until the morning of the 26th, when Harry, who had the forenoon watch, was having his breakfast with the four younger middies of his watch at 7.30 A.M., ready to go on deck at eight.

As the *Pompey* was going into harbour that forenoon, the captain's galley had been cleaned out, and one man, who was in it putting it to rights, tried to hold the weight of the boat with the life-line whilst he altered the slings. The weight of the boat was too much for him, however, and, getting his fingers jammed, he let go the life-line, and the after end of the galley fell down by the run, throwing the man into the water. Harry saw something pass the stern port like a flash, ran to it, and seeing the man in the water, jumped after him, without waiting to throw even his jacket off, and came up after his plunge close to the man, who could not swim, and who immediately seized hold of him and took him down some distance. Harry looked up, and saw it was necessary to make a violent effort to get clear of the man ; so, putting his two thumbs into the man's throat, he put his feet against his chest, and the moment the man let go of Harry to try and release his throat,



HARRY SAVING THE SAILOR.

the latter let go his hold of the man's throat and shot away from him, reaching the surface of the water in a stroke or two. The man came up after a few seconds, and, warned by his first attempt, Harry caught hold of his hair, and, throwing himself backwards, towed the man to where the bottom boards, &c., of the boat were floating, as well as the patent life-buoy and the ordinary circular one. Giving the man hold of the bottom boards, Harry towed the round life-buoy to him as well, and saw him safely inside it; then, supporting himself by the bottom boards and treading water a little, he waited till the boat came. The man was none the worse, except that he had swallowed a considerable amount of salt water, and the life-boat with Frank in it coming immediately afterwards, they were both on board again in ten minutes' time from the moment of the man's immersion. The cutter was sent back for the galley's gear, which was floating about, hoisted up on her return, and the mainyard filled.

The ship was going about five knots and the water was smooth, so there was no danger for a good swimmer like Harry if the man had not got hold of him. Harry went to shift his clothes, and his messmates gave him a cheer that brought a messenger from the commander down to know what so much noise was about. At 9.30, after morning quarters, Captain Bradley, who had witnessed the whole affair from his stern galley, called Harry up, and, after complimenting him on his gallantry, told him that he should apply for the Humane Society's medal for him.

The *Pompey* arrived at Beyrout about two P.M. and found the *Mars* bearing the flag of the captain of the fleet. As he was a rear-admiral of the white, the ships under his command flew the white ensign, and the next day the admiral struck his flag on board the *Mars* and hoisted it on board the *Pompey*.

The evening before, Harry and Frank were walking the quarter-deck before turning in, and Frank said, "Well, my

dear old chum, you have got something to write to Meda about now”.

“I am sure I will not say a word about it,” replied Harry.

“Then you are a double-barrelled old ass, and I will do it for you,” said Frank.

“There is no occasion to say anything about it,” said Harry ; “if you had been in the gunroom instead of me you would have done the same.”

“I hope I should,” said Frank ; “but if I had, I should have written straight away to my lady-love and told her all about it. It is false modesty on your part ; it is worse—it is disloyal to Meda, who has a right now to know all your thoughts as well as your actions.”

“You may talk for a month, old chap,” replied Harry, “but I will not do it, so that’s flat.”

“Then I will,” said Frank, “and that’s flatter.”

“Do as you like, then,” said Harry. “Come along and turn in.”

Next morning, as before mentioned, the *Pompey* became flagship, and all the middies strutted about at least an inch taller. The admiral’s effects were brought on board, and he joined in the afternoon. All the officers, in their best war-paint, received him on the quarter-deck, the marine guard presented arms, and the bugle sounded the call. The officers were then introduced to him, and he graciously dismissed them. The *Mars* sailed for Malta that evening, and now began “the pomp and circumstance” of a flagship’s routine.

Though this admiral was neither a marinet nor a “swell of the ocean,” there must be a stricter attention paid to dress and etiquette on board flagships than on board others, and it is only right, for foreign officers are more constantly coming on board them, as well as officials of all sorts and conditions, all of whom have to be received with the respect and honours due to their rank. Though this is irksome to some who wish to slur through the service, others are stimulated in their duty by

the fact that, if they have the opportunity of distinguishing themselves in any way, it is sure to be brought to the admiral's notice, whereas in an ordinary ship a captain may or may not recommend them, according to his likes or dislikes.

Talking over these things in the gunroom that evening, a young Irish midddy, who had lately joined from the *Marlborough*, and whose only fault was that, being a quickly growing lad, his clothes were always too small, besides which he had a peculiar genius for tearing them and not getting them mended, said :

"Sure, you chaps are all as proud as dogs with tin tails now you have got an admiral on board, but, bedad, ye'll soon be tired of him".

"Why, Paddy?" asked two or three in chorus.

"Sure, 'tis 'On deck the guard' all day. Ye'll have to keep your watches in your store clothes, and your lives will be burdens to ye."

"Why did you leave the *Marlborough*, Paddy?"

"Sure, the commander-in-chief said that I wasn't dacent enough for him, as if I could stop growing to plaze him."

"Ill weeds grow apace," said Harry.

"True for you," returned Paddy, "for you're nearer six feet than I am."

All burst out laughing at this sally, and Frank said :

"But why did they send you on board here, when the admiral knew that you would still be in a flagship?"

"Sure, 'twas to let me down aisy, and not hurt my feelings," said Paddy. "'Tis promotion downwards from a vice-admiral to a rear, and I expect I'll end in a gunboat commanded by a poor divil of a lieutenant yet."

"Well, you have got a good suit on now," said Harry.

"Yes, but 'tis my only one, the next best is a suit of rags with holes in them."

"And the next?" asked Harry.

"Sure, 'tis a nate assortment of holes with rags round them," answered Paddy Rafferty.

Harry and Frank both took a great liking to Rafferty, who was very sharp and clever, and afterwards, when he had done growing and could keep himself "dacent," became a very good officer. The admiral had served with Malcolm's uncle and also knew Captain Maynard, so he kept his eye on them. Though not given to favouritism, Captain Bradley told him of Harry's having jumped overboard a day or two before, and he backed the application to the Humane Society for the medal.

The launches now made trips to the Dog river for fresh water; canvas tanks were fitted under the thwarts, the fire-engines being sent in the pinnace. The launches were anchored just outside the surf, which is only heavy with a westerly wind; the fire-engines were landed in the dingy, which could get close in; they were then carried a few yards up the bank of the river, the suction-hose put into the fresh river water, and the water pumped into the launches by long canvas hose, which floated on the surface of the salt water, owing to the greater density of the latter.

As Harry and Frank were very fond of being in the water, they liked this duty very much, spending the greater part of the time in swimming through the surf and diving in the clear water outside. On one occasion Frank had swum a long way out and was resting on his back, when he caught sight of a big fin coming straight towards him. He immediately splashed as much as possible to disturb the water, which has been known to deter a shark from attacking a man, and he saw no more of the fin. Presently he saw plenty, but as they were broadside on he saw they were only porpoises, and swam leisurely back.

Harry was looking after the men at the pumps, and did not know of the momentary fright which Frank had experienced till afterwards.

"I thought for a moment I was 'a gone coon,' as Meda would say," said Frank.

"If you put such words into Meda's pretty little mouth, there'll be a fight," said Harry, smiling. "But you know that

really we ought to be more careful, for there are sharks here, and big ones, for I have seen them at the landing-place where we used to get the fresh meat from when I had the cutter."

"Well," said Frank, "we never hear of anyone being taken down by them in the Mediterranean."

"Oh, yes," said Harry; "Talbot told me that an artilleryman was taken down at Corfu, bathing by himself, but that sharks, though often seen quite close to the men, would never touch them if they bathed in any numbers. So don't go out so far alone again; I will come with you when you want to go far out."

"I had better stay closer in," said Frank, smiling. "What would Meda say if she became a widow before she was a wife?"

"What would she say if I saw mine own familiar friend whom I love taken down before my eyes without making an effort to save him?" asked Harry.

"Do you know, Harry, that your falling in love with Meda has made us fonder of each other?" said Frank.

"I hope it has," said Harry. "I am sure now that all great affection is ennobling, and the love of a pure girl is most ennobling of all."

"Well, old chap, I can only hope that you will win her, for I am sure you will deserve her," said Frank, and their attention being now called to the launch, which was full, the conversation ended.

The launches each brought off about twelve tons of water in their canvas tanks, the pinnace towing ahead of the two launches and the dingy astern. The distance was about five miles back to the ship, but that part of the Mediterranean is not subject to white squalls, and, if a heavy sea had suddenly arisen owing to a shift of wind, the water could have been pumped out with the fire-engines, besides which assistance would have been sent from the ship. These watering trips took place about once a-week, and were a pleasant break in the "brass-mounted" duty on board.

The four line-of-battle ships and the gunboat went for a week's cruise to perform squadron evolutions, and the *Pompey* by this time was very smart in sail drill. &c., her commander being a very smart sailor and much liked by the men. Captain Bradley was so entirely dependent on him that he was afraid to interfere with him, so that after all the officers did not feel the change so much, though they never felt safe with him.

On their return to Beyrout, on March 20, the admiral received orders to send two of the line-of-battle ships away, one to Suda Bay and the other to Athens, retaining one liner, the corvette, and the gunboat, besides the *Pompey*. The gunboat used to run down every fortnight to Alexandria for the mails, and this mail brought Harry a letter from Meda, enclosing a short one to Frank, thanking the latter for informing her of the act which Harry was too modest to mention himself.

Meda, in the course of her letter to Harry, after extolling his modesty, said : " But I agree with Mr. Maynard that you had no right to withhold such an action from me. I was watching your face when you were telling me how chivalrous and noble Mr. Seymour was, and I thought to myself, ' Surely Harry also must have a beautiful nature to be able to appreciate Mr. Seymour's so well ' ; and now, my dearest Harry, I am so proud of you. I will not believe anyone to be your superior." The letter then concluded in such terms as to make Harry feel that he need never fear a rival in Meda's affections.

Harry wrote such a reply as we can all imagine, and was fonder of Frank than ever. A few days afterwards, Harry, who had to keep his watch when his launch was not wanted, was writing up the log in the morning watch before going below to dress, when he saw by the date in the log-book that it was the 1st of April. Meditating how he could make an April fool of somebody as he went down the ladder on to the orlop deck, he saw the senior signal midshipman, who ought to have been on deck at daybreak, snoring in his hammock. An idea flashed through his brain, and, shaking the signal midshipman well, he

said: "Why, Jerry, what are you doing, snoring in your hammock? Here are the *Marlborough* and the whole Mediterranean fleet coming in."

"What? what?" said Jerry.

"Don't I tell you the whole fleet are coming in—the *Marlborough*, *Centurion*, *London*, *Albion*, *Renown*, *Cressy*, *Jean d'Acre*, and half-a-dozen more. Look sharp, or the admiral will be on deck before you."

Jerry hurried up the hatchway, while Harry, chuckling, went to his chest to dress and tell Frank of the April fool he had made of Jerry. The latter reappeared in a few minutes with a scared face as long as the maintop-bowline.

"Well, Jerry, one would think you had seen the ghost of the fleet. What's the matter?"

"Why did you tell me such a yarn?" said Jerry. "I went straight into the admiral's cabin and told him without going on deck."

"Oh, lord," said Harry, "we are in for it now—you for being an April fool, and I for making you one."

Their messmates crowded round them, making sympathetic allusions to their probable fate, and—

"Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only middies can".

This day being Monday, which was sail drill day, at nine A.M. the squadron began their evolutions. They first shifted topsail and courses, and, as the *Pompey's* mainmast was much longer than the foremast shifting the sails, the captain ordered the mainsail and maintopsail to be shifted again, whilst all belonging to the foremast looked on. Harry of course, being in the foretop, could not resist the temptation of making those signs of derision known to our boyhood as "cocking snooks" at the midshipmen of the maintop as the old maintopsail went down. At this moment Captain Bradley caught sight of him, and told the commander to call him down. Harry descended

the fore rigging and made his way aft to the poop, where the captain was fuming like a steam engine.

"So, Mr. Malcolm," he said, "what the devil do you mean by making an April fool of the admiral?"

"Please, sir," said Harry.

"Silence! A midshipman who would make a fool of a grey-haired admiral would do anything. And now, sir, you are showing a bad example to the men by making signs at the midshipmen in the maintop. Captain Baxter, stop Mr. Malcolm's leave till further orders."

"Very good, sir," said the commander.

"Now, go aloft again, and be thankful I have not disgraced you."

Harry touched his cap in silence, and made his way up to the foretop, considerably crestfallen.

That evening, Harry, Frank, and Jerry, whose leave was also stopped, were talking in the gunroom. Frank trying to console them by telling Harry to remember how much worse it would have been if it had happened at Naples, "when you particularly wanted to go on shore. Here it does not matter much; you can always bathe from the ship, and, once-a-week, we go away to get water in the launches."

"Jerry," said Harry, "what did the admiral say to you?"

"He only told me that I ought to have gone on deck to see for myself, especially after neglecting my duty by not being on deck at daylight."

"Then it was not the admiral who stopped your leave," said Frank.

"No; it was that brute of a skipper. The admiral is worth a dozen of him."

"Yes," said Harry; "because the admiral is a gentleman, and no one ever accused the skipper of that crime."

"You are very sore about it just now, Harry. The skipper will get over it in time. I would not mind betting you will be on shore before a month is over."

"You would lose, old fellow," said Harry. "But never mind; the 'least said is soonest mended,' as Jacob Faithful used to say."

"That's right, Harry," said Frank; "cheer up. It will be a good yarn for us to laugh over with Meda some day."

The week passed without incident until the Saturday morning, when there was a cricket match, and the admiral, standing on the poop, saw those who were going to play getting their things in the boat ready to land, whilst Harry, with his trousers tucked up and barefeet, was superintending the holy-stoning of the quarter-deck, looking as "disconsolate as the Peri at the gate of Eden".

"Malcolm!" sung out the admiral.

"Sir?" said Harry, running up the poop ladder and touching his cap.

"How is it you are not going to play cricket to-day?" said the admiral, who knew that Harry was one of the best players.

"Please, sir, my leave is stopped," said Harry.

"What for?" asked the admiral.

"Making an April fool of you, sir," said Harry.

"Tell Captain Bradley I wish to speak to him, Malcolm," said the admiral, walking aft.

The captain came up, and the admiral said: "Captain Bradley, I understand that you have stopped Mr. Malcolm's leave for making an April fool of me. Now, as I found out from the signal midshipman that it was entirely his fault for not being on deck at daylight, and rushing into my cabin without going on deck at all, I do not see what reason you have for stopping Mr. Malcolm's leave. It was the signal midshipman whom he intended to make an April fool of, and not me."

"Well, sir," said Captain Bradley, "Mr. Malcolm was misbehaving himself in the foretop, and perhaps I was rather hasty; in fact, I intended to restore his leave soon, at any rate."

"Is the signal midshipman's leave stopped, too?"

"Yes, sir," said Captain Bradley.

"Well, Bradley," said the admiral, "we should remember that we were both midshipmen once ourselves. I shall be much obliged if you will forgive them both, and allow Malcolm to go on shore to play cricket to-day. Remember how lately he distinguished himself by jumping overboard."

"Certainly, sir; with much pleasure," said the captain, touching his cap and walking forward. "Mr. Malcolm."

"Sir?" said Harry, running up the ladder again.

"The admiral wishes me to restore your leave in consideration of your gallant conduct the other day, and I am very glad to do so."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry.

"Tell the commander I wish him to allow you to go on shore to-day to play cricket."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Harry; and having told the commander, who said, "I am very glad of it, Malcolm," Harry rushed down to the gunroom, dashed in, jumped over the table into the midst of a lot who were examining bats, wickets, &c., singing out, "Hurrah! you fellows, I am going to play; my leave's good again; keep the boat half-a-minute for me," he dashed out again and ran down to his chest, where he got into his flannels with the alacrity which distinguishes middies on such occasions.

Frank was delighted; and they went on shore and won their cricket match.

"I do not write for that dull elf
Who cannot image to himself" *

that Harry made top score and bowled half-a-dozen wickets.

In the afternoon the admiral was watching the match, and said to the captain, when it was over: "Well, Bradley, I consider that I won that cricket match, though I did not play in it".

* Scott.

"Certainly," said Captain Bradley; "Malcolm did wonders and put life into his side."

"Well, Bradley," said the admiral, "I am sure you will not regret giving the boys their leave back."

"I do not think I will, sir," said the captain; and, as a faithful chronicler, I must say that Captain Bradley never showed Harry any ill-feeling, as some men might have done at being ordered to give a middy his leave back; but the admiral had put it to the captain so as to make it a favour to himself, and giving him an excuse in rewarding Harry's gallantry by giving him his leave back.

"Well, Jerry," said Harry, that night, "we are well out of that scrape; but don't you lie in bed again on the 1st of April, or I will cut you down."

"It was no business of yours whether I was in bed or not," answered Jerry. "But what a jolly old chap the admiral is!"

"Isn't he?" said Frank; "but I believe when he was a commander he used to be very rude to midshipmen sometimes."

"Well, I vote we have some supper," said Harry, "and we will drink his health in a foaming tankard of our best draught ale, price twopence."

"This is Saturday night," said Frank, "so we must not forget sweethearts and wives," giving Harry a dig in the ribs.

Both toasts were duly honoured, and they soon afterwards turned in.

On the 20th the *Marlborough* really arrived, though not accompanied by quite so many ships as Harry had reeled off on the morning of the 1st. A squadron of five liners, a frigate, and a despatch gun vessel, however, did arrive with her. The captain of the fleet, whose flag the *Pompey* had borne, now returned to his duties on board the *Marlborough*, and the ships which flew the white ensign hauled them down and hoisted the red one, the commander-in-chief being a vice-admiral of the red. Most of the ships were now dispersed, the admiral

retaining two liners, the frigate, and the despatch vessel : and the rest were sent to change stations with other ships in various places. The *Pompey* was ordered to Corfu again, which they were all glad of.

Before they left Harry had a letter from his uncle, in which he told him that Seymour was at home and on half-pay, making preparations for his approaching marriage, congratulating Harry on having saved a man's life, and telling him that all his relations were proud of him. Harry also got a letter from Meda, in which she told him that Mr. Fairfax was ill, and that she saw no prospect of being able to go to England for Seymour's wedding. Harry was disappointed about it, as he had hoped that Meda would have made his uncle and aunt's acquaintance this year.

On the 1st May the *Pompey* weighed under sail, and shaped a course W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. to sight the southern point of Candia. She experienced light breezes from various quarters, and took nine days to cover the distance from Beyrout to Cape Matala, which is little over 700 miles. Not being in a hurry, the captain did not get up steam ; indeed, about this time very stringent orders were issued by the Admiralty about the consumption of coal.

After passing Candia her course became N.W., and on the evening of the 11th she was becalmed in sight of Cape Matapan. A very heavy bank of clouds formed to the north when the sun went down, and an hour afterwards was close on their lee beam. Nearly all hands were on deck watching the clouds, and wondering that the captain would not shorten sail. This he was asked to do by the officer of the watch, the commander, and the master, but refused.

About a quarter past seven the squall came down on them like lightning. Fortunately the mate of the lower deck was watching it, and, singing out, " Look at the heavens, lower the ports !" got the lower deck ports shut just in time. Hands, shorten sail," was piped ; but, before anything was started,

the squall struck aback them full on the beam, and the *Pompey* heeled over until her fore and main chains were in the water, and then thirteen sails split to ribbons and went flying away to leeward. Harry, who was halfway up the fore rigging when the squall struck her, was pressed against the shrouds by the foresail and a good deal bruised. When the foresail split fortunately he did not get entangled in it. The ship righted, the wind ceased in ten minutes, and the rain came down in torrents. The captain ordered the fore and main trysails to be set and the fore topmast-staysail, and then told the commander to splice the mainbrace. As it continued raining in torrents, but perfectly calm, the skipper resolved to leave everything as it was till the morning.

"Well," said Harry, "that is the only sensible thing he has done to-night."

"Yes," said Hammond, one of the mates; "if ever a ship was nearly lost through obstinacy we are that ship, and old Rogers, who got the lower deck ports shut just in time, is the man who saved the *Pompey*; for if they had been open we should never have righted again from that heel. Why, tons of water came through the half-ports of the main deck, so we can imagine what it would have been if the lower deck ports had been open."

"Here is old Rogers," said Frank, as the second master came into the gunroom

"Rogers, old chap," said Hammond, "we may all thank you, under Providence, that we did not all go to Davy Jones' locker about an hour ago."

"I believe we have had rather a shave," said Rogers, who had served on the coast of Africa in ten-gun brigs, and could tell of some narrow escapes from the same cause. One brig, the *Sappho*, in which he had served went down with all hands a few months after he left her.

Frank and Harry, whose hammocks were alongside each other, conversed for a long time after turning in, and we may

well believe that even the most thoughtless youngster did not close his eyes that night without returning thanks where they are due for having been mercifully saved from a watery grave. Next morning it was Harry's morning watch, and Paddy Rafferty, who was in his watch as soon as it began to be light, said, "Well, we do look like an iligant man of war. If the skipper had to pay for that suit of sails, maybe he'd take advice next time."

"Yes," said Harry, "they do look rather like your worst suit of uniform, Paddy."

"Sure, 'tis the phantom ship we look like," replied Paddy.

The watch were employed as soon as it was broad daylight in sending down the remnants of the sails; then the topgallant and royal yards were sent on deck. The hammocks were then stowed, and the ship's company went to breakfast. As it was still calm, the captain ordered the steam to be got up, and, at nine A.M. the topsails and courses were bent, and also the upper sails; but the yards were not sent aloft, as the *Pompey* was going to steam. The new spanker and jib were bent and set by the watch, and the *Pompey* proceeded under steam and fore and aft sails. The remnants of the sails were triced up to dry before being stowed away, being lowered down in the afternoon, and stowed in the sailroom.

That evening Rogers, after relating some of his ten-gun brig experiences, said, "If the skipper doesn't have to pay for that suit of sails, he ought to make me a handsome present".

"I wonder that none of the masts went," said Jerry, the April fool.

"It was the sails going that saved them," said Hammond. "Rogers, if you had the value of them you might go on shore and buy a farm."

"Yes," said Rogers, "our suit of sails are between ninety and one hundred thousand square yards of canvas, at sixpence a yard, and No. 1 costs more; that would be over £2000—a very pretty little nest-egg."

"Well," said Hammond, "luckily the Government are good owners, and can afford it."

Ever after this occurrence Captain Bradley went to the other extreme, until he obtained the name of Dicky Fearful from the men. Nothing further occurred till they arrived at Corfu, and anchored near their former anchorage on the 13th May.

CHAPTER XXV.

HERE they found one frigate only, the *Emerald*, and, as Captain Bradley was senior officer, he could do as he pleased. The *Emerald* had a good eleven for a ship of her class, and, as the Pompeys had played here before, cricket was the rage. Of course the garrison eleven could easily beat anything brought against them; but various matches were arranged so as to make the sides more or less equal. The weather at this time of year is almost perfect at Corfu. A large tent was always kept pitched, where the cricketers could keep their flannels, &c., and if there was a match, other tents were lent by the garrison, and a large marquee for giving a lunch.

As many officers of the garrison were married, there were plenty of ladies, and, each regiment having given a ball, the Pompeys thought it was their turn. Captain Bradley was just the man for this sort of thing. Being a bachelor and well off, he entertained a good deal, and being a regular Captain Plausible, he was very popular with the ladies. The day before the ball was given, the quarter-deck guns were all run right forward on the forecastle. The quarter-deck awning was raised about ten feet, and sloped down to the ridge ropes like the roof of a house. Two wheels belonging to the fieldpiece carriage were fixed as chandeliers, with fighting lanterns all round their circumference. These were prepared and hung

at equal distances from the main and mizzen masts and each other. Large signal lanterns were hung at each corner and the middle of the sides of the space appropriated to the dancers. A stage was built up round the mainmast for the orchestra. Trophies of arms of various designs were prepared, and next day, in the afternoon, the ballroom was rigged. Flags of all nations were festooned under the awning, and hung from the ridge ropes, the English and Greek flags in the centre; lounges were placed on the hatchways, where, of course, it was impossible to dance, and everything that could not be removed was tastefully ornamented in some way or other. On the main deck tables were laid both sides from the wardroom doors, as far forward as the mainmast. All the cooks were employed for about three days in preparing viands for the supper.

The captain, thinking that a ball on such a scale would fall heavily on some of the officers, who could not afford their share, but still would naturally not be willing to join in the ball without subscribing, offered to pay all the married officers' shares, half the rest of the expenses, and provide the champagne. As this latter is the most expensive item, *if it is good*, the rest of the expenses were not beyond anyone's means. All the boats of the *Pompey* and *Emerald* were in waiting at the landing-place at 7.30 P.M.

This landing-place bears the euphonious title of "The Ditch," but it is a very clean ditch, being about twelve yards broad; and from one side rises the bastion of a fort; on the other is a stone embankment, with convenient landing-steps at intervals. A detachment of marines were stationed along the ditch with police lanterns

At each landing-stage was a large signal lantern. Every other stage had a green bow light facing towards the anchorage. The intermediate ones had a red bow light facing the opposite way; so that when the carriages came down they should pull up opposite the red lights, the boats returning from the ships

for another load going straight to the green lights, which were only to be seen from the sea, unless, of course, a carriage drove past them. Thus all confusion was avoided, and no accidents occurred even in such a narrow place as the ditch. Mr. West volunteered to superintend the embarkation of the guests, and carried out his own ideas. Harry and Frank, of course, were in their launches, which were fitted up for the occasion, each carrying a small light forward, and having a fighting lantern fixed about two feet above the after thwart, throwing its light into the stern sheets, where the guests sat.

As soon as the guests arrived on board they were received by the captain or some of the other officers, who were to act as stewards, and shown aft into the captain's cabin—the after cabin being prepared as the retiring-room for the ladies. Here two ladies' maids, servants of two of the colonels' wives, attended on them, provided with those necessities which ladies require "to make them beautiful and leave them neat". As they left the after cabin they were shown on to the poop, which was brilliantly lighted and seats ranged all round it. The band began to play opera music at eight P.M., and, the boats now coming and returning in quick succession, a large number were on board by 8.45.

At this hour the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands arrived, and at nine P.M. the ball commenced. The "High," as he was generally called for brevity's sake, opened the ball with the wife of the senior colonel, Captain Bradley with the wife of the next in rank, the High being an old bachelor. All the officials found partners according to their rank and position, while the juniors, more fortunate, chose their own partners. The fun soon became fast and furious, and by eleven P.M. there were about 600 guests on board from the shore, many civilians being invited, as well as all the *élite* of Greek society.

Frank and Harry remained on board after eleven, the pinnace still continuing to bring off a few late comers.

Captain Blackburn and Cross had promised to get their names put down on some ladies' cards, as they could not be there to ask for the dances themselves, so they found plenty of partners. Paddy Rafferty, who had one of the cutters, with native impudence, had asked several ladies for a dance on the way off ; and being one of those Irish boys who have kissed the blarney stone, and can talk the birds off the trees, he found himself down in the cards of two or three for the same dance. It is needless to remark that he had borrowed a good suit of uniform to come to the ball in, as his own best suit was fast approaching the before-mentioned state of his second best.

Dancing was kept up with great spirit till 12.30 A.M., when everyone went to supper. There were seats altogether for about 400, and the juniors, of course, waited till their betters had finished, so that all the ladies, at any rate, were served at once. As they finished they went on deck or on to the poop ; and the drum and fife band struck up at one A.M., in order to give the other band a rest. The middies came to supper last, but they certainly did not eat the least, and probably enjoyed the scramble more than the more formal supper. At two A.M. the band relieved the drums and fifes, and about four A.M. the High took his departure. Harry and Frank took many of the guests on shore, and received several invitations, which they afterwards took advantage of. By six o'clock it was broad daylight, and all the guests had left the ship. In the forenoon the ballroom was unrigged, and by evening quarters everything was in its place again.

That evening, of course, they talked over the ball, and everyone praised the skipper for his liberality.

"What beautiful faces some of the Greek girls have!" said Frank.

"Yes, but they never look so tidy as the girls of merry, merry England," said Hammond.

"Sure, the girls of ould Ireland bate the lot," said Paddy.

"How did you manage to get so many girls to dance with last night?" asked Harry.

"Sure, they took pity on me on the way off, and, just to make certain, I asked a few in each boat-load," said Paddy.

"Well, but you were engaged to half-a-dozen for each dance. How did you manage that?" asked Frank.

"Bekase every girl I see I like better than the last," said Paddy.

"Well, there is safety in numbers; but you will never get married."

"Sure I'm in no hurry to lose my liberty, unless Her Majesty would take it into her royal head to increase midshipmen's pay and emoluments," said Paddy.

Everyone who had no watch to keep went to bed early to make up for the night before; and on the Saturday following there was a cricket match, when the Pompeys were glad to hear that their guests considered the ball they had given to have been one of the most successful ever given on board a ship at Corfu.

The week after this the Empress of Austria arrived in Her Majesty's yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and, as the *Pompey* was senior officer's ship, Her Imperial Majesty came on board. The yards were manned, and, as the men remained aloft while she was on board, Harry only had a bird's-eye view of her from the foretop. Frank, however, was one of the midshipmen deputed to hold the side ropes as she came on board. When she left all the ships fired a royal salute, and the *Victoria and Albert* steamed away for Trieste.

Harry had a long letter from Seymour telling him that he was to be married to Engracia on the 15th June, and regretting that Frank and he were not there to be groomsmen. Carita and three of Seymour's sisters were to be bridesmaids, and an old shipmate in the Crimea was to be best man. Harry and Frank immediately sent off their two best specimens of filagree work as wedding presents for Engracia. Captain and Mrs.

Malcolm were also to be present, and Captain Maynard had offered to give the wedding breakfast. Mr. West, Harry, and Frank each wrote to Seymour congratulating him on his marriage, and hoping to meet him again when they came home.

Harry heard occasionally from Meda. Mr. Fairfax was a little better, but not strong enough to take her home to Seymour's marriage. There had been a very violent eruption of Vesuvius. Naples, for a week, was black with the ashes and the lava pouring out from the side where Harry and Frank had put the coppers in, and it was now threatening the village of Resina.

Harry and Frank saw a good deal of Captain Blackburn and Cross, and used to go shooting with them. Albania, however, was in a more disturbed state than ever, fights having taken place with the Turkish soldiers, and the officers of the garrison were not allowed to go there to shoot.

On the 10th June the *Marlborough* arrived, with six liners, and, after a month of drills and gaiety, the whole eight liners sailed on a cruise which lasted a month, during which they went through every possible evolution ; and after having touched at Argostoli, Zante, Navarino (where the battle was fought in 1827), Suda Bay, and Famagusta, the capital of Cyprus, the fleet returned to Malta, where they took up moorings in the Grand Harbour. Such of the ships as required refitting sent the lower yards and topmasts down, and refitted as necessary. The *Pompey* required caulking, so all the caulkers of the fleet were sent on board her, and the noise of hammers and caulking-irons went on all day.

As no work could be carried on the men were given leave, and Harry and Frank got as much of it as they liked. They frequently went to see Talbot, and used to go to the opera with him after dining at the artillery mess. When they went to see him they generally landed at the Nix Mangere stairs, so called from the number of beggars who line both sides of the stone steps up which you ascend to the street above.

"*Nix mangiare* (nothing to eat) since the battle of Navarino," said one.

"Well," said Frank, "considering that that was thirty-five years ago you look pretty well."

Harry and Frank, however, generally got rid of a handful of coppers, and were plentifully blessed by the recipients.

In August they experienced a strong gale from the N.E., which blows straight into the harbour. It is called a *gregarli*, and all the ships struck their lower yards and topmasts. It lasted three days, and the *Pompey*, being at the moorings which were more exposed than the rest, dragged them, and had to let go two of her own anchors in addition. This gave them some work after the *gregarli* was over.

At the end of August the *Pompey* was ordered to Gibraltar, and they were very glad to get away, for the months of September and October are very hot at Malta. Everything is dried up, and the sandy rock radiates the heat like the desert does.

Just before they left, about two A.M. in the middle watch, all the bells of all the churches began to ring in a disorderly manner. It was Mr. West's watch, and he said to Harry, "That is an earthquake". In about half-an-hour it occurred again, and this time the ship trembled sensibly.

"I expect Vesuvius is playing Old Harry," said Mr. West; "there is generally an earthquake here when there is an eruption of Vesuvius, but I have never heard of any damage being done beyond shaking the belfries of the church towers."

The *Pompey* sailed on the 27th August, and on the 3rd of September arrived at Gibraltar. Here they found the *Hannibal* and the *Centurion*, and saluted the rear-admiral's flag. As he was a rear-admiral of the white, they changed their ensign from red to white. Shortly after this the order was issued by the Admiralty that for the future the man-of-war flag was to be the white ensign, the mercantile was to be the red, and the naval reserve were to fly the blue. All yachts also fly the blue.

except royal yacht squadrons, which are allowed to fly the white.

Here Harry received the Humane Society's medal, which had been cruising about after them for some time. Captain Bradley presented it to him on the quarter-deck with a complimentary speech, and all his messmates congratulated him on receiving it. They found that Captain Featherstone and Wright had both gone home.

In the end of September a French man-of-war boat came across to ask the junior officers of the fleet to an entertainment on board the *Grande Bretagne*, a three-decker bearing the flag of the French admiral. Several of the *Pompey's* gunroom officers went, among them Harry and Frank, though neither of them spoke French so well as Merry. The performance was a theatrical one, and was very well carried out, after which a grand supper was given on the main deck, and the *entente cordiale* was cemented by many libations of champagne. About two A.M. the guests left and sailed across the bay to their own ships. The *Hannibal* soon after sailed for Malta to meet the commander-in-chief, and the *Pompey* again became senior officer.

After much discussion as to what sort of an entertainment should be given to return the French one, and as none of the *Pompey's* officers had any histrionic talent, or, if they had, it was undeveloped, it was resolved to have a Christy minstrel and acrobatic performance, as the men had some very good performers amongst them in these lines of life. An invitation was accordingly sent on board the *Grande Bretagne*, and accepted, and on the 15th October the performance was given. About forty French junior officers came across from Algeiras, and after being shown over the ship and having some refreshment, the Christy minstrels struck up. Then came a hornpipe, after which the acrobats performed, and the Christy minstrels finished up the evening by a grand breakdown, or nigger clog dance. Supper was then served and songs sung, and an up-

roarious evening spent. About 2.30 A.M. the Frenchmen departed, singing like only Frenchmen, two sheets in the wind, can sing.

In November the Duke of Beaufort arrived, bringing a pack of foxhounds and a whole establishment with him. Harry and Frank enjoyed several runs with his hounds, and also with the Calpe Hunt.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON the 2nd December, 1861, Harry and Frank completed their time as midshipmen, and passed for mates. They now had the privilege of putting a thin gold stripe, with a curl in it, on the wrists of their uniforms, and wearing a sword instead of a dirk. In full uniform they also sported a cocked hat and scales, but these they did not obtain till they got to England. As Captains Malcolm and Maynard both used their influence at the Admiralty, Harry and Frank were ordered home by first ship. Harry wrote to Meda telling her that he was going home to pass his examination, and urging her to induce Mr. Fairfax to bring her home as soon as possible. Before they left Gibraltar they heard the sad news of the death of the Prince Consort.

On the 28th December they left Gibraltar in the *Emerald*, which was going home to pay off, and, after a boisterous passage, anchored at Spithead on the 6th January, 1862. As they were supernumeraries, they were at once discharged to the *Victory*. Both of them being of opinion that it was better to pass their examination before applying for leave, they went and put their names down at the college, and were told to go on board the *Excellent* gunnery ship.

Captain Malcolm and his wife came up to London, and Captains Malcolm and Maynard ran down to Portsmouth to see Harry and Frank. These latter were now nearly twenty years of age, and fine well-grown lads, Frank's whiskers being ahead of Harry's, but Harry was the more athletic of the two. A

week's leave was thought advisable, and obtained, and they all went back to London together. Here they immediately ordered some clothes at their tailors, and two days afterwards received them. Being ashamed to go out in their old suits, they had remained indoors for those two days. This, however, was no great infliction, as Frank had some very jolly sisters, and they had plenty to talk about.

Sir Oswald Ormathwaite and his family were in town, and Harry went and spent two days with them, taking all the Maltese ornaments he had left. Frances was now a tall, slender, young lady, and Harry was much amused with the airs she gave herself, having just been presented at Court. He told her about Meda, and she congratulated him, but rather spitefully, as she had always considered Harry as almost her property. Ellen and Kate were married, so Frances was now Miss Ormathwaite. Oswald, the eldest son, was in the Guards, and Tom was going into the Church, so that the family living might not be lost. Harry went to the theatre with them, and enjoyed himself generally very much.

Before he left London he had a long talk with his uncle and aunt, and Captain Malcolm agreed to ask Mr. Fairfax and his family, with Meda, to Ostleburn Hall, but pointed out that it was a disagreeable time of year, and that they had better come in May or June.

"It will be March or April," said he to Harry, "before you have finished your examination at college, and then we will manage to get two months' leave for you ; or, if you do not rejoin the *Pompey*, you can report yourself on board the guardship, and apply for an extension of leave."

On the 16th Harry and Frank went down to Portsmouth, and joined the *Excellent*, and, a day or two afterwards, received a letter from Seymour telling them to come and see him. He was staying at Bournemouth, as Engracia did not like the English winter. Mrs. Evans and Carita were also at Bournemouth, and, the Saturday afterwards, Harry and Frank were

shaking hands with their old friends. Engracia was more charming than ever, but all three inveighed bitterly against the climate. Seymour's own place was in Hertfordshire, but, like all English country-houses, looked very bleak in winter. Harry and Frank spent the greater part of Sunday with them, but had to get back on board the *Excellent* by eight A.M. on Monday morning.

The two lads remained on board the *Excellent* till the end of February, when they passed their gunnery examination, and joined the college in order to pass in navigation, steam, &c. Every Saturday they either went to Bournemouth or London; and as the hours at the college are not excessive, they had plenty of time for walks in various directions. The college also possesses a gymnasium, where they could practise, as well as single-stick, fencing, boxing, cutting lead, &c. There is also a good fives-court, so they did not want for amusement.

On the 1st April (ominous day!) their examination commenced, and lasted three days. They had to wait three more while the papers were looked through, and passed these latter days, one at football, one at Porchester Castle, and one at Bournemouth. On the 8th they got their certificates, and found that Frank had passed second and Harry ninth, out of thirty mates. Frank had always been the more studious of the two, and Harry was not the least surprised that he was rather behind him. Next day they went to London on two months' leave, and Captain and Mrs. Malcolm and Harry started a few days afterwards for Cumberland.

On the 12th April they reached Ostleburn Hall, and found it in all its spring beauty. Harry devoted next day to looking round the grounds, home farm, &c., with his uncle, who took the occasion to tell him about his intentions.

Of course, it was impossible that Harry should not have had some idea that he was his uncle's heir, but nothing had ever been said on the subject between them. Captain Malcolm now told him that his aunt and himself had always regarded

him as their heir ever since his mother's death, when they had taken charge of him. Harry, on attaining his majority, would have about £400 a-year from his father's and mother's money. Captain Malcolm proposed to allow him £120 a-year till that event occurred.

"Of course," said Captain Malcolm, "you will be your own master; but I hope that you will not think of leaving the service. At any rate, go on serving till you attain post rank. You will be sufficiently well off to be able to get your wife out to any station you may be on, and I know from experience that an old sailor is miserable on shore if he has not enough to do."

Captain Malcolm said that he would not advise Harry to marry before he was twenty-four or twenty-five, as, if he did, he was sure to leave the service.

"However," said he, "every man must judge for himself on such a question as that."

Captain Malcolm finished up by saying that he was very much pleased with Harry's career as far as it had gone, and hoped that it would be a distinguished one in future. Harry thanked his uncle for all his kindness and intentions towards him, and, his heart being touched by the way that Captain Malcolm had spoken, he told him all about the bill transaction and Seymour's kindness.

"Did you repay Seymour?" asked his uncle.

"Oh, yes, uncle, long ago," said Harry.

"Well, Harry, few of us go through life without doing something of which we are ashamed," said Captain Malcolm. "I am very glad you have told me this, as it shows me you can resist temptation once you are out of a scrape. Seymour is a noble fellow; we must get him up here to meet Miss Meda."

"Have you heard lately, uncle?" asked Harry.

"Yes; I hope Mr. Fairfax and his party will be here by the end of the month."

Next day Harry went down to the river to see if his right hand had lost its cunning or not, and found that his flies dropped as lightly as ever, and he soon had a good basketful of trout. The week after they all drove over to Ormathwaite Grange and stayed the night. Frances was less high and mighty than Harry had found her in London, and condescended to ask him all sorts of questions about the Mediterranean; but Harry could not help thinking that, even if he had never met Meda, he would not have cared to marry his cousin.

On returning to Ostleburn Hall, they found a note from Major Aylmer, asking them to name a day to come and dine and sleep, and a few days afterwards they went over and did so. The major was too rheumatic to care about fishing in his old age, but Harry went out with the keeper and had a good day. Miss Aylmer was still unmarried, more because she had never met a man she cared for sufficiently to make her willing to leave her father than from want of offers. She had now settled down into the benevolent fairy of her village, and found plenty of occupation in her voluntary duties.

On their return they found letters awaiting them, from Mr. Fairfax to Captain Malcolm, and from Meda to Harry, informing them that they hoped to arrive at Southampton on the 27th or 28th April.

"Well, Harry," said Captain Malcolm, "I think the best thing you can do is to go down there and meet them."

Harry was not reluctant, and reaching London on the 25th, he took Frank on with him to Southampton next day.

On the 28th the P. and O. steamer *Poonah* arrived, with the expected travellers on board, and Harry found that Meda had grown a couple of inches in height and had lost her delicate appearance, though her figure was still very slender. As the steamer arrived in the forenoon, the whole party went up to London in the afternoon.

As Captain Maynard's house was too small to receive such

a party, they went to an hotel, where Captain and Mrs. Maynard went to call upon them. As Mr. Fairfax had some business in London, they remained some days, during which they saw all the sights and made many purchases. Meda told Harry that her father had been returned for Congress, and would not leave America till the war was over. Mr. Fairfax having settled his business, they started for Cumberland on the evening of the 5th May, Frank accompanying them, and arrived at Penrith early in the morning. Carriages were waiting for them, and a waggon for their luggage; for though American ladies in those days did not travel about with Saratoga trunks as big as the county gaol, still four ladies of that nation required as much luggage as their English sisters, to say the least of it

They arrived at Ostleburn Hall about one P.M., and after a short rest came down to lunch. After that meal they retired to their own rooms, as they had not slept the night before

"Well, Harry," said Mrs. Malcolm, when the others had gone upstairs, "I forgive you for falling in love with an American. I never saw a face I liked so much at first sight, and her manners are perfect."

Harry was much pleased, and said so. He and Frank then went out for a stroll, finally coming to an anchor on a garden seat in the shade, where, without intending it, they both fell fast asleep. About four P.M. Harry woke up, and, rousing Frank, they went back to the house, where they found the ladies just coming down stairs. A cup of afternoon tea refreshed them, and they all went for a stroll round the gardens and terraces. Meda was delighted with the place, and Harry told her what his uncle had said a few days before.

"This will be better than living on midshipman's half-pay," said Harry, smiling.

"Yes, Harry, but I hope it will be a long time before you come into the property. What a kind old lady your aunt is!" said Meda.

"She has fallen in love with you, my darling, already," said Harry, "and I shall get jealous. I hope Seymour will be here in a day or two."

"I shall be glad to see him again," said Meda, "and to meet Engracia. I seem to know her already."

"My cousin Frances is coming to-morrow," said Harry, "and her two brothers. Did you ever play croquet, Meda?"

"No," she replied, "I only know it by name."

"Well, we must begin practising to-morrow," said Harry, "for she is devoted to the game, and will make us all play."

After dinner the two Misses Fairfax played and sang, and then Meda sang "Santa Lucia," a Neapolitan song, and Harry thought he had never heard anything like it before. Certainly her residence at Naples had done wonders for Meda's voice, and being really fond of music, and understanding it, she put her soul into it when she did sing.

Mr. Fairfax and Captain Malcolm took a great liking to each other, and they found out that the former was descended from that Cromwellian general whose wife answered for him at Charles the First's trial, "that he had more sense than to be there".

Next morning, after breakfast, the three Americans were initiated into the mysteries of croquet by Harry and Frank, and in the afternoon the young people went out riding, whilst the elders took a drive. Frances and her two brothers arrived in time to dress for dinner, and after dinner they had a round game at cards, and then some music. Frances was a brilliant pianoforte player, but did not sing. Of course she had a contempt for American girls, but was obliged to acknowledge to herself that at least one Miss Fairfax, and certainly Meda, played better than she did. Next day some neighbours called, and they all played croquet, and enjoyed themselves very well. Frances, who was a good-natured girl at bottom, soon threw off her supercilious airs, and resolved to make friends with Meda. The day after this Seymour and Engracia arrived, Mrs.

Evans and Carita having gone back to their own more genial climate.

Picnics and out-of-door amusements were now the order of the day ; one being devoted to " Long Meg and her daughters," an ancient druidical circle of stones.

A fortnight passed thus, when Harry received his appointment to the *Acis*, a new twenty-six gun frigate, and a few days afterwards the party broke up.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE *Acis* was one of two frigates built to supersede the fifty-gun frigateler of the *Emerald* class. She only carried twenty-six guns, but they were 10-inch, and 110-pounder Armstrong. She was fitting out at Plymouth, and on arrival Harry found that he was her senior mate. A few days afterwards he saw Frank's appointment to her, and, shortly afterwards, welcomed him on board. Of course Harry and Frank had the same seniority on the Navy list, but Harry came first alphabetically. Her captain was a distinguished officer, an Irishman, and her master was Old Bungs, who, now that he was promoted, was quite a different animal to the mole they had considered him in the *Andromeda*, and had no intention of joining Greenwich Hospital just yet.

The *Acis* carried a commander and five lieutenants ; but as the first and gunnery lieutenants did not keep watch, Harry was the officer of the fourth watch, and Frank was appointed mate of the upper deck. Harry was mate of the after main deck quarters, the gunnery lieutenant being officer of them ; but, as he had to look after all the guns, Harry was virtually in charge of his division of guns.

On the 20th July the *Acis* steamed out of the Hamoaze, and ran her trial trip outside. Her average speed was fourteen and a-half knots, but this was with picked coal and a lot of steam

reserve stokers. Afterwards she used to steam nine knots, burning one ton of coal an hour, in smooth water. On her way out to the Sound the order was given to hoist the jib. It had no sooner started from the boom-end than it was seen to be bent with the foot up instead of the head.

"By the holy poker!" sung out the boatswain; and letting go the jib-stay in the head with his own hands, he rushed out on the jib-boom, and in five minutes they had put it right. Captain Magennis remarked that because he was an Irishman he supposed everything would be wrong side up.

After anchoring in the Sound the *Acis* saluted the port-admiral's flag, and within the next few days took in her powder and shell and was swung to adjust her compasses. On the 27th August the *Acis* received her orders for the North American and West Indian station, and on the 1st September sailed out of the western passage round Plymouth breakwater, bound for Bermuda. Once clear of the Channel they got a northerly wind, and arrived in sight of the still-vexed Bermonthes on the 22nd September. The wind being foul, the *Acis* got up steam, and, taking a pilot on board, steamed up the Narrows and anchored at the man-of-war anchorage off Ireland Island.

The Bermudas are a series of islands, more or less the form of an Australian boomerang, and, without counting uninhabited rocks, number about one hundred. St. George's is the capital town of the island, but the dockyard is situated in Ireland Island, Hamilton being the chief commercial port. These islands have been formed by the coral insects, and I believe that Gill's Hill lighthouse, which is supposed to be on the highest peak, is not more than eight hundred feet above water-level. Here they found the *Nile*, flagship, and the *Immortalité*, a fifty-gun frigate. Inside the camber were the *Pyramus*, an old receiving ship, and the *Terror*, a floating battery which had been run up in a hurry, as if the Crimean war was going to last.

The island is covered with shrubs, and though the trees are

small the arbutus grows well. Arrowroot is the chief export of the islands, onions and potatoes being also grown and sent to the States, where they find a good market. Some distance out on the road to Somerset Island there is a cricket ground, and the *Nile* having an eleven of her own, challenged the two frigates, who, between the two of them, managed to win by two wickets.

These islands, or rather their waters, abound with fish ; red snappers, rock cod, angel fish, and all such being easily captured. Taking a boat and going away to the reefs was also an amusement, where they dived for coral and brain-stones. The *bêche la mare* (sea-slug) is also found here, and is exported to France.

When they had been there six weeks it was Frank's birthday, and Harry obtained permission and the loan of the admiral's Bermudian-rigged yacht. They sailed away for Walsingham Caves, anchoring the yacht a few fathoms off and landing in her boat. After exploring the caves they had lunch on shore, and all drank Frank's health. Returning that afternoon, it came on to blow very hard, and the negro pilot wanted to run to Hamilton for shelter, but he was overruled, and after a hard beat up they just managed to fetch the camber when the mast snapped short off above the deck, but they had way enough to run alongside the steps, and moored her there. In a few days the mast was replaced by another, Captain Magennis merely remarking that because nothing had been said about it the youngsters were not to make a practice of it.

On the 25th November the *Acis* sailed for Halifax, arriving there in six days' time, as they had variable winds. Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, was one of the jolliest places on the face of the earth ; more naval and military officers have been snared by the blue-nosed fair ones there than any other place can boast, except perhaps Canada. The *Acis* was lashed alongside the dockyard, and the winter came down on them

like a shroud. A gale from S.E. set in, and worked through E. to N., when the rain changed to sleet, the sleet to snow, and when the wind calmed down the *Acis* was frozen in.

There is a tide at Halifax running up and down the straits to the basin, which is about ten miles across, but the ice rises and falls with the ship. The awnings were sloped, and every preparation made for wintering. The thermometer averaged about -15° ; but some nights were much colder. Of course the big lakes were covered with snow, and the only skating to be obtained was on the rinks. The ice on these is flooded every night, and consequently freezes solid and is rather hard falling. One of the bands of the regiments used to play every afternoon at the rink. Sleighing parties were also made up, and if it had not been for Meda I think Harry would have lost his heart over and over again.

In February the *Acis* was ordered to go down to Fortress Monro, which is one of the strongest American forts. It is at the junction of the James and Potomac rivers, and there is always a strong current running out. An American pilot came on board, and amused the officers a good deal with his original remarks. At dinner that evening in the wardroom he sat next the paymaster, and said to him, "I beg your pardon, sir, but air you the chaplain of this ship?"

"No," said Mr. Thompson, "I am the paymaster."

"Ah," said the pilot, "I took you for the chaplain from your benevolent countenance."

After dinner he went upon the main deck, where the band was playing, many of the officers smoking, and some youngsters dancing. In an interval of the music he said, "Wal, now, gentlemen, it makes me feel quite comfortable and homely to see you all so jolly together; it puts me in mind of the happy family in Barnum's museum".

Harry and Frank went out shooting, having to get a "gunning licence" from the commander of the fort. Several regiments were being forwarded to the front, and they saw some

of them marching out. Many of them were quite boys, and one regiment was nearly entirely composed of Germans.

"What a lot of food for powder," said Frank.

"Yes," said Harry ; "and just think, half of them will never come back again."

A few days after this the American ships which had been bombarding Fort Fisher arrived, and Harry and Frank went on board of the *Wabash*, the commodore's ship. She was a large frigate, but her engines were very weak compared with those of the *Acis*. More of her men were killed by the bursting of her own guns than by the fire of the enemy at Fort Fisher. Many of her men had been in the English navy and were old ship-mates of some of the *Acis*' crew. Harry wrote to Mr. Calhoun, who was at Washington but could not get away, and as Harry could not get leave they did not meet.

In April the *Acis* was ordered to the West Indian Islands, and arrived at Jamaica in the end of the month. Port Royal is the man-of-war anchorage, only small merchant ships going up to Kingston. Bathing from the ship is not permitted here on account of sharks, but there is a small enclosed bathing place on the edge of the shore. They also found out a cave on the opposite shore, where there was a beautiful bath to be obtained.

One day they hired a canoe, and, accompanied by two negroes, went after devil-fish, and succeeded in killing one. It is a large, flat fish, and out of its tail grows a long stringer like the lash of a whip, which the negroes say is used to catch its prey. This devil-fish was about fourteen feet broad, and a most infernal looking brute he was.

In June the *Acis* sailed out of Port Royal harbour and went to Barbadoes, and here, for the first time in their lives, Harry and Frank saw humming birds.

Barbadian hospitality is proverbial, and both being dancing men, they were invited to all the gaiety which was going on.

The *Acis* left Barbadoes in August and cruised round to

some of the other islands, and in October she once more anchored in Port Royal harbour, Jamaica. The *Imaum*, an old sailing line-of-battle ship, was there being broken up and her timbers sold, and working parties from the *Acis* were sent to assist.

One day, through some misunderstanding, the men's breakfast was not sent on shore, and they went without. An officer of the working party overheard some remarks made by one of the men, and reported it to the senior officer in charge. The latter immediately sent the working party on board the *Acis* with a note to Captain Magennis, who turned the hands up and made them a speech, finishing up by saying, "As for you, you are a disgrace to the flag you are flying under".

A few days afterwards, Harry was officer of the morning watch, and the cutters were being lowered. One of the falls, as the ropes are called which hoist the boats up, got jammed, and one cutter did not reach the water till a few seconds after the other. The captain rang his bell and said to Harry, "Mr. Malcolm, I will thank you to have the boats lowered square another time; you have got one half-way up and the other half-way down". Harry kept his countenance, as it is subversive of discipline to laugh at the captain of a man-of-war, even when he makes a bull like that.

In November the *Acis* was ordered to Bermuda and to call at Nassau, the capital of the island of New Providence, on her way up. This is one of the Bahamas, and, as large ships cannot go over the bar into the harbour, the *Acis* was obliged to anchor outside. Next day it came on to blow suddenly, and the *Acis* was obliged to weigh and run down to leeward of the island, where she anchored at a place called South Bay.

A couple of days afterwards, the weather having moderated, the seine was hauled, and that evening a boy was missed. Boats were sent in search, but nothing could be heard or seen of him, and next morning, as the *Acis* was to go round to Nassau again, Frank was left with a corporal and four marines

to look for the missing boy. He was very soon found, having wandered up through the woods to a negro's hut.

Frank and his party were returning across the island to Nassau, when one of the men became faint, and asked what time it was. At first he would not say what was the matter with him, but in a few minutes he declared that he knew his chum was drowned. The others ridiculed his fancy, putting it down to an over-excited imagination, and they continued their way through the woods, and got on board the *Acis* at 8.30 P.M.

Harry was officer of the first watch, and the first words Frank said to him were, "Has a man been drowned to-day?"

"Yes," replied Harry; "a marine was drowned this forenoon about eleven o'clock. His name was Jackson. He was sentry on the life-buoy, but no one saw him fall, and he must have sunk like a stone."

"Well," said Frank, "one of the men who was with me declared at eleven o'clock that his chum was drowned. We were in a thick forest at the time, and there was no possible means of his knowing it, except through the presentiment he had."

"It is very strange," said Harry; "for, of course, the ship was out of sight; but even had she been in your sight you could not have known what had happened."

"No," replied Frank. "I have sometimes heard of that sort of things happening, but it is the first occasion which I have been a witness to."

The officers of the West Indian regiment stationed here challenged the officers of the *Acis* at cricket, and in spite of the heat they had a very enjoyable game.

In the end of October they were ordered to Halifax, and soon after an outbreak of small-pox on board caused them to be sent up the basin and anchored off Navy Island, so as to be isolated. None of the cases proved fatal, and when they had been there a fortnight the flag-captain came on board at two

A.M., and brought orders for them to weigh immediately and come down alongside the dockyard, yellow fever having broken out at Bermuda, and the *Acis*, being the most suitable ship, was to make the best of her way down there and bring all the troops out of the island.

On the 20th November they arrived at Bermuda, and at once embarked the 2nd Queen's Regiment, leaving the same afternoon under steam and sail for Halifax. The doctor of the *Acis* and one assistant surgeon remained behind at Bermuda to fill the places of the hospital doctors, who had been among the first victims to this dreadful scourge. Several of the soldiers complained shortly after the *Acis* got out of the Narrows, and one who went to the doctor at four P.M. was buried that evening at nine P.M.

"Sharp work, Frank," said Harry.

"Yes, old chap," replied Frank; "but I hope it will not spread. I expect those men had the seeds of the disease in them, but would not complain to the doctor before they got out of the island."

"Very likely," said Harry; "anyway the cold weather will kill the fever germ before we get to Halifax."

Four more deaths occurred the next day, and on the third day they arrived at Halifax and discharged their passengers. Two days afterwards they started again for Bermuda, where they found that their doctor was dead, having only lived two days after he landed. He was a universal favourite, and one of the kindest-hearted of men, and everyone felt his loss very much.

The *Acis* embarked the artillery and engineers on this trip, and started off again for Halifax, where they arrived on the 4th December, and, having landed the gunners and engineers, once more started off to Bermuda. This time they embarked the marines, dockyard men, and anybody who asked for a passage, many negroes taking advantage of the opportunity to leave the island.

On the 11th the *Acis* once more arrived at Halifax, and this time she remained there, moored alongside the dockyard, having brought up in her three trips nearly two thousand people. Of course the 2nd Queen's Regiment could not show the officers of the *Acis* too much civility in return for their treatment on board.

None of the crew of the ship died, though some of the boats' crews, who had landed, had slight attacks of the disease, seventeen lives being lost altogether in the three trips ; but these were soldiers, who doubtless, as above mentioned, brought the seeds of the disease on board with them.

The *Acis* was soon frozen in, and preparations made for passing the winter.

In January, 1864, the commander invalided, the first lieutenant became acting commander, and Harry was promoted to acting lieutenant. He immediately wrote to inform Meda of his good fortune, and also wrote to his uncle, wishing to come home if he was confirmed ; but Captain Malcolm urged him so strongly to remain in the *Acis* until she paid off that he consented.

They remained at Halifax for four months, enjoying themselves very much, sleighing and rinking, and at last, greatly to the admiration of Harry and Frank, Old Bungs fell a victim to the charms of a fair Nova Scotian, and was married in the cathedral, nearly all the officers attending the wedding ; and Bungs got a fortnight's leave, and went up to the village at the head of the basin to spend his honeymoon.

Harry heard from Meda that she was going to leave England and rejoin her father in America this summer. This, at any rate, would bring her to the same side of the Atlantic as Harry was, but, as the *Acis* was now ordered to the West Indian Islands again, Meda was not likely to meet him.

Harry and Frank were both promoted to be lieutenants in May, 1864, Harry remaining in the *Acis* as part complement, and Frank joining a despatch gun-vessel called the *Lotus* as

second lieutenant. They were now parted for the first time for eight years and a-half, and both felt it very much, though hoping to meet occasionally.

The *Acis* went to Nassau, after which she cruised about the Bahamas for some weeks, when she was ordered to Port Royal where she arrived on the 5th July, 1864. After three weeks spent at Jamaica, the *Acis* was ordered to Vera Cruz, which she reached in the beginning of August.

At this time the French were still in the occupation of Mexico, where they had installed the ill-fated Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria.

Vera Cruz is a somewhat rambling old Spanish town, the anchorage generally used by men-of-war being between the island of Sacrificios and the mainland, about three miles from the town of Vera Cruz. A large number of French men-of-war and transports were anchored here, also an English frigate and an American one. The land behind Vera Cruz is hilly and picturesque, rising tier above tier till it culminates in the peak of Orizaba, a snow-clad mountain, which is looked on as a sort of barometer, for whenever it is to be clearly seen a strong northerly gale may be expected.

As the country was in a state of anarchy Harry did not get an opportunity of visiting Mexico, but was obliged to be content with an expedition to Soledad, a Mexican village about thirty miles out on the railroad then in course of construction to Mexico. Here they had lunch, and took shots at some alligators, which abound in the river. On their return they found the rails had been displaced, so they had to get out and walk to the nearest station, and wait till a special train could come out from Vera Cruz to bring them back. The Mexican guerillas used constantly to pull up a few rails, and on some occasions attacked the train, which, however, now always carried a strong guard of French soldiers.

Harry also went over the old fort of St. Juan d'Ulloa, famous in Queen Elizabeth's time, Drake and Hawkins hav-

ing destroyed a Spanish fleet there and seized on some rich prizes.

In September the *Acis* went up the coast to Matamoras, which is situated at the mouth of the Rio Grande del Norte. It is an open roadstead, the river dividing Mexico from Texas. The country is low and sandy, but very good duck-shooting can be obtained. Harry missed Frank more than ever as a shooting companion.

While the *Acis* was here one of the beachmen was killed by the American driver of the stage-coach with his bowie knife ; and, as it was a perfectly unprovoked murder, the beachmen resolved to lynch him. The authorities, being powerless, applied to the captain of the *Acis* for assistance, but too late ; for before the guard of marines that was sent had time to land, the murderer was taken by the beachmen, and, being securely lashed down on to his victim's coffin, was buried alive with him ; and though he was at once exhumed by the party of marines, life was extinct, the fearfully contorted features bearing witness to the agonising death he must have suffered. A coffin was procured, and he was buried close to his victim.

A heavy gale from the north occurred whilst here, but, as the anchorage is good, no damage was done to the shipping.

Towards the end of September the *Acis* returned to Vera Cruz, calling at Tampico on her way down. At Vera Cruz she found the *Immortalité*, with orders for her to go to Havana and the Bahamas.

Havana, the capital of the Spanish island of Cuba, is a land-locked harbour, entered by a narrow passage between the town on one hand, and the Moro castle, situated on a bold headland, on the other. The town is large and handsome, a fine plaza, with ornamental gardens, occupying the centre. Here the Spanish beauties congregated in the evening, reminding Harry of Lima. Large quantities of guava jelly and other preserves are made here at the Dominica manufactory. Fruit is most abundant, and, of course, cigars ; but it is difficult to

obtain good ones except at an exorbitant price, the whole crops of tobacco being bought as they stand by agents of the large importing firms in Europe.

After a fortnight's stay at Havana, the *Acis* sailed for Nassau, calling at Cay West on her passage.

To Harry's great delight, on arrival at Nassau he received a note from Meda, telling him that she had persuaded her father to bring her there for change of air, as it was a favourite place for Americans to winter at. Harry was soon on shore, and had the delight of beholding his lady-love once more. Meda's figure had filled out, and she looked like a "perfect woman nobly planned". She was as loving as ever, and Harry was perfectly happy. Mr. Calhoun had grown very grey, but more from the deep anxiety he had gone through during the civil war than from old age.

Harry had much to tell Meda, especially about the yellow fever time and the exodus from Bermuda. Nassau has more than once suffered from this fearful pestilence, but at that time was quite healthy. Harry was anxious to get Mr. Calhoun's consent to his marriage, but he would not hear of it until the *Acis* paid off; and, as she was likely to be another eighteen months in commission, Harry saw there was nothing for it but patience.

"You do not seem in any hurry to be married, Meda," said Harry.

"No," said Meda; "there is plenty of time for that. We are secure in each other's affection, and I cannot leave my father."

"But he might live with us," said Harry.

"No," said Meda. "When we do marry he will go to California, I think, and live with my brother out at the ranche."

"Did your father lose much money through the war?"

"Yes," said Meda; "his plantation was destroyed, and he has since sold it at a loss, so I am not much of an heiress, Master Harry."

"Oh, Meda, you know it is not your filthy lucre I have ever thought of ; besides I shall be well off some day."

"Yes," said Meda, laughing ; "but 'Men (especially sailors) were deceivers ever ; one foot on land and one on board, to one thing constant never'."

"Well," said Harry, "I might reply that 'Woman's love is writ in water, woman's faith is traced on sand,' only I am sure that yours is not, my darling."

Meda rewarded Harry as he wished and expected, and Harry soon after had to go on board.

In January, 1865, the *Acis* was ordered to Halifax, and Mr. Calhoun and Meda went to New York. Harry and Meda parted with that sweet sorrow which is lightened by hopes of meeting again ere long. On her way north, when about the latitude of the Bermudas, the *Acis* encountered a cyclone or circular storm and had some sails split ; but Captain Magennis, being a good navigator, soon ran the *Acis* out of the track of the storm, and she arrived at Halifax on the 24th January.

Mr. Bungs found that he was now a father, and Harry chaffed him considerably on the occasion, reminding him of what he used to say about women and children in former times.

Harry obtained a month's leave, and went to New York to be Mr. Calhoun's guest. Here he saw all the sights, from Barnum's museum to Central Park and Sing-Sing Prison. Mr. Calhoun and Meda accompanied him on his way back as far as Niagara, where they remained, while he, after a few days, was obliged to go back on board the *Acis*. In March she was again ordered to Bermuda and the West Indian Islands.

By this time the 2nd Queen's Regiment had returned to their barracks at St. George's, and Harry, with some of his brother officers, passed some days with them, a cricket match and athletic sports taking place, as well as a ball in the evening of one day. Yellow Jack did not again make its appearance, and was apparently forgotten. The governor also gave a ball at Hamilton, and a cricket match also took place there.

In April the *Acis* left Bermuda and sailed for the Windward Islands, arriving at Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, in May. While lying here they received the news of the insurrection of the negroes in Jamaica, and immediately proceeded there under steam and sail. On arrival they found the *Aurora*, *Wolverine*, and the commodore's flagship at anchor, the *Onyx* and *Nettle* lying off Morant Bay, where the English inhabitants had nearly all been massacred.

Many of the men belonging to the ships mentioned had been landed, and no doubt the crew of the *Acis* would also have been employed, but that evening a Haytian man-of-war came into Port Royal with the crew of the paddle frigate *Bulldog*, which had been blown up by her captain to avoid her falling into the hands of the rebel party at Cape Haytien.

The *Bulldog* had gone in to avenge an insult to the British flag, but unfortunately ran ashore, and being very flat-bottomed, the feed-pipes were choked by the sand, and the *Bulldog* was helpless, being on shore about three hundred yards distant from the water batteries. An anchor was laid out and every endeavour made to get her off. Her guns were fought all day until nine P.M., when her captain determined to take to the boats, as their powder was nearly all expended, and it was useless to remain there to lose their lives next day.

Accordingly, the men were ordered to take to the boats, some provisions and water taken on board them, and the ship deserted; those who had been killed in action were taken out into deep water and buried. The captain and the gunner were the last to leave the ship, and set fire to the slow match communicating with the magazine, and twenty minutes afterwards the *Bulldog* blew up and became a complete wreck.

The boats, under cover of the night, made their way to a seaport called Limonada, which was in possession of the government party.

Here the Haytian authorities lent a man-of-war to take the survivors of the ill-fated vessel up to Port Royal, where they

arrived the evening of the same day as the *Acis*. The latter was ordered to go down to Cape Haytien and avenge the *Bulldog*.

Hispaniola, the largest island in the West Indies except Cuba, is a republic of negroes. The eastern and largest half is called San Domingo, and is Spanish ; the western half is called Hayti, and is French, each republic being independent of the other. At this time Jeffrard was president of the French portion of the island, and his seat of government was at Port-au-Prince. A rebel negro general named Salnave had seized Cape Haytien, which is in the north-western district of the island, and was bidding defiance to President Jeffrard, and it was Salnave's party whom the *Bulldog* had fought.

The *Acis* arrived at Port-au-Prince on the 10th June, and to Harry's great delight the *Lotus*, with Frank on board, was lying here. Next day the *Acis* and *Lotus* sailed for Cape Haytien, timing their arrival so as to be close in at daybreak on the 12th. The entrance to the anchorage was defended by a fort, mounting sixty heavy guns, and, owing to the reefs, the ships were obliged to pass within about three hundred and fifty yards of them. This fort is named Fort Picolet, and from it, all along the water's edge, are batteries, two others being also situated about half-way up the hill, at the foot of which lies the town of Cape Haytien. Still further along is Fort Michelet ; so there were four heavy forts besides the water batteries for the *Acis* and *Lotus* to engage.

The *Acis* led, having struck her topgallant masts and slung her lower yards, &c. As she passed Fort Picolet she let fly her concentrated broadside, and brought about half the fort down about the ears of those defending it, receiving their fire, which, however, was ill-directed. The *Lotus*, coming close after, also poured her fire in, and the *Acis* steamed on till abreast of the two forts on the hill, when she anchored ; and the foremost main deck quarters directed their fire at the left-hand fort and the after quarters at the right-hand one, the

upper deck quarters turning their attention to the water batteries. The *Lotus* passed on till abreast of Fort Michelet, when she anchored, and went on pounding at it.

By eleven A.M. the fire from all the forts was silenced, and Harry was sent away to land in the galley farther along the coast, where some of President Jeffrard's troops were stationed, and he was taken some miles up into the bush, where he found a negro general, an old chap whose curly wool was quite white. He was in a blue uniform, half covered with gold lace, and wore kid gloves on his great splay hands.

Harry, in his best French, arranged that the president's troops were to rush in and haul down the rebel flags in the forts, and this was to be the signal for the ships to cease firing.

Harry was just taking his departure when the old nigger asked him if he would have some refreshment, and, on his expressing his readiness, a soldier was set to work to dig up some ale and stout from the floor of the hut, where it had been placed for coolness. After a liberal allowance of half-and-half, Harry remounted the pony they had provided for him, and was escorted down to his boat.

He immediately went alongside the *Lotus*, and, as she had silenced Fort Michelet, and the president's troops had rushed in and hauled down the rebel flag, she weighed and towed Harry's boat down with her close to the *Acis*, which by this time had also ceased firing.

The *Lotus* was ordered to steam along back to the entrance, and, after throwing a few shells into Fort Picolet, she was to land her men and the first company of small-arm men of the *Acis*. This was Harry's company; so he and Frank landed together, and, led by the commander of the *Lotus*, stormed the fort. The defenders, however, did not await the arrival of the stormers, and the only live animal found in the fort was a mule. The rebel flag was hauled down and the remainder of the guns thrown into the sea, after which the men re-embrakd. The casualties were: *Acis*, twelve men killed and

nineteen wounded, and the *Lotus* had four men killed and thirteen wounded.

Frank came on board the *Acis* in the evening and talked over the events of the day and watched the town burning. This was set fire to by the rebels themselves, as the ships only fired at the batteries and spared all the other buildings.

"Well, Frank," said Harry, "that is our first day under fire, for we cannot call the fort at Metlakatla anything, though poor Digby was killed there. How did you feel?"

"Well, Harry, I felt in a great funk till the guns were fired, and then I forgot all about the danger till one poor fellow was killed alongside me," said Frank, "and then I got bloodthirsty myself."

"Well," said Harry, "I felt all right on board the ship, but going up through the bush to arrange with that old nigger, I could not help thinking how easily a man could have potted me, without my being able to defend myself."

"Well, it is a wonder to me that they did not kill more of our men. They must have had quite two hundred guns among all the forts," said Frank.

"Yes, but fortunately they were awful bad shots."

Next morning early the two ships weighed and stood out a couple of miles, when the poor fellows who had been killed in action were buried, and the ships returned to the anchorage.

In the afternoon Harry and Frank landed, and with some others went up to the forts they had silenced the day before. Nearly all the guns had been dismounted by the fire of the *Acis*, and they no longer wondered that the rebels had not done them more damage, for the two forts on the hill were little more than heaps of *débris*, and quite untenable.

The *Lotus* was anchored close to the wreck of the *Bulldog*, and a working party sent from the *Acis* to try and recover what they could. Her guns were picked up and some of the smaller pieces of her machinery. Captain Magennis was determined to take away her funnel, though it was only a piece of sheet-

iron with a lot of shot holes through it. However, a wilful man, especially a post-captain, generally gets his way, and, after a great deal of trouble, the *Bulldog's* funnel was hoisted on board the *Acis* and secured up and down before the main-mast, and Captain Magennis was happy for the time.

On the 22nd June the *Acis* sailed for Port Royal, where she arrived on the 25th. Here they found that Gordon had been hanged at Morant Bay, and the insurrection was over.

It is a matter of history how Governor Eyre, General Nelson, and Lieutenant Brand, R.N., were tried for their lives by the exertions of the Exeter Hall party and acquitted. It does not affect the fortunes of anyone connected with this story, so I will not enter into the question.

The *Bulldog's* funnel was hoisted out and laid across the two paddle-box boats of that ship, which were secured astern of the *Acis*. In the middle watch, when the land breeze sprung up, the ship swung to it, and, as there was a little ground swell on, the paddle-box boats began to roll apart, till the blessed funnel went down with a tremendous splash to the bottom of Port Royal harbour.

In the forenoon Captain Magennis ordered the diver down to see if it could be raised; the man, however, signalled to be hauled up as soon as he reached the bottom, and arrived at the surface with the loss of one of his diving shoes, which he declared had been taken off by a shark, and as nothing would induce him to go down again, the *Bulldog's* funnel after all their trouble still remains at the bottom of Port Royal harbour.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE *Acis*, after landing the guns, machinery, &c., of the *Bulldog*, was ordered to Aspinwall or Colon. This is the northern terminus of the Panama railway, and a large trade is carried on here. It is a very unhealthy place, and there is

little amusement on shore except playing billiards and drinking cocktails, and as Harry was not devoted to the latter he cared little for going on shore. Rain is also incessant and very heavy.

Harry had one run across in the train, the distance being about forty-five miles. Every sleeper of the line is said to represent at least one man's life, as fever and ague carried off the workmen by hundreds when in course of construction.

Panama he found much the same. He went on board the *Modeste*, a corvette which was lying there, and had a yarn about the Pacific station. On his return the *Acis* weighed and cruised along the coast till she arrived at Greytown, or San Juan de Nicaragua. This was a miserable hole, and it rained the whole ten days that the *Acis* lay there. It is a great place for fish, especially at the mouth of the river, but the rain was too heavy to make it any pleasure to haul the seine ; so they stayed on board, and were very glad to get back to Colon, where mail steamers are constantly arriving and departing.

Harry wrote to Mr. Calhoun reminding him that the *Acis* had now been three years in commission, and would probably be paid off within another year, and asking if he had thought of going to England, or whether he wished the marriage to take place in America. Harry wished it to be in England, but would give way of course to Mr. Calhoun and Meda. Soon after Harry received letters from them saying that Mr. Calhoun intended to take Meda to England towards the end of the year, and would visit Paris and some other parts of France.

The *Lotus* arrived at Colon in July, and the two chums were once more together, and built castles in the air about the future.

"You must be my best man, old fellow," said Harry.

"Well, I expect the *Lotus* will be home about as soon as the *Acis*," said Frank, "and I should certainly never forgive you if I was at home and you did not ask me to be your best man."

"No," said Harry; "I have no other great friend except Seymour, and of course, as he is married, he is out of the question. But how is it, Frank, you have never fallen in love?"

"How do you know I have not?" asked Frank.

"Well, you never showed any signs of liking anybody better than yourself," said Harry.

"No; I think I shall have to go and see how Carita is growing up; she is an awfully nice girl," replied Frank.

"Yes," said Harry; "except Meda, I do not know two nicer girls than Mrs. Seymour and Carita. How fortunate I have been to win the love of a golden-hearted girl like Meda."

"Yes, indeed," said Frank; "but I am sure you deserve her, old boy."

"I do not think," replied Harry, "that any man quite deserves a really good girl. Men are forced to know of so much evil, though they may keep out of it themselves."

"That is true," replied Frank; "but since Meda has been your bright particular star you have got into very little evil."

"Yes," said Harry; "my love has done me that good, anyway; but you manage to keep straight without any Meda. I think you have a higher nature than I have."

"Nonsense, Harry," said Frank; "it was because we are both ashamed to do anything we would not like the other to know that we have kept straight."

"Speak for yourself, Frank," said Harry, smiling; "I have never forgotten the 'lives of great men' you once told me of."

"Well, I must be getting on board my small craft," said Frank; and the *Lotus*' boat being manned, Frank went on board her.

A few days afterwards the *Lotus* sailed for the Windward Islands, and the *Immortalité* relieved the *Acis* at Colon, and the latter went up to Jamaica, where she arrived on the 20th August. Here they found the new commander-in-chief, who had arrived in the *Duncan*. The *Acis* was inspected, and was highly complimented on her high state of efficiency.

As the Duncans' was a cricketing ship a match was arranged between the Army and Navy, but as usual the Army won. As they get so much more practice than their brethren afloat it is not to be wondered at. The match was played at Up-park camp, half-way up the blue mountains of Jamaica, and was a very jolly gathering.

As August and September are the hurricane months in the West Indies the barometer was always carefully studied ; but this year they escaped with a tornado of only a few hours' duration, which tore up a few palm trees but did no other damage.

One afternoon, whilst furling sails, a man fell off the maintopsail yard of the *Acis*, and knocking another man off the main-yard in his fall, the two fell together into the water close to some sharks. The latter, however, swam away at the splash, and before they returned the men were picked up by some canoes which were lying alongside.

"What cowardly brutes sharks are !" said Harry's senior middy to him. "They always clear out if anything falls into the water close to them."

"Well," said Harry, "it must be a wise provision of nature to give any poor devil who falls overboard time to escape."

"Perhaps," said the middy ; "but they always return more ravenous than ever."

"Yes," said Harry ; "they seem to know that they have missed their chance. They must get a lot to eat from all the refuse that is thrown overboard."

"Anyhow," said the middy, "they will not take any bait."

"No, they get suspicious," said Harry ; "if a line is fast to anything they will not touch it."

In September a gunboat was required to take a mail down to St. Thomas, and as her lieutenant-commander was ill in hospital, Captain Magennis asked Harry if he would like the trip. He, of course, was glad of anything for a change, and on

Captain Magennis' recommendation the commodore appointed Harry to the interim command of the *Nimble*.

She was a despatch gun-vessel of about three hundred tons and one hundred and twenty horse-power. She was barque-rigged and a very smart little craft. Her officers consisted of a lieutenant-commander, a second master, two master's assistants, a gunner, an assistant surgeon, an assistant paymaster, an engineer, and two assistants. Her armament consisted of a centre pivot gun, a sixty-eight pounder, and four twenty-five pounder Armstrongs on the quarter-deck. She was one hundred and fifty feet long and sixteen feet beam, reminding Harry of a fisherman's walk, *i.e.*, two steps and overboard. He considered her very cramped after such a roomy ship as the *Acis*, but soon got used to her.

The *Nimble* left Port Royal on the 15th September and steamed out at eight A.M. It is generally calm at that hour at Port Royal, as the land-breeze has died away and the sea-breeze does not set in before ten A.M., and in the hurricane months it is irregular. The *Nimble*, on getting clear of the land, found the wind north-easterly, and setting her large fore-and-aft sails, she went along about nine knots. The watches were kept by the gunner and the two master's assistants. The second master kept the morning watch and looked after the navigation.

In fine weather a despatch gun-vessel is very pleasant, once you are used to the difference of motion between her and a large ship, but in bad weather it is horrible. As she is under water half her time, of course the hatchways are battened down, and even then the lower deck is generally all afloat. Cooked food is almost unknown, and the lives of those on board are a burden to them. On this occasion, however, the *Nimble* had fine weather.

Next afternoon they sighted some of the small islands off the south coast of San Domingo, the high mountains of that island being also visible, though they could not see the coast-line.

On the 17th they sighted the mountains of Porto Rico, and late that evening hauled up between that island and a smaller one called Bieque.

Just before dusk a large steamer was sighted, which came round from the other side of the island. It was too dark to distinguish colours, but she was recognised by those on board the *Nimble* as the *Vanderbilt*, one of the large American ocean mail-steamers, which had been hastily armed and converted into men-of-war for the occasion. There was little doubt that those on board the *Vanderbilt* mistook the *Nimble* for the *Florida*, a confederate gunboat exactly like her, and which the *Vanderbilt* was on the lookout for.

As Harry's orders were to make the best of his way, the *Nimble* was now going about eleven knots under steam and sail ; and as the American was evidently trying to catch them, the centre pivot gun was cleared for action, loaded and trained as far aft as possible, so that if the *Vanderbilt* fired the *Nimble* might acknowledge the compliment.

All night the ships remained about the same distance from each other. Owing to the rolling of the ship, caused by her heavy gun being on the lee fighting bolt, the *Nimble* lost over a dozen shot out of it, as fast as one shot rolled overboard another being rammed home. In the morning both ships were under the lee of the Island of St. Thomas, and losing the wind, the *Nimble's* sails were furled and the *Vanderbilt* came up hand over hand. The colours were hoisted and the two ships steamed into the harbour together.

Harry took his despatches at once on board the English mail-steamer, and on his way back pulled close by the *Vanderbilt*, to take a good look at her, and remarked that the only gun she could have brought to bear while chasing them was a forty-pounder parrot gun mounted on the forecastle.

St. Thomas belongs to the Danes, and is the depôt of the Royal Mail Steam Company. The *Nimble* had to fill up with coal and await the arrival of the next mail from England.

In the afternoon Harry landed and called on the mail agent. Just as he was leaving, the captain of the *Vanderbilt* came in and was introduced to Harry. After a little conversation, finding that they were both going on board their own ships, Captain Knapp asked Harry to come on board the *Vanderbilt* with him, where he was very hospitably received, and amicably discussed the night's adventure.

"I guess we all made certain that we had got that darned *Florida* at last," said one of her lieutenants, "and if it had not been for the skipper we should have fired at you."

"Well," said Harry, "we were all ready, and if we had hit your walking beam, you would have been helpless, and we could have sunk you at our leisure."

"Wal, sir," replied the lieutenant, "it is considerable true about our walking beam, but the *Vanderbilt* would take a good deal of sinking, and perhaps your little whipsnake of a gunboat would have been sunk first."

Harry did not consider it necessary to tell the Yankees how many shot they had lost overboard, and shortly afterwards returned on board the *Nimble*.

Next forenoon they finished coaling and in the afternoon cleaned the ship. Harry went on shore and dined with the mail agent, and accepted an invitation for the next day to drive out to a sugar plantation belonging to a Danish gentleman whom he met at dinner. The assistant surgeon accompanied Harry next day, and they drove for some distance along the shore and then turned up into the hills. They found the owner's wife and family at the plantation and were shown everything worth seeing.

In the evening some neighbours appeared and they had an impromptu dance. Nearly all the Danes spoke very good English, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Next morning ponies were provided, and Harry and the assistant surgeon returned by a hill track with their host, and got on board the *Nimble* about four P.M. This evening the

mail-steamer arrived from England, and Harry went on board for the mails. Next morning the *Nimble* weighed under steam, and after clearing the islands shaped a course for Cape Haytien. The wind being the N.E. trade, which blows home to the West Indian Islands, was on their starboard quarter, and they stopped the screw and ran along about nine knots under sail.

On the 23rd they arrived at Cape Haytien, where they found the *Lotus*, and Frank was astonished and delighted to find Harry in temporary command of the *Nimble*. Frank had taken the opportunity of his stay at Cape Haytien to visit Christov's Palace, which is built at the top of a rock inaccessible on three sides. All the materials used in its construction had of course to be carried up there, and this was principally done by slave labour. When, wearied and disheartened, the slaves refused to work, Christov, so the tradition says, would kill off every tenth man, to encourage the rest, so that every stone in the palace may well be said to have cost a human life.

The *Lotus* had recovered a good deal from the wreck of the *Bulldog*, and as Harry brought their orders from Jamaica, the two vessels weighed next day and ran down in company to Port Royal, where they arrived on the 26th September. Harry delivered his mails on board the commodore's flagship, and then went on board the *Acis*. The lieutenant-commander of the *Nimble* was now convalescent, and Harry rejoined the *Acis* on the 1st October, not sorry to have had some experience in a gun-vessel.

The *Lotus* was ordered home, and Frank promised to go to Cumberland and see Captain and Mrs. Malcolm as soon as he could after she paid off. Harry received welcome letters from Mr. Calhoun and Meda, informing him that they were going to Europe in October, and hoping that the *Acis* would soon come home and pay off.

On the 10th October the *Acis* bade farewell to Port Royal and sailed for Bermuda and Halifax, arriving at the former on

the 16th. Here they found the *Duncan*, the *Phaeton*, and the *Pylades*; and as all these ships had cricketers among them, matches took place every week. A good cricket ground had by this time been made at Somerset Island, and as this was much nearer than Hamilton, the Navy men could get to it much more conveniently. The *Acis*, however, was ordered off to Newfoundland to await the arrival of the *Great Eastern* with the Atlantic cable on board, and sailed on the 21st October and called into Halifax on the 25th, sailing again on the 27th, and on the 29th anchored in the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland.

This harbour is entered by a very narrow passage between two perpendicular cliffs about 300 feet high, and is entirely land-locked. The town is small, built of wood, and is very unsavoury. Fish and fish-oil pervade the whole place, and are its principal source of revenue. A detachment of artillery were stationed there, and their officers gave glowing accounts of the fishing to be obtained in the lakes and rivers at the proper season. The *Acis*, however, had to go to her station to await the *Great Eastern*, and on the 1st November steamed out of St. John's and anchored next day in the little harbour of Heart's Content, on the eastern side of Trinity Bay.

Two days were spent here, the town being very small but more savoury than St. John's, and then the *Acis* went out to the mouth of Trinity Bay. This is about eighteen miles wide, with bold, rocky shores. Steam was kept up, as icebergs were numerous and the wind was very variable. At night the *Acis* carried a light at each masthead and fired a gun every half-hour; and now they got foggy weather and had a very unpleasant time, sometimes anchoring outside Trinity Bay, on the banks, with a kedge anchor and hawsers.

One day, which was clear, as they wanted to expend their ammunition, they sailed round an iceberg whose highest peak was about 250 feet high. After about an hour's firing, they had broken such large pieces off it with their shot and shell

that it capsized, and Harry wished he had Meda's talent with the pencil that he might commemorate the event.

To see the fantastic shapes which had reared their pinnacles aloft disappearing under the water, to be succeeded by a smooth, greenish-white surface marked by deep veins of blue, was a sight once seen never to be forgotten. An iceberg, which at first may be smooth and glacier-like, becomes, through unequal melting by the sun and other causes, every imaginable shape, but there are nearly always one or two pinnacles which stand up, like the spires of cathedrals, above the rest. Of course icebergs are of all sizes and shapes, and are more dangerous to the ships crossing the Atlantic in the summer and autumn than at other times, as it is in the summer that the Arctic ice breaks up, and is brought down by the Arctic current until they meet the gulf stream, which takes them across towards the English shores. Its warmer waters, however, aided by the rays of the sun, quickly melt them. The iceberg at which the *Acis* fired was one which had grounded on the coast of Newfoundland, and must have remained there some months, till, breaking up into several large portions, it floated out to where the *Acis* encountered it.

After three weeks' cruising, waiting for the *Great Eastern*, a paddle-steamer was sighted one morning, which turned out to be H.M.S. *Sphinx*. She was one of the two men-of-war which were ordered to accompany the *Great Eastern* on her voyage, and brought the news that the cable had broken in mid-ocean, and that, after several unsuccessful attempts to recover it, the *Great Eastern* had returned to England to await more favourable weather next year. The *Acis* was therefore at liberty to return to Halifax, and they were very glad to do so, as by this time the weather was very cold and foggy, and, as Captain Magennis remarked, "If the little cherub that looks after poor Jack had not been a very good fellow, the *Acis* would have come to grief in some way".

On the 29th November the *Acis* once more moored along-

side the dockyard at Halifax, and the week afterwards received her orders for England. As Captain Magennis was anxious to leave before the winter set in, the *Acis* got ready for her voyage at once, and on the 10th December ran out of Halifax harbour under double-reefed topsails and courses, the topgallant masts being housed and everything well secured for sea. Harry obtained leave to take a Newfoundland puppy home, which he named Bruin, and gave to a man to look after on the voyage home.

The wind at first was south-east, a moderate gale, but headed them next day, and at length got round to north, which enabled them just to lay their course on the port tack. On the 13th the wind went still further round, till it became steady at north-west and came on to blow very hard.

They still ran before it, however, logging over 300 miles a-day till the morning of the 16th, when the foreyard snapped in two and the foresail and foretopsail blew to ribbons. The ship was brought to the wind, and lay to under close-reefed main-topsail and fore-staysail. The foreyard, after several hours' work, was sent on deck and everything secured. By this time there was a very heavy sea on, and it was impossible to attempt fishing the foreyard until the weather moderated. The guns were secured with hawsers, and life-lines passed along the deck. On the evening of the 17th the lee cutter was washed away, although the davits had been topped up as high as they would go.

This was the heaviest sea Harry had ever seen, notwithstanding his experience off the Horn in the *Andromeda*, and he congratulated himself that he was in a big frigate like the *Acis* instead of being in the *Nimble*.

On the 19th the weather moderated sufficiently for the *Acis* to continue on her course. The fore-topsail was set double-reefed, with the tacks and sheets of the foresail bent to its clews; two reefs were shaken out of the main-topsail, and, under the two double-reefed topsails and fore-staysail, the *Acis*

ran about ten knots an hour. The carpenter and his crew, aided by the blacksmiths, now began fishing the foreyard, and though, of course, it was a more difficult job than the *Andromeda's* mainyard, owing to the motion of the ship, &c., it was finished on the evening of the 20th, and on the morning of the 21st the foreyard was sent up and the foresail bent and set, the topsail being set in its proper place, the fore-staysail hauled down, and the topmast staysail set.

It blew hard all the rest of the voyage, though the *Acis* was not obliged again to lie to. Christmas Day was spent at sea, and on the 28th December, 1865, the *Acis* arrived in Plymouth Sound, where she anchored and saluted the port-admiral.

Next day was a fine bright one, and their sails were loosed to dry and the ship cleaned.

That evening Harry and some of the officers were looking at a long steamer which arrived and anchored, appearing to be very heavily laden. Harry remarked that if that steamer experienced the same sort of weather as the *Acis* had passed through she would go to the bottom, and most of the officers thought the same. These were prophetic words, for the steamer was the ill-fated *London*, and next week did go to the bottom in the Bay of Biscay. Being laden with railway iron for Australia, she was quite unfit to encounter such weather as the *Acis* had safely passed through, and she was lost with all hands, being seen to go down by another ocean steamer, which, however, was powerless to help her.

The *Acis* was inspected by the port-admiral, and, having discharged her powder and shell, steamed up the Hamoaze and moored alongside the dockyard. Frank came down to stay at Plymouth to be with his old chum, and Harry received letters from his uncle, telling him that Mr. Calhoun and Meda were travelling in France, and forwarding letters which they had left for him.

The next three weeks were occupied in dismantling the *Acis*, and on the 23rd January she was paid off, after a com-

mission of three years and nine months. Frank and Harry went up to London, where they found Captain and Mrs. Malcolm staying with Frank's father and mother.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SEYMOUR wrote to ask them both to come and have some hunting, and they were very glad to accept. Seymour now lived in Surrey, and hunted with the East Surrey and sometimes with the Craven. As Harry and Frank were both good riders, no one would have known they were sailors, the naval brigade being distinguished in the hunting field, as elsewhere, more by their pluck than discretion. They enjoyed several good runs, and Seymour, being very hospitable, generally had some people staying with him. Engracia, who had now given "hostages to fortune" in the shape of a little boy and girl, used to drive her pony-carriage to the meet, and appeared reconciled to English winter weather. In February they had a hard frost and skates were produced, Harry and Frank, from their Halifax experience, being able to astonish the natives.

Mr. Calhoun and Meda had gone to the south of France for the winter, as his health had suffered from devotion to his duties during the American civil war, which was now over. In March Harry went to Cumberland, and as he was now nearly twenty-four years of age, he began to talk seriously to his uncle about his marriage.

"Well, Harry, you know that Mr. Calhoun does not want you to marry Meda until you are twenty-five, and you are bound to consider his wishes," said Captain Malcolm.

"So I do," answered Harry; "but if I go to sea again I may be away another three years, and I would not stand that; I would sooner give up the service."

"Well, Harry," said his uncle, "Mr. Calhoun is not at all well, and perhaps will have to live in a mild climate for the future."

"I could always take Meda to see him if he lived in the south of France," replied Harry ; "or we might get a yacht."

"Well, I will write to Mr. Calhoun and discuss the subject with him," said Captain Malcolm.

"Thank you, uncle," said Harry ; "I will write to Meda, but she is so dutiful to her father that she will not try to hasten our marriage."

Harry devoted himself to fishing and wild-fowl shooting during April and May, when Frank was appointed to the *Zebra*, a training ship for boys which cruised about the Channel. Harry went for a cruise with him and enjoyed the spring weather very much.

In June Mr. Calhoun passed through Paris and went to live at Avranches, on the coast of Normandy, and Harry set off to see them. He went by steamer to the old-fashioned little town of St. Malo, from thence by rail to Dol, and from Dol by diligence to Avranches. The diligence drove into the courtyard of an old-fashioned inn, where Mr. Calhoun was awaiting him. Harry was quite shocked to see how aged and careworn Mr. Calhoun had become, but he was very cheerful, and told Harry he had hired a house for three months. Mr. Fairfax and his party had taken another close to them.

Meda was delighted to see Harry, and thought him very manly-looking, as he really was. Meda herself was now twenty-one, and had developed into a very fine looking girl. Her face, however, had changed very little, and though she had regular features, Harry admired her more for the varying expressions which lit up her face with some new beauty, as her thoughts chased one another or she responded to Harry's.

A party was made to visit San Michel, and they drove round by Pontorson and the Digue, where they embarked and crossed over to the rocky little island which rises up out of the sands in solitary grandeur. Having explored the old castle, and seen the churches with their relics, they had some breakfast at an inn, and it was proposed to sail back, as the



HARRY SHOT VERY WELL.

tide was in. A boat was accordingly hired, and, notice being sent to their carriage to drive back empty, they embarked in a sailing boat, and with a light breeze sailed back to Avranches and walked up through the woods.

That evening Mr. Calhoun said to Harry, "I have been thinking over your uncle's letter, and I have come to the conclusion that, as I may not live long, I will consent to your marriage in six months' time".

"I am very sorry to hear that you have anything serious the matter with you, Mr. Calhoun," said Harry. "Have you seen any good doctor?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Calhoun; "in Paris, I saw one, but I will go to London and take advice there, as I have more confidence in English doctors."

Next day Harry told Meda what Mr. Calhoun had said, and asked her if she knew what was the matter with him.

"No," said Meda; "he will not tell me, but I fear it is heart disease."

"Try," said Harry, "and get him to come to London. I am sure these French doctors are no good."

"Well, they are very clever in some things," said Meda; "but I confess I believe more in English ones than any others, though I never had anything to do with them. Oh, Harry, I do so hope I am not going to lose him."

"We are all in God's hands, my darling," said Harry, gravely; "and we who are never ill are not half thankful enough for our good health."

In July Mr. Calhoun resolved to go to London, and Harry, who had waited to accompany them, had the pleasure of escorting Meda and her father. In order to see a little more of France they drove by diligence to Coutances, where there is a beautiful cathedral. Next day they drove to St. Lo, and in the morning took the train *via* Caen to Rouen. Here they stayed the day following, and saw all the sights, and next day arrived at Havre and embarked for Southampton. On arriving

in London, Captain Maynard met them, and insisted on their accepting his hospitality. Mr. Calhoun went two days afterwards and saw the best physician of the day, and was able to tell Meda that he considered there was no immediate danger, but recommended him to pass the winter in a milder climate than that of England.

"Well, Meda," said Harry, "that is satisfactory so far as it goes."

"Yes, dear," replied Meda ; "my heart is much lighter, and we may think of our own affairs now."

"When are you going to name the day?" asked Harry, drawing her towards him.

Meda's little head nestled against Harry's shoulder, and she looked shyly up and said, "Oh, Harry, I have no clothes".

"Hum," said Harry ; "I am sure you have a great many more than I have. You must have wasted your time very much in Paris if you did not get all sorts of things there."

"Oh," replied Meda, "I was so anxious about my father then that I did not think of wedding clothes."

"Is it possible," asked Harry, smiling, "to get sufficient clothes to be married in in London?"

"Nonsense, you goose," said Meda.

"Well," returned Harry, "I have heard that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris ; but I think if they went there before they got married it would be much more useful."

"I daresay I can manage without going to Paris," said Meda, "as the dressmakers here can get anything they like much better than I could."

"Well, then, I may speak to Mr. Calhoun," said Harry.

"Yes," said Meda ; and Harry pulled out an engagement ring and asked Meda to put it on.

"I will put it on," said Meda, "because I do not like to refuse you anything ; but as we have kept true to each other all these years without any such tokens, it is only to flatter you I do it."

Harry stopped her mouth in lover's fashion, and some of Frank's sisters came in. Mr. Calhoun told Harry that evening that he would write to his uncle, and that perhaps the marriage might come off in October or November.

Harry received letters from his uncle, asking if he was not going to join the shooting parties this year, and as Mr. Calhoun was going to the south of England with the Fairfaxes and Meda, Harry thought he might as well go up and get some shooting. Before he went he said to Meda, "Whom would you like to have as bridesmaids, Meda?"

"Well, Harry," she replied, "I only know the Fairfaxes well enough to ask them."

"Would you like some of Frank's sisters?" asked Harry. "I know they will be only too delighted to see us made unhappy."

"Yes," said Meda; "and do you think your cousin, Miss Ormathwaite, would condescend to be one? She was very kind to me when I was at Ostleburn."

"Well," said Harry, "she is rather a full-blown bridesmaid, but I will ask her; and as I have to give each of them a locket or something, perhaps she will be gracious enough."

"Oh, Harry, how ill-natured you are," said Meda.

"I always was," said Harry, smiling; "but, Meda, I hope you are going to order all you require before you leave London."

"Yes," said Meda; "I will ask Mrs. Maynard and the girls to help me to choose my wedding dress and other things."

"How they will enjoy wasting your money, Meda," said Harry.

"Not a bit of it," replied Meda; "we shall be most prudent. Is Frank to be your best man?"

"Yes," said Harry; "and we must have Seymour and his wife there, and I suppose all my relations must be asked, and there are settlements to be made, and I must make my will, and—oh, what a bother it all is! Why cannot people be married quietly without all this fuss?"

"Must you make your will, Harry?" asked Meda, looking troubled.

"Yes, my darling," said Harry; "but I shall not go to Davy Jones any the sooner for that."

"Oh, Harry," said Meda, "you sailors always talk so lightly about those sort of things."

"It is not because we do not feel deeply, or are less religious than other men," said Harry, "but it is from being used to face all sorts of dangers that we get to talk lightly of them; for you know, my dearest, that those 'who go down to the sea in ships,' unless they never think at all, must think deeply of such things."

"I can understand that," said Meda; "and, Harry, I want you to be married in your uniform and to wear your medal."

"You are an insinuating young woman," said Harry, "and I will think about it."

"You have never put it on, sir," said she.

"No," said Harry; "and I have never seen any other man wear one either; but I suppose you think I am more conceited than anybody else."

"If you are not conceited I am proud of you, dear," said Meda, with her eyes glistening.

Harry finished the interview in his usual manner, and a day or two afterwards took his departure for Cumberland.

At Ostleburn he found his uncle and aunt alone, as Captain Malcolm was never in too great a hurry to begin shooting. They had a long conversation, and his uncle told him that Mr. Calhoun proposed to give Meda £10,000 on her marriage, and that he would allow him £200 a-year, which, with his own £400 and his half-pay, and the interest of Meda's money, would make up about £1000 a-year for them to begin housekeeping on.

"We do not want anything like that," cried Harry.

"You do not know what you want," replied his uncle, "until you try. However, that is enough business for the

present. Here is an invitation for us all to go to Ormathwaite for the 12th. I do not care to go, but you ought to go; you will meet many great county people you ought to know and have never seen."

Harry had a few days' fishing, and went round and called on all their nearest neighbours, and on the 10th August drove over to Ormathwaite Grange. He found Sir Oswald as jolly as ever, though he was now pretty well up in years. Frances was looking very well, though five seasons in London are calculated to take the freshness out of any girl. She might have married several times, but had never cared to as yet. She asked very kindly after Meda, and promised to be a bridesmaid if they wished it.

"But, you know, Harry," said she, "I feel quite like an old woman."

"You do not look it," said Harry.

"Keep your compliments for Meda," said Frances.

"Well, you know, you are only a month or two older than Meda," said Harry.

"Yes, but I have been 'out' five seasons now, and begin to wish I was back in the schoolroom," said she.

"Do you remember wishing to scratch those girls for giving themselves airs about seven years ago?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes," replied Frances; "and, at the time, I could have done it with pleasure."

"Well, I want you to tell me what I ought to give the bridesmaids, for you know so much better than I do."

Frances promised to help, though she said she was prejudiced, as she was to be one herself.

"Well, I need not do what you tell me," replied Harry, smiling.

"What a romance it has been," said Frances, thoughtfully, "your marrying Meda!"

"Yes," said Harry; "for years I had very little idea I should ever see her again, but I never forgot her dear little

face, and having Frank and Seymour to talk to about her, helped to make it seem more possible."

"Yes," said Frances. "Well, Harry, I am sure you will be happy, for she is a dear girl, though at first I thought her insignificant."

"You are such a grenadier guardess yourself, that I suppose you thought such a slight girl could not have much in her," laughed Harry.

"Well, perhaps ; and then I think I was disappointed that she had none of those mannerisms which most Americans have," said Frances. "Come along and have some tea."

Oswald and Tom arrived that evening, and next day was devoted to looking at the kennels and overhauling the guns. Three or four more men arrived and some ladies ; and, on the 12th, six guns took the field. It was a very good shooting day, and, the dogs having been well trained, they had about eighty brace of grouse by luncheon time ; and, as the moor was not large, they resolved to leave it for another day, as they were expecting some more guests.

Most of Sir Oswald's shooting was partridge and pheasant ; and, as Oswald and Tom were both enthusiastic fishermen, they took Harry out next day, and were fortunate in getting five salmon between the three rods. Fish, by which name salmon alone is dignified in salmon rivers, seldom got so high up as Captain Malcolm's water, and Harry had seldom got anything but trout out of the river till this occasion, if we except eels, which he used to catch on night lines as a boy about the bridge and such places. Frances was very fond of riding and a good horsewoman, so they had plenty of amusement besides shooting.

Harry left Ormathwaite at the end of August in order to assist Captain Malcolm to entertain some guests at Ostleburn. Major Aylmer, with his second son and Miss Aylmer, arrived, and Captain Fortescue, whose father was dead. There was a new clergyman at Ostleburn—the old vicar being dead—and

two of his sons were asked to dine and sleep, ready for the 1st of September. Their name was Lawson, and the eldest was at Oxford, and the youngest at Rugby. Mrs. Malcolm apologised for not having more ladies; "But," said she, "you men are out shooting all day, and I am not equal to amusing a lot of strange girls, and all our old friends are either married or have guests of their own to look after just now".

Next day the party started early, and began shooting at Barren Wood to get a few grouse, after which they tried the turnips for partridges. Harry shot very well, and Major Aylmer complimented him on his success. The major's own sight was beginning to fail, and he thought that this would most likely be his last season. The young Lawsons did very fairly, and Captain Fortescue and Mr. Aylmer were crack shots, so that by luncheon the bag amounted to thirty brace of grouse, sixty brace of partridges, and seventeen hares. Everyone was satisfied, and they drove home early so as not to entirely neglect the ladies.

The young Lawsons walked home with as much game as they cared to carry, and came back to dinner with two of their sisters, both bright, clever girls, an addition to any society. After dinner they had some music, Miss Aylmer being really an accomplished musician, and the two Miss Lawsons playing very fairly.

Next day was Sunday, and, as it was showery, Mrs. Malcolm and Miss Aylmer drove to church, the men walking. As it was drizzling a little when the carriage passed them in the lane, Mrs. Malcolm asked them if anyone would take a ride, but all refused, and Major Aylmer said, "Malcolm, do you remember that story about Palmerston and the Bishop of Oxford?"

"No," said Captain Malcolm; "if I ever heard it, I have forgotten it."

"Well," said the major, "on a Sunday very much like this, the bishop and Palmerston had been having an argument about going to church in carriages, and, wishing to show a good

example, the bishop set off on foot with some others, Lord Palmerston, who was then an old man, following in his brougham. A pretty sharp shower was falling as he passed the bishop, and, putting his head out at the window, Palmerston said : ' How blest is he who ne'er consents by ill advice to walk '. The bishop looked up and capped it with : ' Nor sits in sinners' seats, nor rides where men profanely talk '."

"Very neat," said Captain Malcolm, "but a little irreverent."

After service, the weather having cleared up, Miss Aylmer walked back, her father taking her place in the carriage, as he felt a little tired after his exertions of the day before. Harry walked with Miss Alymer, for whom he had always had a great liking, and she asked him if he did not think the new clergyman a great improvement on the old vicar, and Harry said : "Yes, they have done a great deal for the parish since they came, and the service is much nicer now that Miss Lawson plays the harmonium, and their daughters have taken some pains with the choir".

"They are very nice girls," said Miss Alymer. "But I forgot that Andromeda has had your heart so long that you can take no interest in other girls. Tell me about her."

Harry, once launched on this subject, found enough to talk about to last them all the way to the hall.

Next day they had another try at the birds, and with varying success shot more or less every day that week. Major Aylmer then carried Harry off for a week to his place, and he afterwards spent a week with Captain Fortescue. He heard from Meda that they were going to stay at Bournemouth, and that Mr. Calhoun was much the same as usual. The Fairfaxes were also there, so Meda always had companions. Harry also heard from Seymour that he hoped to be with them by the time that pheasant shooting began. Frank could not get away from his training brig, as he was obliged to take advantage of the fine weather to make an autumn trip. He

liked the brig very well, as he was to a great extent his own master, and could go more or less where he pleased. Seymour and family arrived at Ostleburn Hall towards the end of September, and Harry would have been perfectly happy but that he began to fear that the settlements would not be ready for his marriage for some time, as lawyers like shooting as well as other people, and Meda was beginning to get anxious not to keep her father in England too late in the autumn.

Seymour and Harry spent the first week of October at Ormathwaite, and brought Oswald, Tom, and Frances back with them to Ostleburn. Frances had designed a monogram in blue enamel, on a white ground, set in gold, and Harry was much pleased with it. He told Frances that he feared his marriage would have to be put off till next summer; and next week he received a letter from Meda, telling him he had better come and say good-bye to them and see them off, as she was anxious for her father to leave England before November. Harry saw there was nothing for it but to give in with a good grace, and when Seymour went south, Harry accompanied him and went on to Bournemouth. Here he found Mr. Calhoun cheerful but evidently weaker than he had been. Meda was radiant as usual, and thanked Harry for giving in about the marriage so nicely.

"You know, dear," she said, "we are quite young yet, and, I hope, have many happy years before us; but if we married and anything happened to my father through our keeping him in England too long, we should never forgive ourselves."

"You are always right, my darling," said Harry, "though it would be a very bad compliment to you if I was not eager to be married. Still, I think in this case we can afford to wait." Harry then showed Meda the monogram for the bridesmaids' lockets, and she liked them very much.

"Meda, I want you to lend me your star," said Harry.

"What for, sir?" asked Meda.

"That is my business," answered Harry.

"You can have no business which is not mine also," replied Meda.

"Well, if you must know," said Harry, "I want to give each of the bridesmaids one for her hair, and I want you to wear yours on our wedding day, so that as you have been my guiding star ever since Naples, so each of the bridesmaids may be the guardian angel to some 'forlorn and shipwrecked brother'."

"Oh, Harry, you think far too highly of me," said Meda.

"No, Meda," said Harry; "if you only realised what you have been to me you would not say that."

"Well, Harry," said Meda, "I can only try to be all you think me. Now let us go and see father."

On the 24th October Mr. Calhoun and Meda embarked on board the P. and O. steamer *Poonah*, in which they had taken a voyage before, and steamed away for Marseilles. Harry took all the trouble off Mr. Calhoun's hands, and managed to get them two of the best berths. Harry stayed on board till they got through the Needles, and after a loving farewell came on shore with the pilot. In fulfilment of his promise he went to stay with Seymour to enjoy some hunting. They had now three children, the eldest boy being Harry's godson, and the second boy was named Frank, the girl who came between them being named Carita after her aunt. Harry was very fond of children and enjoyed many a romp with Seymour's, the latter telling him he was only fond of them because he had seen so little of them.

In the beginning of December Harry received a letter from Meda, in which she told him that, after having had a look at Nice, she had persuaded her father to winter at Naples, 'where,' wrote she, "everything will remind me of you". Mr. Calhoun had improved sensibly with the sea voyage; and as the air of Naples is considered second to none for those who suffer from disease of the lungs, which the doctors had told

Mr. Calhoun was his ailment, Meda hoped that the improvement would continue.

On the 15th December Harry left Seymour to go to Ostleburn, where Captain and Mrs. Malcolm intended to entertain a large party for Christmas; and on the 20th Seymour and his family arrived. Captain and Mrs. Maynard and the three girls, who were to be bridesmaids, Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax and their two daughters, arrived on the 22nd, and on the 23rd Oswald, Tom, and Frances Ormathwaite appeared, as well as Miss Aylmer and her youngest brother.

Harry had been assisting in decorating the church and improving his acquaintance with the Lawsons, and, with the Maynard girls and the Misses Fairfax, had also disposed holly and mistletoe about the hall wherever they thought it appropriate. Frank arrived late on the 23rd, having waited in London to bring the lockets and stars for the bridesmaids. Though Harry was aware it was not usual to present such things four or five months before a wedding, still, he thought that, as all six bridesmaids were under the same roof, it was a good opportunity of doing so, and, after luncheon on the 24th, he presented each of them with their locket and star. All the bridesmaids admired them very much, and Frances said, "You told me nothing about the star when you asked me to help you to design the locket".

"No," said Harry, "it was an afterthought. When I went to Southampton Meda had it in her hair in the evening, and I thought how nice it would look if the bridesmaids each wore one."

"I suppose you will choose our dresses for us next," said Miss Maynard.

"No," said Harry. "I hope I have more sense. It is both my pleasure and my duty to provide them; but, as only 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' I will leave the choice of them to the more angelic half of creation."

"Mamma and Meda have chosen them already," replied Miss Maynard, smiling.

"I am glad to hear it," said Harry. "Do you know when they will be ready?"

"In February or March," replied Miss Maynard.

"Well," said Harry, "as soon as the festive season is over I will hurry the lawyers up ; but I suppose they enjoy Christmas as much as we do."

About four o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, with three daughters and their two sons, appeared, and soon after the doctor and his wife also joined them. The latter had only lately arrived in the village, and was a clever man, about thirty, with a pretty, intelligent wife. Dinner was at seven, and the vestibule had been cleared away for dancing. Two fiddlers had been procured from Penrith, and the servants' hall had also been prepared for dancing, as Captain Malcolm liked his people to be "merry in hall" as well as in the drawing-room.

The ball in the servants' hall commenced first, Captain Malcolm opening it with the housekeeper, and Mrs. Malcolm with old Buller. Harry, regardless of consequences, danced with the prettiest girl he could find, and the rest all found partners. When it was over Captain Malcolm and his guests all drank a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" to those in the hall, and then adjourned to the drawing-room, where tea was brought in by Buller, who looked a little apoplectic after his recent exertions.

Miss Fairfax, who played the violin, now began to tune up, having offered to play as she did not dance. Mrs. Malcolm was to play the piano whenever Miss Fairfax wished for a little rest. Captain Malcolm danced the first dance with the doctor's wife, and Harry led out the youngest Miss Fairfax. Frank danced with Frances Ormathwaite, and the others, too numerous to mention individually, went through the process of natural selection. Harry did not forget his cousin during the evening, and she certainly was the "belle of the ball," though, perhaps, her knowledge of effect and her London maid had a good deal to do with it.

At 11.30 supper was served, and Harry took Miss Fairfax, who had contributed so much to their pleasure, into supper.

"I always regret," said Harry, "that I have no talent for music, for it is the art which gives more pleasure to others than any other. I envy—no, I will not envy anyone on Christmas Eve," continued he, "but I often wish I had been able to paint or play."

"Yes," said Miss Fairfax, "both are great gifts, and I am often thankful that I have one in some small degree, for music can often soothe sorrow, as well as promote pleasure."

A few toasts were drunk, and, half-an-hour after, both violin and pianoforte struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley," which was danced with the greatest enthusiasm by all the younger people present. Mr. Lawson and his family, the doctor and his wife, now began to get ready for their walk to the village, and, after some mulled wine, set out in the frosty starlit night for their homes.

Harry had hung a sprig of mistletoe above the first landing of the stairs which led up to the rooms on the first floor, and managed to kiss Frank's three sisters and his cousin Frances on their way up. The latter laughed and said, "I declare I will tell Meda".

"I shall tell her myself," replied Harry; and, after the men had taken another drop of mulled wine, they all retired.

Christmas Day dawned clear and bright, though cold, and, after appropriate greetings and a hearty breakfast, they all walked down to church. Mr. Lawson preached a cheerful Christmas sermon, and the choir excelled themselves. After church they exchanged good wishes with the villagers, whose fare had been provided for them by Harry's own purse. On the walk back Frances wished they could skate, and this set Harry thinking of the rinks he had seen at Halifax and elsewhere. Frank's sisters all declared they would write and tell Meda that he had kissed them last night.

"I hope you will," said Harry. "Once I am married I

would not do such a thing even under the mistletoe, but until I am I must take every chance I can get."

"Oh, Harry, how shocking!" laughed Miss Maynard.

"Frank, you were a duffer," said Harry. "I declare if it had not been for Meda I would have kissed every girl in the room."

"I did not think of it," said Frank. "Any way I shall kiss the bridesmaids at your wedding, and you will not be able to."

"Yes," said Harry; "but three of them are your own sisters, and that is no satisfaction."

"Well," said Frank, "you kissed four girls last night—how would you like it if four men kissed Meda under the mistletoe?"

"I should only laugh," said Harry. "Perfect love gives perfect trust."

After lunch Harry said to Frank, "Look here, old fellow, cannot we make a rink out of one of the barns behind the stables? Let us go and look at them." The ground floor of one of the barns was unoccupied, and, said Harry, "Why, we can flood this quite easy with the hoses from the fire-engine and the tap in the stable yard".

"Yes," said Frank, "but no one will come to work on Christmas Day."

"Oh, I will get some fellows to level the floor and put the hoses on, and then we will turn the tap on and open the barn doors to let the frost get at the water, and by to-morrow morning we will be able to skate."

Seymour was asked what he thought of it, and said it appeared to be quite easy, but that more air must be let in to freeze the water equally.

"I will speak to my uncle," said Harry, "and get him to let me take out some boards at each end, which, with the big doors in the centre of each side, ought to be sufficient."

Harry accordingly asked his uncle's permission, and, as he had no objection, he soon had a large opening made

at each end of the barn, whose pillars were of brick, the spaces between being boarded; then, setting some men to level the floor so as to make it an inch or two lower than the ground outside, the hoses of the fire engine were screwed together and one end fastened under the tap.

After a jovial Christmas dinner Harry and Frank disappeared, and went up to look at their impromptu rink. As it was now freezing hard, the water had not much time to soak in before it froze, and, the floor being very hard, almost held water. In about an hour's time an equal coat was frozen all over it, and, leaving the under gardener in charge of the operations, they returned to the house.

Next morning they went up to look at their rink, and found that, though not a perfect success, it was possible to skate on it, and Oswald and Tom drove over to Ormathwaite to fetch all the pairs of skates they could find. Some were also sent for to Penrith, and that night they flooded the rink again, and next day, having sent for the Lawsons, as well as all who could skate, enjoyed themselves very well. There were no ponds of any size near Ostleburn, and if there had been they would have been covered with snow. A sleigh was talked of, but there was no time to get one ready this winter; but Harry resolved that if ever he came into the property he would have sleighs and toboggans and a barn which he could use as a rink in winter.

"Well, Harry," said his cousin, "you have taken a great deal of trouble to get us some skating. It is very good of you."

"Not a bit," replied Harry; "I am very fond of skating myself. I wonder there are no rinks in England. You should see them in Halifax. In the afternoon the band plays, and everyone has to go round and round, as it is too crowded during fashionable hours to do anything else. The elders walk about on the platforms at the side and watch their daughters skating and flirting."

"It must be very jolly," said Frances; "and the sleighing, did you enjoy that?"

"Rather," said Harry. "People take it in turns to give pic-nics; and each man has some jolly girl or other told off to him for the day, whom he is bound to look after. I should think more people had popped the question in sleighs than anywhere else."

"Is it easy to drive a sleigh?" asked Frances.

"Oh, yes," said Harry. "Perhaps Cumberland is rather hilly for it, as turning the corner sharp, at the bottom of a hill, is where most people come to grief, but even then it is soft falling into snow. However, if a girl has two or three spills in your company, you soon find out if she is good-tempered or not."

"I do not think I should be in a very good temper if I was constantly 'spilt,' as you call it," said Frances.

"Then you would get nobody to drive you," replied Harry. "People are all good-tempered at Halifax."

"Until they get married, I suppose," said Frances.

"That shows you have a very poor opinion of your fellow-creatures," replied Harry.

"I only judge from what I have seen in London," said his cousin, and, as it was getting dusk, they strolled to the house.

After about a week's fun, a thaw set in, and all the guests departed, except the Maynards.

Harry wrote a long account of his Christmas amusements to Meda, and soon after received her answer, giving a good account of her father, and telling Harry how she was enjoying the music at the different operas. Vesuvius was quiescent, and the people had now settled down after the excitement of turning out the Bourbons, quite contented under the government of Victor Emanuel. Frank went to rejoin his ship, and Harry exerted himself to amuse the Misses Maynard. In January they all went to stay at Ormathwaite, and, as the frost

held off, riding was their principal amusement. There was a lawn meet given at Ormathwaite whilst they were there, and the girls enjoyed the sight very much; but Cumberland, from the nature of the country, seldom affords a run with the hounds to be compared with even an average one in the more favoured counties. They are, however, very jolly meetings, and if they cannot always secure a run, they can always get up a dance in the evening, or some other amusement.

At the end of January a hard frost set in, and, there being some flooded meadows half-a-mile from the Grange, skates were again produced, and Harry had great fun teaching the girls the outside edge and other manœuvres. In February they returned to Ostleburn, and the Maynards went up to London. Harry invested a good many shillings in valentines, and sent them to all his friends and acquaintances, of course sending one to Meda, which was far prettier and more costly than all the rest put together. Captain Malcolm, with his wife, came up to London, and with Harry was now a good deal occupied with the lawyers in the daytime. Seymour was also in London, and, as the theatres were all in full swing, they took boxes amongst them two or three times a-week.

Seymour said to Harry one evening, "I suppose you are never going to sea again, Harry".

"I do not suppose I ever shall," Harry said. "I should like a cruise in a yacht in the spring."

"What do you say if we hire one and go out to Naples and bring Mr. Calhoun and Meda home?" said Seymour.

"Say!" cried Harry. "It is a happy thought, an inspiration. I have been longing to do something of the sort, and could not hit upon anything to please me."

"Well," said Seymour, "the Marquis of Hertford, who is the head of my branch of the family, has a great big schooner which has been laid up for the last two years because he is too old to care about yachting, and I know he would lend her to me willingly, if we pay the expenses, and, as you and I could

navigate and look after everything, it need not cost us a great deal."

"What is her name?" said Harry.

"I do not know," said Seymour, "but for our commission we will christen her the *Andromeda*, for I know that is what you are thinking of."

"It is too selfish of me," said Harry; "Engracia or Carita ought to have a chance."

"Nonsense," said Seymour; "Engracia is an old married woman, and will come as chaperon; and Carita hates the sea and ships and everything to do with them."

"Not sailors, I hope," said Harry, smiling.

"Well, that is settled," said Seymour; "I will write to my noble relative's agent and find out all about it, as the old man himself is very feeble and takes little interest in anything."

Harry told his uncle what Seymour had proposed, and Captain Malcolm thought it was the best arrangement that could have been thought of. Harry ran down to Portsmouth and went on board the *Zebra*, and then Frank and he pulled up Haslar Creek in Frank's gig and took a look at the new *Andromeda*, formerly *Seahorse*. They found her to be a large schooner of about two hundred tons, and she had plenty of room on board for more than they would number. Harry dined on board the *Zebra* with Frank, and then ran up to London, arriving at Captain Maynard's house about midnight.

Next day he received a letter from Seymour, saying that he had permission to do what he liked with the yacht, but that, as she belonged to the Royal Yacht Squadron, they would have to advise them of her change of name, and go through some formalities, which would enable them to fly the man-of-war ensign and the distinguishing flag of the R.Y.S. Seymour added that he proposed to hire a house at Southsea, to look after the yacht's repairs and outfit, asking Harry to run down with him to choose a house and hand the yacht over to a contractor.

Next week, accordingly, Seymour and Harry went down by early train and crossed to Gosport at once, where they interviewed an old acquaintance of theirs, who promised to have the late *Seahorse* brought down to his yard and hauled up at once on his repairing slip. Going alongside the *Zebra*, they asked Frank for some lunch and took him on shore house-hunting. Of course, Seymour was the only one of the three who had ever rented a house, and they had great fun over it, chaffing Seymour about being so particular about drains and water supply, &c., till he laughingly asked them what was the chief cause of typhoid fevers and similar ailments.

"You see, my boys, that when a man has three children, he has to think of such things."

"I suppose that when I get married I shall have to study hygiene," said Harry.

"That is a much prettier word than drains," said Frank, "and I suppose it includes them."

Seymour at length fixed on a house which would be large enough for his family and have a spare room for Harry. They then drove to the "George" and ordered dinner. Whilst it was being prepared the three strolled out past the "Blue Postesses," still in existence, and on to the ramparts.

"Do you fellows remember our first dinner at the 'George,' and going to the theatre afterwards?" asked Seymour.

"Rather," said Harry.

"Don't I?" said Frank. "And I remember I thought you were certain to be an admiral before long, Seymour, and now you will never be anything more than a lieutenant. My father always said that a young man married was lost to the service, and you two, my greatest friends, prove his words."

"Yes," said Seymour, "and if there had been a war, I would never have left the service, but if a man is well off and falls in love, I think he is a great ass if he sticks to the service when he might be so much more comfortable."

"Well," said Harry, "my uncle wants me to stick to the service, but I have got out of the groove already, and I am sure Meda will not let me go once we are married, unless, as Seymour says, there is a war."

"No," said Frank, "Seymour is, and you will be, a landed proprietor, Harry, and have duties to others to attend to. But I do not intend to fall in love at any rate until I am a commander."

"A man cannot control his falling in love," said Seymour. "Fortunately for us 'there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will'. But come along, dinner will be ready by this time."

After dinner Frank went to the station and saw them off, afterwards returning on board his brig. Frank was now reading all the standard works he could obtain about different countries ; he also read French and Spanish books to keep up his knowledge of those languages, thus sticking to the resolution he had formed on board the *Pompey*, when Mr. West used to lend him books.

In the first week in March, Seymour arrived with his family and servants, and sent a note off to Frank to tell him of his arrival. The latter hastened on shore, and was warmly welcomed by Engracia and Seymour. Frank had heard of two or three eligible sailing masters for the *Andromeda*, and, as she was fitting out earlier than most yachts do, they could get a good choice of men. Frank reported that she had been thoroughly overhauled, her copper repaired where necessary, and thoroughly cleaned. Her lower masts were quite sound ; and Seymour resolved to go and see her as soon as possible. Harry, of course, had written to tell Meda what they proposed, and she was delighted, saying that she had always wished to have a cruise in a vessel which could sail, as all her voyages had been made in steamers.

Harry by this time had nearly got through his law business, and occasionally ran down to Southsea. By the first of April

the *Andromeda* was ready for commission, having a new figure-head which, though perhaps not a speaking likeness of Meda, had dark auburn hair with a silver star in it above the forehead. Seymour, Harry, and Frank had a consultation about the crew, &c., and determined to engage a sailing master, three quarter-masters, ten able seamen, ten ordinary, and boys, besides stewards, cooks, &c. These men were easily obtained, some of them being known to Frank, and, as the *Andromeda* was not to race, this crew would be sufficient for her, being a fore-and-aft schooner. The stores, &c., were obtained, and the *Andromeda* was formally commissioned by Seymour and Harry, and some champagne was opened to drink success to her and her voyage, Engracia remarking that it was much better to drink champagne than to break it against a ship's bows.

"So I think," said Frank; "I always thought that it was a waste, and it would be a very bad augury for the voyage if Harry had broken a champagne bottle over *Andromeda's* head, even though it was a wooden one."

The sails were bent and the *Andromeda* prepared for sea. Frank wished he could have accompanied them, but now he had to take the *Zebra* to sea for her spring cruise, and a day or two afterwards sailed for Plymouth. Engracia superintended fitting up the cabins with curtains, &c., and on the 10th April the *Andromeda* hove to off Southsea pier, and Seymour, Engracia, and Harry went on board her for a trial trip.

The day was a fine one, and with a fresh breeze and smooth water the *Andromeda* slipped along nine knots with the wind a point free.

"Well," said Harry, "this is quite good enough for me; I care more about bringing Meda and her father safe home than about beating every craft we see."

"Quite right," said Seymour; "she is a good stiff, roomy boat, and I believe a fine sea-boat, but that we will soon find out."

They held on until they anchored off Cowes, and, seeing

the Squadron flag at her masthead, a boat came on board her to ask them on shore to the club-house, the members of which proposed to make Seymour and Harry honorary members during the time they were on board the *Andromeda*. The three immediately landing were received by the vice-commodore, and after some compliments were asked to have luncheon, after which several members of the club came on board with them and examined the *Andromeda*. At three P.M. their visitors left, and the *Andromeda* ran down with the wind abaft her beam, making over ten knots, and hove to off South-sea pier to land her temporary owners, after which she sailed into Portsmouth harbour and picked up her buoy off the yard where she had been repaired at Gosport.

They were all very well satisfied with the day's performance.

"That was a good stroke," said Seymour, "to land at the castle and get made honorary members; for though of course the yacht has a perfect right to fly the Squadron flag, as her change of name has been registered, still it would have been awkward to have met some other R.Y.S. yachts abroad, and not to have been members of the club."

"Yes," said Harry, "and I believe it was all done for Mrs. Seymour's sake. They saw a lady on board, and could not resist the temptation of being civil to her."

"You sailors are very gallant," said Engracia; "but it was all their curiosity to find out about Meda and her history, so I am not to be flattered like that."

"I did not know," said Harry, "that Meda and I were so celebrated."

"Oh, yes," said Engracia, "they knew why the *Seahorse's* name had been changed and all about her. I should not wonder in the least if it was not all in the papers to-morrow."

"I hope not," said Harry. "Perhaps Meda might not like it, though. I am pretty thick-skinned myself."

"Well, a public character must expect to be discussed," said Seymour. "Now, if I had married the daughter of the

Incas, I should have expected to have had my progress recorded wherever I went."

"You were not worthy of her," cried Engracia, who had never lost her admiration for her friend.

"I am very glad of it," said Seymour. "You know you did your best to make me fall in love with her, but I had the good sense to prefer you."

"I do not believe she will ever marry, because she will never meet anyone worthy of her," said Engracia.

"So be it," said Seymour, smiling. "I am quite content, dear. But really after our long day we ought to go to bed."

CHAPTER XXX.

HARRY went up to London for a week, and, as Captain Malcolm was anxious to get away to Cumberland, and everything was prepared for signature, he came down to Southsea again and took up his abode with Seymour. The latter proposed that they should take a cruise round the Isle of Wight, and see how the children liked the sea. So they had the *Andromeda* anchored off Southsea beach on the 19th April, and on the 20th they all went on board, taking the children and their nurse, who had once been a stewardess and was a good sailor. Engracia did not intend to take a maid, as the steward's wife offered to help with the children and do anything Engracia required. Harry, the eldest boy, was four years old; Carry, the girl, was two and a-half; and Frank, the baby, was just thirteen months old. The boys were dressed in sailor rig, and Carry in the nearest approach to it suited to a girl. They weighed at ten A.M. and ran nearly down to the Needles; and as Seymour thought that was enough for a start, they hauled their wind and beat up to the Mother Bank, where they anchored for the night.

Next day being fine, with a fresh breeze from the north, they ran through the Needles with a leading wind under all

sail, and, as they wished to prove the yacht a little in a sea way, they ran due south about fifty miles, and the breeze having freshened, the gaff topsails were hauled down and the *Andromeda* hauled to the wind on the port tack. She now lay N.W., which was a very good course for the night, as it would take them in sight, but clear, of St. Catherine's light on the southern extremity of the Isle of Wight. The *Andromeda* was now pretty lively, the sea being on her port-bow, and she sent the spray flying half-way up her foresail. Seymour thought she would hold a better wind and also be easier if they took a reef in, and he also wished to exercise the crew in reefing, &c. A reef was quickly taken in, all the men and boys having served in fore-and-aft vessels before. The men were then exercised at fire stations and the watch set.

The children were quite happy, and little Harry enjoyed it as much as his godfather. Engracia felt a little qualmish as the *Andromeda* pitched into the sea pretty freely, but champagne being pronounced a sovereign remedy, they had some at dinner and she recovered. The quartermasters were to keep the watches, but Harry and Seymour relieved each other every two hours, as they wished to have a yarn with them and see what sort of fellows they were.

At two A.M. they sighted St. Catherine's light, and at four A.M. the sailing master came on deck, and, as he was a certified pilot for the Channel, though no great navigator out of sight of land, they left him in charge and went to sleep till eight A.M. When they came on deck again the decks had been washed, the reefs shaken out, and, as the breeze had fallen light, the gaff-topsails were set, and they went down to breakfast at nine A.M.

The children had breakfasted, and were on deck quite contented. Engracia had slept well, and felt quite fresh. After breakfast they sat on deck and admired the Isle of Wight and the ships that passed them outward bound. The wind, after falling very light about noon, came off the island, and they

soon passed Culver Cliffs, and by four P.M. anchored off South-sea beach. They all went on shore, and the *Andromeda* ran into Portsmouth harbour and picked up her buoy.

Seymour and Harry were very well pleased with the *Andromeda's* performance, and Engracia said the only thing she wanted was a kitten for the children to play with. Harry offered to send for Bruin, his Newfoundland dog, but Engracia thought he was too big and rough.

As Harry was anxious to be off, they settled to start on the 1st May, and Harry wrote to his uncle and also to Meda to tell her not to write any more letters to England, and hoping to arrive at Naples before the 20th May. The yacht filled up with provisions and various little things they had thought of. A nanny-goat was also taken for milk for the baby, and a kitten procured.

On the 30th April the *Andromeda* was anchored off South-sea and their heavy luggage hoisted on board. On the 1st May they went on board early, and weighed at ten A.M. With an easterly wind they ran down the Solent and passed the Needles at two P.M., and, having stood out south-west till eight P.M., they shaped a course for Start Point. The wind freshened during the night, and next morning the *Andromeda* was running eight knots with gaff-topsails set and the wind on her starboard quarter. The weather continued fine and the wind steady. At midnight they sighted the Start light, and in the morning hauled up for Plymouth Sound, and at three P.M. they ran in and anchored in the Sound. Here they were glad to find the *Zebra*, and Frank was soon alongside the *Andromeda* in his gig.

Engracia did not care to land, as it was a long pull, and she did not know anyone at Plymouth, but they all landed on the magnificent breakwater, where the children especially enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Next morning early the steward went on shore to purchase their last supply of fresh provisions, not forgetting some Devonshire cream. Frank came on board to breakfast at nine A.M.,

and the steward having returned, the *Andromeda* weighed and ran out of Plymouth Sound with the easterly wind, which still continued blowing from that quarter. Frank did not leave them till they were nearly a mile outside, when they felt that for the time they had broken their last link with England. The weather was beautiful ; for though east winds may be very unpleasant ashore in March, an easterly wind on the quarter in May is very exhilarating to run down Channel with, especially as all the ships you meet are close hauled beating up Channel, envying you, and wishing that the presiding genius of the Cave of Eolus would see fit to change it.

By the evening everything had shaken down into its place, and a few alterations being made in the stationing of the crew, Seymour and Harry felt that they had done all that mortals can "to deserve success" in their voyage, though they could not command it. They were very liberal to the crew in the matter of provisions, and gave them ale in the middle of the day and a glass of grog at night. Seymour and Harry relieved each other every two hours in the first and middle watches, the sailing master having the morning watch always, in order to get the decks washed, &c. He was a burly man of forty-five, very good-humoured and fond of children. He had been a gunner in the Indian Navy, and could spin many a good yarn of the scenes he had witnessed in that hard-fighting but now defunct service.

After Seymour and Harry had breakfasted, the latter proposed to bend and set the square foresail, as they had now crossed the track of the ships beating up Channel, and the wind kept steady about east. Seymour agreed, and, when it was set, sent the *Andromeda* a knot and a half faster through the water. At noon that day they had run 170 miles, and had passed Ushant, and were opening out the Bay of Biscay.

The wind having blown off the land for some days, the swell in the bay was not nearly so bad as when it has blown for some time from the west or north-west, and the *Andromeda*

ran along without much inconvenience to anyone, as, owing to their two days' cruise round the Isle of Wight, they had pretty well got their sea-legs. In the afternoon they sat on the quarter-deck, in the shade of the mainsail, and spun yarns, until a large sailing ship, which had been in sight a couple of hours, passed close to them. She was close hauled on the starboard tack, and made her number as the *Spindrift*, one of the great tea clippers. Ensigns were dipped and handkerchiefs waved, and Engracia having asked where they came from, Seymour told her Hong-Kong.

"Yes," said Engracia, "but she must have touched somewhere."

"No," said Seymour. "Those great clippers do not like the land. They cannot afford to touch every here and there for fresh meat and vegetables like a man-of-war, which is only in a hurry now and then."

"How far have they come then?" asked Engracia.

"Harry," said Seymour, "you were at school last: how far is it?"

"Well," said Harry, after thinking a moment, "she cannot have come less than 17,000 miles through the water, as they go a long way out to get the wind to suit them."

"And how long do they take?" asked Engracia.

"Well," said Seymour, "anything under eighty days is a fair passage; but I believe that that very ship, the *Spindrift*, has done it in sixty-nine days."

"What a time to be at sea!" said Engracia. "I should not like to take the children such a voyage, though I suppose those big ships take everything they want with them. But why are they in such a hurry?"

"To get the first of the market for their cargo of tea," answered Seymour. "Every day's delay may make thousands of pounds' difference to their owners' pockets."

"How long have you ever been at sea without touching?" asked Engracia.

"Forty-seven days," said Seymour. "But some unfortunate ships are much longer. Harry, do you remember how long that Hudson Bay brig had been at sea that came into Vancouver when we were there?"

"I am not certain," said Harry, "but I think it was nearly 300 days."

"What!" asked Engracia. "Ten months! I wonder any of them were alive."

"Some of them had died," answered Seymour, "and the rest were so weak from scurvy that they could only just crawl about. But come, dear, it is getting chilly, and we had better go below."

Next morning the wind began to fall light, and at noon they had made 150 miles. For a few hours it was nearly calm, the square foresail was furled, and the yard triced up and down the foremast. About four P.M. a breeze began to spring up from the west, and the *Andromeda* could steer her course on the starboard tack two points free. By eight P.M. the wind had freshened, but, as they did not expect any bad weather at this time of year, the gaff-topsails were kept set, and next morning they were slipping nine knots through the water. By noon they had made 145 miles, and were as nearly as possible abreast of Cape Finisterre, but out of sight of land. The course was altered about two points to run down parallel to the coast, and this brought the wind a point abaft the beam, and, as there was no great sea on, the *Andromeda* was very steady. The square foresail was again set, and she ran ten knots.

By noon next day they had logged 245 miles, which brought them abreast of Lisbon. At one P.M. they got a pilot, and, after a rough passage across the bar of the Tagus, they sailed up past Belem Castle, and anchored off the town of Lisbon. They were immediately boarded by the health-boat, and, having received *pratique*, were at liberty to land as soon as they pleased. A guard-boat from an English frigate was alongside them as soon as the health-boat left, offering them any assistance

in their power, and bringing an invitation to them to come on board. Seymour said to the officer of the guard, "Is not West your first lieutenant?"

"Yes," said he. "Do you know him?"

"I was shipmate with him in the Crimea," said Seymour. "Please ask him to come and see me, or to come to dinner if he can, as my wife does not care to leave the yacht to-day."

"Certainly," replied the officer of the guard, and took his leave.

The steward was sent on shore for some vegetables and chickens, and returned in about an hour. They had still half-a-dozen English sheep on board, but they wished to reserve some of them for Mr. Calhoun and Meda. West came on board at half-past six, and was introduced to Engracia, who said, "I have often heard of you, Mr. West, from my husband, and Harry has told me how kind you were to him in the *Pompey*."

"It was a great pleasure to me to do anything for him and Maynard," replied Mr. West, "and they won golden opinions from all on board."

"Especially on the 1st of April," said Harry.

"No one but the captain thought anything of that," replied Mr. West, "and the admiral showed him that he had been wrong to notice it."

"Well, she was a jolly old ship," said Harry, "but not like the *Andromeda*."

After dinner they sat on deck till late, talking over old times, and Mr. West asking Harry all about the *Acis*. They promised to come on board to lunch, and Mr. West took his departure.

In the forenoon they went on shore for a drive and called on the consul, who was very hospitable; but, as they were engaged to lunch on board the *Melpomene*, as West's frigate was called, they made an engagement for next day, and the consul, who had a young family, asked Engracia to bring the children

About half-past eleven they went alongside the *Melpomene*, and were received with due honour. West introduced them to the captain, who invited them into his cabin till luncheon was ready. Captain D'Eyncourt was an accomplished artist, and water-colours of the different ships he had served in were hung round the sides of his cabin. Mr. West had asked the captain to lunch in the wardroom, so at twelve o'clock they all went down together. Engracia was a little shy at finding herself the only lady at table with about twenty men ; but, bethinking herself that most of them must be more or less men like her husband, Harry, and Mr. West, she soon became at her ease. When dessert came on the table the band began to play on the main deck, and she was delighted with the music. At one P.M. they went up into the captain's cabin again, and he showed them his collection of photographs, which were well worth seeing, especially those of Athens and its neighbourhood. About two P.M. they went on board the *Andromeda*, Captain D'Eyncourt and Mr. West having promised to dine with them on the following day. The evening was spent quietly on board the yacht, for Engracia was very fond of her children, and never liked to leave them too long to the nurse.

Next day they landed about ten A.M., and drove out with the children on the Cintra Road, and saw the aqueduct which has been mentioned before. It is altogether about three leagues in length, being carried by tunnels through two or three hills ; in other places, as in the valley they were admiring, it is borne aloft by a set of arches about half-a-mile long, and over 250 feet high in the deepest part of the valley.

At one P.M. they arrived at the consulate and were hospitably received, the children being taken immediate possession of by those of the consul, who were a year or two older, and who, like many English children abroad, might well justify the words of Saint Augustine, "*Non Angli, sed Angeli*".

The consul was a very well-informed man, and his wife was a very pleasant person. Engracia asked them if they would

excuse such short notice and come on board to dinner to meet Captain D'Eyncourt and Mr. West. They readily complied, and about four P.M. Seymour and his party went on board. Dinner was at seven P.M., and, as their steward was a very good one, Engracia had no fears about the repast. Indeed, she left such things more to Seymour on board the yacht, though I doubt if she allowed him to order the dinner on shore.

At seven punctually their guests arrived, and they sat down to dinner in a few minutes. The dinner was done justice to, and they had their dessert on deck under the awning.

Captain D'Eyncourt had noticed the piano which Harry had taken care to hire for Meda on her way home, and said, "Mrs. Seymour, I see you have a piano. May I ask for a little music?"

"I am no great performer myself," replied Engracia; "but as you were so kind as to order the band to play yesterday, I must see what I can do."

Engracia played two or three pieces, and then asked the consul's wife if she would like to play something. Mrs. Lovell, who sang very well, then sat down and sang a Portuguese air, and then an English one.

"Mrs. Seymour," said Harry, "do you never sing now?"

"No, I do not even know where my guitar is," answered Engracia.

"She used to sing like a nightingale at Lima," said Seymour; "but she says that the only people who play the guitar in England are the Christy minstrels."

"Don't tell tales out of school, sir," said Engracia; and shortly afterwards the consul said it was time for him to go, and said good-bye, hoping they would call in on their return.

They sat talking for some time, and Engracia, who now considered herself thoroughly English, said, "What nice people you meet abroad!"

"That," said Seymour, "is a compliment to yourself. Did not Harry and I meet you at Lima?"

"You are a goose," replied Engracia ; "but you know what I mean."

Captain D'Eyncourt, learning that they were to sail on the morrow, offered to send the steam-launch to tow them clear of the shipping, if, as is often the case, the wind was light in the forenoon.

"I think, if it is too calm in the morning, we will wait till the afternoon breeze springs up, as my wife would never believe in Harry or me again as navigators if we allowed ourselves to be towed ; besides, I do not intend to risk the *Andromeda* being becalmed on the bar."

"You are quite right there," said Captain D'Eyncourt ; "for many small craft are wrecked from that cause."

He and West took their leave, having extracted a promise from Engracia that, if there was too little wind to weigh, they would come on board the *Melpomene* to lunch with Captain D'Eyncourt.

Next morning, as anticipated, was quite calm, so they resolved to wait till about two P.M., when there was generally a breeze. At ten A.M. a present of beautiful fruit arrived on board from the consul's wife to Engracia, and about eleven they went on board the *Melpomene*. The ship had been prepared for inspection, and Captain D'Eyncourt escorted Engracia all over her. At luncheon, to which Mr. West and the chaplain had been invited, Engracia said, "I used to pity you poor sailors, but, after seeing such a ship as the *Melpomene*, I begin to think that you are much better off than half the people on shore".

"Yes," replied Captain D'Eyncourt ; "there are many starving wretches on shore, and here, at any rate, the men are well fed, clothed, and paid, and nowadays are very well treated. A man, if he behaves himself, can get as much leave as any of the executive officers, though perhaps not as much as the idlers."

"I think, Captain D'Eyncourt, that the idlers sometimes

have a great deal more to do and to think of than the executives," said the chaplain.

"You are aware that I did not refer to you, Mr. Robinson," said Captain D'Eyncourt; "your sacred calling puts you above all such considerations. I was thinking more of the marine officers and some others, who generally have more time to spare than anyone else."

"I think the more an officer goes on shore and learns the language and manners and customs of the different countries he visits, the more useful he is likely to be to his own service," said the chaplain.

"I quite agree with you," said Captain D'Eyncourt; "and I am always ready to grant officers leave to visit interesting places; but what I dislike is to see youngsters wasting their time and money in unworthy pleasures. But this is not the sort of conversation to amuse Mrs. Seymour."

"Why do men always think it is necessary to amuse us," said Engracia. "Do they think that we can do nothing but frivol?"

"Not so," said Captain D'Eyncourt; "but rather that we wish to spare them the cares and anxiety which many of us have to undergo, knowing that women, especially mothers, have their own anxieties which we cannot relieve them from. But would you like some music?"

"I should, very much," said Engracia.

"West," said Captain D'Eyncourt, "would you give orders about it?"

"I think the band is all ready, sir," said Mr. West, and in a few moments the band began to play the Portuguese National Anthem, and then some selections.

At half-past one they bade farewell to their hosts, with hopes to meet again, and pulled on board the *Andromeda*. The yacht was ready to start, and as by this time there was a nice breeze from the north, they weighed, passed close under the stern of the *Melpomene*, and, having picked up a pilot, ran

over the bar, which, as the wind was with the current of the river, was not so rough as when they entered. When well outside they dropped the pilot, and shaped a course to clear Cape St. Vincent.

At noon next day they had run about one hundred miles, and were abreast, and in sight of, that cape. At lunch Seymour said, "Just about this spot, Engracia, Lord St. Vincent thrashed your ancestors".

"I am sure he did not," said Engracia, firing up; "for my ancestors were among the Conquistadores of South America, and nobody ever thrashed them, as you so elegantly term it."

"I humbly apologise, madam," said Seymour; "but perhaps you will allow that the degenerate Spaniards who remained in their own country were beaten by the English in 1797."

"I daresay your history is more correct this time," said Engracia; "but I do not think it very generous of you to remind me of it."

"At any rate," said Harry, "do not let us have a second battle of St. Vincent, as the English are sure to be beaten this time."

"Yes," said Seymour; "Engracia is a very Maid of Zaragoza when she is roused; but really, dear, I hope I did not hurt your feelings."

"Nonsense," said Engracia, smiling; "you only provoked me for a moment, and I never forget that it was the English who drove Napoleon's troops out of Spain."

After passing Cape St. Vincent, the *Andromeda* hauled up for the Straits of Gibraltar, and the wind being just abeam, and the water smooth, the yacht slipped along nine knots, and it was delightful sailing. That night Seymour and Harry were alone on deck, and Seymour said, "I say, Harry, I think we had better say nothing to Engracia about Trafalgar or the Rock".

"No," said Harry; "how she did flare up! But you know, Seymour, I thought it would have been better left unsaid."

"Yes, Harry," said Seymour, "I feel now that it was ungenerous, but you know it was said thoughtlessly."

"I am sure of that," said Harry, "but we must be careful while we are in these parts, though Engracia is not touchy as a rule."

"No," said Seymour; "and since she has been in England, she has learnt some of our English phlegm."

"She is charming," said Harry, "though, of course, for me there is no one like Meda."

"We are both very fortunate," said Seymour. "However, let us turn in."

At noon next day they were abreast of Tarifa Point, and about half-past two anchored close to the Ragged Staff. One line-of-battle ship and a frigate were here, and the guard-boat boarded them; and, after offering any assistance they could require, Seymour said, "Do you think we could get leave to go alongside the dockyard?"

"Yes," replied the lieutenant of the guard, "for there was a yacht in there the other day; but, of course, you will have to ask the captain in charge, for we afloat have nothing to do with that."

"Thank you," said Seymour, "I will call on him this afternoon;" and half-an-hour later Seymour and Harry landed and walked to the captain-superintendent's office. He was just leaving, so they introduced themselves, and he was very civil, walking down to the dockyard with them at once, and showing them where they might berth the *Andromeda*. Seymour and Harry thanked him, and, having offered them anything the dockyard contained, the captain went to his private residence, and Seymour and Harry went on board to see if Engracia cared to land and hear the music in the Alameda. She, however, preferred to remain on board, and indeed they could hear the music very well from where they were.

"To-morrow," said Seymour, "we will be able to walk on shore. Do you think you would like to go to the top of the Rock, Engracia?"

"Yes," said she; "I suppose you can get a pony or something for me, for I do not care to climb all that way up, though the view must be splendid from up there."

At six A.M. next morning the *Andromeda* weighed, and was towed into the dockyard by a steam launch which Captain Douglas sent for the purpose. They had lunch at one, and Harry, who knew his way about the Rock, had a sturdy, safe pony brought down for Engracia. The children, with their nurse and the stewardess to look after them, came with them as far as the Alameda, where they remained under the shady trees, whilst Engracia, with her husband and Harry, continued their way through the town and up the Rock. In about an hour's time they reached the signal station, and the sergeant brought chairs out in the shade, where they could sit and admire the view, which has been described before. Engracia asked what mountains they were, pointing to the N.E.

"Those are the mountains of Granada," said Harry, "and close to that peak nearest us is Teba, where the 'good Lord James of Douglas' lost his life helping King Alfonso to fight the Moors."

"Ah," said Engracia, "that is the sort of thing I like to hear about. Why did you not think of telling it to me, sir?" turning to Seymour. "Do you know the story?"

"Yes," said Seymour, "but it is Harry's yarn, so let him go on with it."

"Well," said Harry, "you know that King Robert Bruce, in expiation of his sins, had vowed to go to the Crusades, but had never been able to fulfil his vow, being too much occupied in fighting the English, and on his deathbed asked the Douglas to have his heart embalmed and put in a case, and to go to Palestine with a chosen band of knights to fight beneath the banner of the Cross with his heart among them."

"What a beautiful idea!" said Engracia, who, of course, was a Catholic; "but why did they not go to Palestine?"

"Because, hearing that the Moors were waging war against a Christian king, Douglas thought this vow bound him to fight for the 'Cross in jeopardy,' so he landed his party and went and offered his services to King Alfonso, who 'welcomed the sight of a Christian knight who came in such an hour'. The battle was fought and won, but Douglas and his followers, pursuing the enemy too eagerly, became separated from the main body of the Spanish army, and were surrounded by a large number of Moors. They cut their way through, but one knight, Sir William St. Clair, had his horse killed, and Douglas turned to rescue him. He took the casket containing the heart of the Bruce from his neck and threw it before him into the midst of the Moors.

" 'Then in his stirrups up he stood, so lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft, all in its case of gold.
He flung it from him far ahead, and never spake he more
Than, Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart, as thou wert wont
of yore.' "

"Ah, what a noble knight!" said Engracia; "and he was killed, you say?"

"Yes," said Harry, "he and three or four knights were killed, and many of their companions; but the heart of the Bruce and the bodies of the slain were recovered, and the heart was deposited in Melrose Abbey, and Douglas was taken home and buried in Scotland."

"Thank you, Harry," said Engracia; "that is a noble tale."

"Yes," said Harry, "but feebly told, I fear, but you can see it all in Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*."

"Have we got that book?" asked Engracia.

"Yes," said Seymour.

"Then give it to me to read when we get home, and don't forget," said Engracia.

"Very well, madam," said Seymour, smiling. "Harry has quite cut me out for the time, I see."

"If you had told the tale you would have done it far better," said Harry, "for I have no doubt that you could repeat the whole poem, whereas I could only remember one verse."

"How long have you taken to reading poetry, Harry?" asked Seymour.

"Ever since I found out how ignorant I was," said Harry. "I remember Frank telling me long ago that all true poetry was ennobling to a man, and ever since Meda accepted me at Naples I have found it so; for no one can read noble lines and then go and do a mean action."

"True," said Seymour. "Well, Engracia, would you like anything before we start?"

Harry went to the sergeant, and he appeared with a teapot and a little table and some cups and saucers. He apologised for his crockery, but Engracia was delighted with it.

"I thought he would not have anything but your horrid English beer," said Engracia. "I am sure he is a married man. Do ask him."

"I bet you a pair of gloves he is a bachelor," said Seymour. "But no, I will not bet; for I am certain of it."

"How can you tell?" asked Engracia.

"Because a married man who has a nice little wife like you," said Seymour, smiling, "to make his tea for him, will never again take the trouble to do it for himself, whereas a poor bachelor is obliged to do all those sorts of things for himself."

"Perhaps you are right," said Engracia; "but mind you find out when we go away."

Engracia's pony was soon ready, and she mounted. Seymour stayed a moment to pay for their refreshment and ask the sergeant whether he was a bachelor.

"Well, should I have won?" asked Engracia.

"No," said Seymour, rather gravely, "nor I either."

"How is that?" asked Harry.

"The poor man is a widower, so you see he is forced to go back to his bachelor habits."

"Has he no children?" asked Engracia.

"Yes, but they are young and are at school in England," said Seymour.

"Poor man; perhaps we might take something home for him when we go back."

"If we see him again we will ask him," said Seymour.

They arrived at the wharf alongside the yacht about half-past five, and Engracia did not care to land again, but sent them back to the Alameda to hear the band and see the beauty and fashion of Gibraltar. Seymour had not been here since '55, when he came home from the Crimea. They did not know anyone, but met the captain-superintendent with his wife, to whom they were introduced, and who asked if she might call on Engracia next day. Seymour said that they intended to sail in the afternoon, but that if Captain and Mrs. Douglas would honour them by coming to lunch, they would be very glad to see them. Mrs. Douglas accepted at once, and after half-an-hour's yarn with them, Seymour and Harry returned on board.

Next morning they got their fresh meat and vegetables on board and filled up with water. At half-past twelve Captain and Mrs. Douglas appeared, and Engracia came out on the wharf to meet them. Mrs. Douglas was a woman about fifty, with grey hair and a very winning face, and she and Engracia took to each other at once. Captain Douglas was two years older than his wife, though he did not look it. They had only had two children, and had lost them both: the eldest, a girl, had died of consumption, and the second, a middy in the Navy, had been killed by a fall from aloft. They left the *Andromeda* about two, and the steam-launch towed her clear of the dockyard, when, their sails drawing, they stood out

round Europa Point, and shaped a course for Cape Spartivento, the southernmost point of the island of Sardinia.

Captain Douglas told them he would look for them on their way back, telling them to make their number to the signal station, and they would see it from the dockyard.

The wind was from the north, being on their port beam, and they went about seven knots. After dinner they sat on deck, and Engracia said: "I declare that until you travel you never know how many nice people there are in the world. In England you all look at each other as if you were a nation of pickpockets. It is only when English people are abroad that they are endurable"

"Hum!" said Seymour. "Harry, this is revenge for St. Vincent."

"Nonsense," said Engracia; "but is it not a fact that in England no one speaks to each other for fear that they may make improper acquaintances whom they might be ashamed of afterwards?"

"Yes," said Seymour, "and it is very necessary, especially for ladies. You forget, dear, that the English you meet abroad are people of assured position, whereas in England, amongst the millions of well-dressed people, there are a great many whom you had better not know, and as it is impossible for you to know all the desirable people, it comes about that society keeps itself pretty select, though black sheep do get in now and then."

"How is it that all continental nations salute each other on entering a railway carriage or a public room, or anything of that sort," asked Engracia, "whilst you insular English glare at each other only less than you do at any unfortunate foreigner who happens to be among you?"

"This is St. Vincent with a vengeance!" said Seymour. "I quite allow that we are very exclusive, and to you, I have no doubt, we appear doubly so, accustomed to the free and easy manners of a South American republic."

"Yes," said Engracia; "but in all South American republics a woman can go alone all over the country as well as the towns, secure from insult, simply because she is a woman and alone. Can she do so in England?"

"Hum!" said Seymour, "I'm afraid not."

"Then do not say any more about our free and easy manners in the republics in South America. Perhaps," said Engracia, smiling, "Ireland is different, for I have read some of her poet Moore's works, and I remember that he says:

" 'Yes, they love women and golden store,
But they love truth and honour more'.

But we have been led away into quite a hot discussion, whereas I intended to have spoken about Mrs. Douglas."

"What a nice face she has!" said Harry.

"Yes," said Seymour, "you can see that she has known a great grief. Only those who have done so have that look in their eyes."

"Yes," said Harry, "there is something very beautiful in her face, though her features are not regular, and, indeed, I should think she never had been handsome."

"I am sure," said Seymour, "that she is much better than she is bonnie—

" 'For as gold must be tried by fire,
So our hearts must be tried by pain'."

"I know one heart of pure gold," said Harry, "and that is Meda's."

"I do not doubt it," said Seymour, "but even pure gold can be seven times refined, and no human heart is so until it has suffered deeply."

"You forget," said Harry, "that her mother and some of her brothers and sisters were killed by the Indians almost before her eyes, and that, I am sure, is why she has the same look in her eyes as Mrs. Douglas has."

"You are right, dear old lad," said Seymour, "but I never thought of it before. Well, I hope, Engracia, we are forgiven

for St. Vincent now, for you have routed us, horse, foot, and dragoons, this evening," said Seymour.

"Yes," said Engracia, "but there are Trafalgar and the Rock to come."

"Ah, you eavesdropper," said Seymour. "How did you hear that?"

"Well," said Engracia, smiling, "if you will persist in talking treason of me within two yards of my head and an open port, you must expect to suffer for it."

"Then that is what made you so savage about the insular English."

"Perhaps," said Engracia, "for I could not quite forgive you until I let you know I had heard your conversation."

"Well, dear, I hope there is peace now," said Seymour, kissing her.

"Oh, yes," said Engracia. "There never was anything more than a slight skirmish."

"If that is your idea of a slight skirmish," said Harry, "I hope we shall never have a pitched battle."

"I do not think we ever shall, Harry," said Engracia; "but you know that even a woman will turn."

"Oh, lord!" said Seymour, "she has just remembered she is a woman after behaving like a she-dragon."

"You are both bad boys," said Engracia, laughing. "Good-night, Harry."

"Good-night," said Harry, and Seymour and he soon followed her example and turned in.

The wind freshened as they got more into the open sea, and by noon they had made 160 miles and were now going ten knots.

"This is jolly," said Harry. "Meda has got hold of the tow-rope now."

"Yes," said Seymour. "I hope she won't let go."

"No fear," said Harry; "we shall have more wind before we have less."

"I am quite agreeable," said Seymour.

Next day at noon they had logged 270 miles, which was their best run since leaving England. By ten A.M. next day they had passed Cape Spartivento and the wind fell light under the land. In the afternoon they passed through a fleet of fishing boats and bought a lot of the fish, which were more or less the size of sprats.

"What do they call these fish?" asked Engracia.

"Sardines," said Harry, "and that is Sardinia," added he, pointing to the island.

"Was the island called after the fish," asked Engracia, "or the fish after the island?"

"That," said Harry, "is rather a puzzler, but I believe the island was called after the fish, as it is generally the case."

"For instance?" asked Engracia.

"Tiburón, or Shark Island, off Chorillos, where we spent such a pleasant time in the *Andromeda*," said Harry.

"You always remember the thing I want to know," said Engracia, "and it is very nice of you."

"I am glad you do not ask me many questions," said Harry, laughing, "for you would soon find out how little I do know."

The *Andromeda* now laid her course straight for Naples, and on the afternoon of the 19th May, 1867, the *Andromeda* anchored close to the landing-place of Sta. Lucia. There were several English men-of-war here, and the health-boat boarded them and gave them *pratique*, after which the guard-boat arrived and offered them the usual civilities from the rear-admiral, who had his flag on board the *St. Jean d'Acre*, a 101-gun ship.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HARRY, it is needless to remark, at once went on shore to the house Mr. Calhoun had hired, and when he arrived at the gate of the garden he saw Meda walking with

Mr. Calhoun. Harry was rather afraid of startling them, but, remembering that they must be expecting him, and that as a rule joy does not kill, Harry went quietly forward, and Meda, turning her head, saw him and said quietly to Mr. Calhoun, "Father, there is Harry". Mr. Calhoun smiled and said, "Go and meet him, Meda," and in another moment they were in each other's arms.

"Come and see father," said Meda, after one of those short pauses when heart speaks to heart though the lips are silent, and going forward hand in hand, Mr. Calhoun turned to meet them.

"Well, Harry," said he, "how are you?"

"Glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Calhoun," said Harry, and then they conversed about the voyage and their friends in England, and Meda told him of her life at Naples.

By this time it was seven o'clock, and they went in to dinner. Mr. Calhoun was looking much better and stronger, and after dinner he told them to go out and leave him to his own thoughts, "for," said he, "you must have much to say to each other". Harry and Meda wandered about the garden, only sensible that they were together and perfectly happy. At ten P.M. Mr. Calhoun called them in and told Harry it was time he went on board the yacht.

"Will you come on board to-morrow forenoon, or shall we come ashore to you?" asked Harry.

Mr. Calhoun, interpreting Meda's look, said: "We will come on board".

"What time will you be ready?" asked Harry.

"About nine we generally finish our breakfast," said Meda.

"Very well," said Harry, "I will be here by nine. Are you coming to let me out at the gate, Meda?"

She only answered with a look, and Harry wished Mr. Calhoun good-night. The lovers took another turn, and then Meda said, "Harry, dear, you really must go, for father goes

to bed early, and likes to lock the house himself". So, after a fond farewell and a whispered prayer, they parted.

Harry found Seymour sitting reading, but Engracia had gone to bed. Harry told him all his news, and Seymour said, "Well, Harry, the course of your true love has run pretty smooth".

"How do you make that out?" said Harry. "If it had not been for Mr. Calhoun's illness I should have been married long ago."

"Well, but at first he told you that he did not wish you to marry till you were five-and-twenty, and you only arrived at that age last month."

"That is true," said Harry.

"Well," said Seymour, "waiting has done you much good, Harry; it has made a man of you, and taught you to think for others."

"That," said Harry, "is Meda's influence."

"Well, good-night," said Seymour.

"Good-night, old fellow," said Harry.

Next morning they had breakfast at 7.30 A.M., and Harry started off to bring Mr. Calhoun and Meda on board. He found them ready to start, and they drove down together to Sta. Lucia, where they embarked. Meda was admiring the boat and its stalwart crew, when, noticing the name of *Andromeda* on the men's blue jerseys and caps—

One single flash of glad surprise
Just glanced from Meda's lovely eyes,

as she turned them to Harry and said, "Oh, Harry, is that my goddaughter?" nodding at the yacht.

"Yes, my darling," said Harry; "as the old *Andromeda* was your godmother, I thought it only fair you should have a goddaughter."

"It is very nice of you, Harry," said Meda.

By this time they were close alongside, and Meda and

Engracia embraced each other, and Mr. Calhoun shook hands with Seymour.

"What a large craft you have," said he ; "I had no idea that she was anything like this."

They walked round the upper deck, and then went below, where they found Engracia and Meda with the children. Mr. Calhoun looked through the cabins, and admired them very much. After this the three men went on deck again and sat down under the awning. Harry was longing to ask Mr. Calhoun when he would be able to leave Naples, when he said, "Well, Harry, I know you are impatient, and I was thinking last night I would be ready to leave by the 10th of next month".

"So soon?" said Harry, joyfully.

"Yes," said Mr. Calhoun ; "but I want to go to Malta."

"All places are the same to Harry," said Seymour, "as long as Meda is on board, and I should be very glad to go to Malta too, for I have not been there since the Crimea, and, besides, I want to get some lace and ornaments for Engracia and my sisters."

They continued conversing until it was lunch time, when they went below, and found Engracia and Meda waiting for them. Of course champagne appeared on this occasion, and they all drank success to the new *Andromeda* and her safe voyage home. Meda was quite surprised at the accommodation in the cabins, till Seymour reminded her that mail steamers are arranged to carry many passengers and yachts only for the comfort of a few.

In the afternoon they landed, and drove out along the Chiaja and some distance along the Posilippo Road. Meda did the honours to Engracia, and the latter and Seymour went on board on their return, leaving Harry to accompany Mr. Calhoun and Meda home.

They had arranged to have a sail in the yacht next day, so they came on board early and weighed with a light breeze from

the south. First they stood across to Castellamare, getting a splendid view of Vesuvius, which was quite quiet, only a slight smoke ascending from the crater. The lava which had been pouring out in molten streams when Frank and Harry ascended the mountain was now quite cool and hard, only distinguishable from the older lava by its dark chocolate colour, the older being black. The vines along the slopes of Vesuvius were a beautiful green, and all the trees and shrubs had their spring coats on, and everything looked lovely.

When pretty close to Castellamare the *Andromeda* tacked and stood along the coast, heading for the island of Capri, passing the wooded slopes of Sorrento and Amalfi, and about noon anchored a short distance from the blue grotto of Capri. After lunch they all embarked in the gig, and explored the grotto, which has been mentioned before. Harry could not help thinking how he would like to have found some midshipmen bathing there, and yet he remembered he would have done so himself, if it had not been for Mr. West. They rowed some distance along the coast of Capri but did not land, being, I suppose, touched by the *dolce far niente* feeling of the Italians, which northern nations would term "laziness". On their return on board, the *Andromeda* weighed and stood straight back to Naples, arriving about 5.30 P.M. Harry went on shore to see Mr. Calhoun and Meda home, and remained to dinner.

The next fortnight was passed in short cruises in the yacht or expeditions on shore. Engracia, however, did not care to ascend Vesuvius, and as all the others had made the ascent they did not care to make a second one. Indeed, Vesuvius is much more to be admired at a distance than close to. Walking or scrambling over blocks of lava is very rough work, though there is a sort of beaten track; whilst the ascent of the cone containing the crater is very toilsome, as you sink over your ankles every step in pumice stone, ashes, scoriæ, and dust. At the summit, unless you are very fortunate in your day, you cannot escape the sulphureous atmosphere; and though it

would be a pity to visit Naples and not make the ascent, most people, unless they have a mania for seismonics, find one ascent sufficient.

On the 6th of June Mr. Calhoun sent all his heavy luggage on board, and, having got rid of his house, came to live on board on the 8th. They now only awaited the mail from England ; and as that arrived on the 9th, the *Andromeda* weighed early on the morning of the 10th and ran out with a leading wind from the west. Meda and Harry sat on the stern gratings looking back on the town, and Meda said, " I wonder if we shall ever see Naples again ? "

" I hope so," said Harry ; " for I shall never forget that here you made me happy "

" Yes," said Meda ; " we have had many happy days here, and it is sweet in after years to revisit the scenes where we first learned to love each other. "

" I have loved you ever since I helped you into the boat off the *Golden Age*," said Harry, smiling.

" Nonsense," said Meda ; " I was only a scraggy little girl then, and you were a rather lanky boy with a snub nose and a freckled face. "

" I think you are fishing for compliments," said Harry, " though the portrait you draw of me is not very complimentary. "

" Oh, but you know that the ugliest boys make the handsomest men," said Meda, smiling.

" What an ugly boy I must have been then ! " said Harry.

" You are very conceited, sir," said Meda

" No," said Harry, " I am not conceited, but I am very proud. "

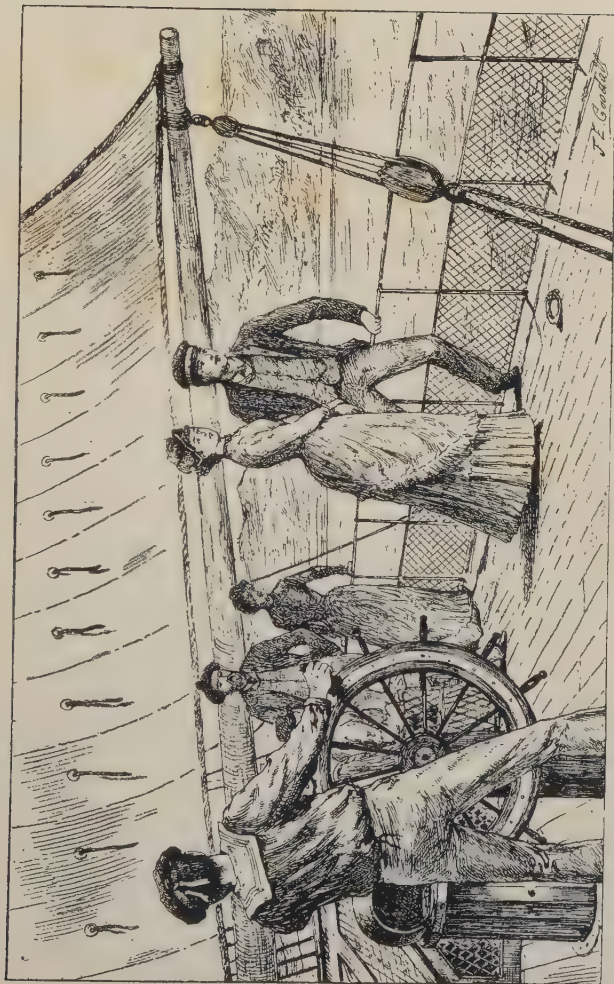
" What of ? " asked Meda.

" Of having won your love, my darling," answered Harry.

" And do you think I am not proud of you, Harry ? " said Meda, softly.

" Perhaps," said Harry ; " but I do not deserve it. "

" Well, some day I daresay I shall find out that you are



ON BOARD THE YACHT.

only an ordinary mortal," said Meda, "and you will discover that my perfection only exists in your own imagination."

"That day will never come," said Harry.

"Well, never is a long time," said Meda, "and here come Engracia and the children."

These last took naturally to Meda, and she was very fond of them. The wind freshened as they got away from the land, and the *Andromeda* was soon going nine knots with the wind on her starboard beam. Meda enjoyed the sailing very much, all her voyages having been made in mail steamers.

About two A.M. on the morning of the 11th the glow of Stromboli's internal fires could be seen, and they passed the island about eight A.M. At noon they were close to Scylla and Charybdis, and about two P.M. came to an anchor close to the town of Messina. In the evening they landed and strolled about, and Harry went to see if the Garibaldian captain was still in the land of the living. He found that he was married and had a young family. On hearing that Harry had friends with him he insisted on his wife and sisters coming with him and being introduced, and, as all of them spoke English except his wife, they got on very well. Meda spoke very good Italian, and Engracia, with her Spanish, could understand and make herself understood. Captain Schiavone insisted on them all coming to his house and having some refreshment, and told them that the band would play close to. Accordingly they accompanied him home, and wine and fruit were produced.

Sicily is more celebrated for its Marsala than for any other of its wines; but several other wines produced in the country are very fine and light.

The band soon after began to play, and the party did not get on board till nearly nine P.M., when they made a light supper instead of the dinner they had missed, and after some conversation retired to rest.

Next morning they weighed at seven A.M. and stood down south, close-hauled on the port tack, the wind having shifted to

S.E. The day was fine, as most days are in the Mediterranean, and they had a good view of Etna on their starboard side. In the afternoon they sighted Syracuse, and during the night the light on Cape Passaro was seen, and they kept away straight for Malta, which they sighted about ten A.M., and ran into the Grand Harbonr and anchored close to the Custom House. A hawser was run out astern and made fast on shore, so that they had only about thirty yards to go in the boat to land.

A lot of men-of-war were here, including the commander-in-chief, who had his flag in the *Victoria*. The officer of the guard was a young, smart-looking lieutenant, and Harry seemed to know his face. The officer of the guard, amongst other information, always has to learn the name of the captain of any ship he boards ; and, as Seymour and Harry always gave in their names as owners of the *Andromeda* for the time being, the lieutenant no sooner saw Harry's name than he said, " Bedad, I thought I wasn't mistaken. Don't you remember me, Malcolm ? "

" What ! " said Harry, " are you Paddy Rafferty ? "

" Sure, an' I am," said Paddy.

Harry was very glad to see him, and insisted on his coming below and having a glass of champagne, after which, as Rafferty was in a hurry to get away, he made him promise to come on board the day after, as, being officer of the guard, he was not allowed to exchange his duty. Harry told them several yarns about Paddy and his suits of clothes, which were always in rags.

" Well," said Seymour, " he is a very smart-looking fellow now."

In the afternoon they landed and walked through Florian Gardens, and then, entering by the Florian Gate, where Harry called Meda's attention to the effigy of old Lisle Adam, they walked down Strada Reale until they came to Mauricio's, where they went in and sat down and ate ices. Finding that the opera was going on, they resolved to go there next evening, and

returned on board to dinner, Harry taking them down the Nix Mangere stairs, where Meda's and Engracia's soft hearts were touched by the apparent wretchedness of the beggars; and Harry, having purposely changed a couple of shillings into coppers, the hearts of at least twenty-four of them were gladdened by Her Majesty's image and superscription.

In the evening they sat on deck listening to the music of the different ships, which, though, of course, each ship played a different tune, came stealing over the water softened by the distance at which they lay. Next morning Paddy Rafferty came on board to breakfast and was introduced to Engracia and Meda. He was very quiet at first and dropped his brogue entirely before the ladies.

"Why, Paddy," said Harry, "what good English you speak now."

"Yes," said Paddy; "when I passed college I went in for foreign languages."

"Is English a foreign language to Irishmen?" asked Engracia, who could not help thinking of the nation which loved truth and honour more than women and golden store.

"Yes, Mrs. Seymour," said Paddy; "to us poor, down-trodden Celts, English is the language of the foreigner and oppressor."

"You do not look much oppressed," said Engracia.

"Sure it's the light of your countenance that makes me cheerful," said Paddy.

"Well done the blarney-stone," said Harry.

"What do ye mane, ye spalpeen?" said Paddy, laughing.

"I thought you would have expended all your impudence as a midshipman," said Harry; "but I see you have a good stock left still."

"'Tis only my native courtesey to a lady," said Paddy.

"Then you are a humbug," said Harry.

"Not in the laste, by no manes," said Paddy. "Sure it amuses you, and it does not hurt me, and we are both plased."

After breakfast they discussed where they were to go to, and settled that to-day they would examine the Cathedral of St. John, go to the opera in the evening, and visit St. Paul's Bay next day. A note came on board from the secretary of the club, making Seymour and Harry honorary members during their stay. About eleven they landed, and walked up to the cathedral, of which they made a minute inspection, and Harry was surprised to find how much Meda knew of the history of Malta and the Knights of St. John. After this they returned on board to a late luncheon, and Harry was delighted to find Talbot just leaving the yacht. He had seen their arrival in the paper, and made certain it was the same Lieutenant Malcolm whom he had known as a midshipman.

"I should have found out if you were still here," said Harry; "but we only arrived last night, and I have not had time as yet."

Talbot of course turned back to lunch with them and talk over old times, and hearing that they thought of going out to St. Paul's Bay next day, offered to procure them an English carriage to drive out in, as *volantes*, though good enough for midshipmen, are not very comfortable for ladies. Engracia said they would accept on condition that Talbot came with them, and he promised to do so. Talbot and Rafferty left them after lunch, Paddy promising to return to dinner and accompany them to the opera.

Talbot said he would most likely see them in the evening, but was engaged to dinner. Paddy returned in full dress at six, as they were to dine early, the opera commencing at eight. They walked up to the opera house, and, on entering their box, found the orchestra playing the overture. The "Barber of Seville" was the piece represented that night, and the company was above the average, as, being so close to Italy, it is easy to obtain good singers. Talbot looked in on them and brought his colonel, whom he had asked for the loan of his carriage for the morrow. The ladies thanked him for his kindness, and

asked him to come on board the yacht. The colonel proposed, however, that they should come to his quarters on their return from St. Paul's Bay, and be introduced to his wife; and this arrangement was finally made. The opera was over before twelve, and they walked down to the Custom House and were soon on board.

Next day at eleven the colonel's carriage came down opposite the yacht, and Talbot came in a *volante*. The carriage was an open barouche and held four comfortably, so Engracia, Meda, Mr. Calhoun, and Talbot went in the carriage, and Seymour and Harry followed in the *volante*. St. Paul's Bay and the drive out have been described before.

Harry and Meda wandered about the shore, fancying to each other where this or that had happened; and after a picnic lunch they started for Valetta. The colonel's quarters were in St. Elmo, the fort at the point, and they arrived there about four P.M. The colonel's wife received them, and gave them afternoon tea. She was a very pleasant, well-informed woman, and the colonel was a jolly old fellow. They had no children, and consoled themselves by being father and mother to all the youngsters who joined the brigade.

After an hour's rest the party walked round the fort, and then drove down to the Custom House and embarked. The colonel and his wife promised to come on board next day to lunch, and Talbot also. A quiet evening was passed on board, and next morning a note was sent to Paddy Rafferty to join them at lunch, as they intended to sail next day. At one P.M. the colonel and his wife and Talbot appeared, and five minutes afterwards were on board. The colonel, who was an Irishman, had a passage of wits with Paddy Rafferty; but as those things require to be heard to be appreciated, I will not attempt to reproduce it here.

After lunch they were shown round the yacht, and went on shore about four P.M. Paddy then asked Engracia and Meda if they would not honour his ship with a visit, and, being un-

willing to disappoint one who had contributed so much to their amusement, they complied. The gig was manned, and they all went on board except Mr. Calhoun, who had some business to conclude on shore.

H.M.S. *Superb*, of which Rafferty was junior lieutenant, was a ninety-gun ship of the *Pompey's* class. She was beautifully clean, and in first-rate order throughout. They admired the wardroom, where Paddy produced tea for the ladies and champagne for Seymour and Harry ; but they did not like his cabin, which was on the orlop deck and only lighted by a scuttle about eight inches in diameter, and this could seldom be kept open at sea. They returned on board the *Andromeda* to dinner, Rafferty promising to come and see them off next day.

Next morning the *Andromeda* was ready for sea, and let go her hawser and shortened in cable. The forenoon was spent in choosing gold and silver ornaments and lace, which they had ordered to be brought on board for their inspection. Talbot turned up at eleven, and Paddy came on board soon afterwards. At one they had lunch, and at two they weighed anchor and ran out with an easterly wind.

"Well," said Talbot, as they cleared the harbour, "Malta is very endurable from December to August, but after that I must say I agree with Byron when he says—

" ' Adieu, ye joys of La Vallette,
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat ' ;

for everyone would like to say so during the autumn months."

"Where are you going to spend your leave this year?" asked Harry.

"Well," replied Talbot, "I thought of going to Tunis with a party and getting some shooting."

"That would be very jolly," said Harry.

"Yes," said Talbot ; "but if we do not wish to go to Gibraltar with you we had better take our departure. Rafferty, what do you say ? or have you taken your passage ?"

"Sure there's nothing I'd like better; only I forgot to ask lave."

The *Andromeda* was hove to, and Talbot and Rafferty, after hearty farewells and hopes of meeting some day at home, got into their boat, and the *Andromeda* filled on her course, which was N.W. The square foresail was got up, bent and set, and she was soon reeling off eleven knots, with a fresh breeze on her starboard quarter. At noon next day they had run 230 miles, and were now steering due west for the Straits of Gibraltar. This brought the wind right aft and made the yacht roll a good deal, but it was a long easy roll and did not inconvenience them much.

During the night the wind came round, through south-east to south, and the square foresail was taken in, and as the wind freshened very much the gaff-topsails were taken in. This wind was the sirocco, and the air was full of minute grains of sand, blown from the great Sahara desert, making it unpleasant to remain on deck. That evening a reef was taken in, but the *Andromeda* still kept up from ten to eleven knots, as the wind abeam was her best point of sailing. This breeze continued for two days, when it came through east to north-east, and the *Andromeda* arrived close to the Rock on the afternoon of the 21st June.

As they neared Europa Point, a steam-launch was seen approaching them, showing that Captain Douglas had not forgotten them. Rounding the point they lost their breeze, and the launch taking them in tow, the *Andromeda* was soon berthed alongside the dockyard wharf. Captain Douglas soon afterwards came down to see if he could be of any use to them, but as they did not require anything, he took his leave, having asked them to dinner the following evening. Engracia and Meda were glad to get on shore after their disagreeable voyage, and they sat under the trees on the Alameda and listened to the band, and, as Harry proposed that they should drive out to San Roque next day, they walked up to

the town to order a carriage. As it was too far to take the children, two donkeys were ordered for their amusement next day, and the party returned on board. The donkeys made their appearance about nine A.M., and a steady man was sent with them, and the nurse and stewardess. At ten their carriage arrived and they drove off, Harry and Seymour taking turns on the box-seat, as the carriage only held four inside.

They enjoyed the drive out very much, as the day was beautiful. Harry told them the yarn about Queen Isabella's chair, and Engracia acknowledged that the governor had behaved as a good cavalier on the occasion. They drove back early in order to have a rest before getting ready to dine with Captain Douglas. Two ponies were ordered for next morning, as Engracia was willing to go up to the signal station again, and Meda was anxious to do so. They dined with Captain and Mrs. Douglas, and met two or three naval men, and a colonel and his wife. The colonel had been in America during the war, and had a long conversation with Mr. Calhoun. Engracia and Meda both sang, and after a pleasant evening they returned on board.

In the morning they walked out to Europa Point, and sat down and watched the passing ships, returning on board to an early lunch. At one P.M. the ponies and donkeys arrived, and Engracia and Meda mounted, and Seymour and Harry accompanied them. Mr. Calhoun, feeling indisposed to climb the hill, remained at the reading room in the town. About half-past two they arrived at the signal station, and were glad to find the same sergeant there. They sat in the shade as before, and after Harry had pointed out everything of interest to Meda, in the glorious panorama which lay around them, Engracia asked her if she knew the tale of Douglas and the Bruce's heart.

"Oh, yes," said Meda, "I have a copy of Aytoun's *Lays* myself."

Engracia said, "Well, I suppose I ought to be ashamed

of myself, but I did not even know that the Moors had ever ruled any part of Spain."

"Yes," said Meda, "I knew that, for I have read that they invaded Spain in the beginning of the seventh century, and overran the whole country as far as the Pyrenees and even past them, but were defeated by Charles Martel, the ancestor of Charlemagne."

"This rock," said Seymour, "takes its name from a Moor. Tarik, the Moorish general, who commanded the invading force, landed here, and the Moors called it Jebal Tarik, or Tarik's Hill. This has been softened in the course of time to Gibraltar."

"Why do they call it the Calpe Haut?" asked Harry.

"Because the ancients called it Mons Calpe," said Seymour.

"When did the Moors leave Spain?" asked Engracia.

"In the end of the fifteenth century," said Meda; "and as they had introduced all the arts and industries which made Spain rich and prosperous under their rule, Spain dates her commercial insignificance from their expulsion, although they retained a percentage of the Moors to teach the Spaniards the arts and sciences, but the Spaniards, during nine centuries of Moorish occupation, had become so debased as to be incapable of learning them and turning them to account.

"I must really read history," said Engracia, "though it is rather late in the day to begin."

"It is never too late to mend," said Seymour, smiling at his wife.

"Very well," said Engracia. "I will make you read it and explain it when we get home."

"Your will is my pleasure, dear," said Seymour.

"Is that nice man going to give us tea again?" said Engracia.

"I will go and see," said Harry.

In a few minutes the sergeant appeared with his homely tea-tray, and whilst they had been talking he had sent for some

bread and butter and fresh figs, no other fruit being ripe as yet. Engracia thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and Meda enjoyed her tea on the summit of Gibraltar more than any tea-and-scandal refreshment she could call to mind. At four they began to think of descending, and Engracia told Seymour to ask the sergeant if they could take anything home to his children or befriend them in any way.

"Why do you not ask him yourself?" said Seymour.

"I do not like to," said Engracia.

"Nonsense," said Seymour. "He will appreciate it twice as much if you do it."

"Well, I will try," said Engracia. "Come with me, Meda, dear."

So the two went to where the sergeant was standing, and Engracia had quite a conversation with him, and found out that he came from a village near Seymour's place in Hertfordshire. Soon after the party started, and Seymour asked the sergeant if he could bring anything he had to send on board by noon next day, as they intended sailing in the afternoon. He refused any remuneration for the tea, and Seymour knew better than to press it on him.

They passed a quiet evening on board the yacht, sitting on deck listening to the band, and after dinner they conversed on deck till the drums and fifes beat tattoo. Next morning they got their supply of stock and vegetables on board, and walked up to say good-bye to Mrs. Douglas. On their return they found the sergeant awaiting them, and Harry asked him on board and showed him round the yacht. He gave Harry a parcel and some letters for his children, and Seymour promised that Engracia and he would go to see them. The sergeant thanked them in some well-chosen words, and took his leave.

Seymour and Harry went to Captain Douglas' office to thank him for his kindness, and he told them he had given orders for the steam-launch to tow them out whenever they

wished. He was busy and could not come down to see them off, so they parted with expressions of mutual esteem.

After lunch the sails were hoisted, except the jib and fore staysail, and the steam-launch arrived to tow them out, and about half-a-mile from the dockyard cast off, with their sails filling to a light southerly wind. Their course was N.W. by W. to clear Cape St. Vincent, and the square foresail was soon set, and the *Andromeda* ran about six knots an hour.

"Well, Meda," said Harry, "now our nose is in the right direction for home—and I hope we shall be there in a week—would you like to go to Lisbon?"

"Yes, Harry," said Meda; "and though I do not want to delay our marriage, remember that when that takes place I shall lose father."

"Only for a time," answered Harry, "for I have been talking to him, and he could stay in England six months out of the year with us, and we could go abroad and see him in the other half of the year."

"That would be very nice, but I know that he wants to go to California to see my brother and his family."

"Well," said Harry, "let us go with him and make it our wedding trip, for we are sure to be tired of each other in a week if we go to some place or other all by ourselves."

"Would you really like it, Harry?" asked Meda.

"Yes, I should like to see California, and we would pass up by the spot where the *Golden Age* was burnt and I met my fate."

"Harry, dear," said Meda, "there is no such thing as fate."

"Well, my guardian angel, then," said Harry, smiling.

"That is better," said Meda, "though not best."

"Well," said Harry, "of course I know what you mean; but what I mean to say is, that having met you so young has kept me from many sins and saved the Recording Angel a lot of trouble."

"Do not say such things," said Meda, "Harry; I do not like them."

"Very well, dear," said Harry; "but I do not see any harm in it if I do not intend any irreverence."

"They are much better left unsaid," replied Meda.

"Oh, Meda, you are too good for this world," sighed Harry. "I shall be afraid of seeing your wings growing if you do not do a little wrong now and then."

"Well, Harry, let us go and see if Engracia would like to go to Lisbon."

So they went below, and it was soon agreed to call in there. Next day at noon they had made 130 miles, and the breeze was now freshening, but hauling round to the S.W. Before sundown the square foresail was furled, and the *Andromeda* was close-hauled, but still laying her course and going nine knots. A little after midnight, having passed Cape St. Vincent, they kept away N.N.W. for Lisbon. At noon on this day, the 26th, Lisbon was distant about forty miles, and, picking up a pilot outside the bar, they ran in and anchored in about the same place as when they came out from England.

To their disappointment, they found that the *Melpomene* had left. The health-boat having boarded them, they landed and walked up to the Consulate, Mr. Calhoun going to call on the American consul, who was an old friend of his. Mr. Lovell was very glad to see them, and Mrs. Lovell tried to induce them to stay to dinner, but they preferred going back on board, as they were in walking dresses, &c., though Mrs. Lovell declared that that did not matter. However, they promised to dine there next day, and returned on board after inspecting Blackhorse and Rolling Motion Squares.

Next day they took a drive and returned on board about four P.M. to get a rest before dressing for dinner. Next day they had arranged to go to Cintra. The consul had invited the American consul to meet Mr. Calhoun and two other English merchants and their wives to make up the party. The dinner

was served in the open air in the *patio*, or courtyard, under the shade of the vines. It was voted too pleasant outside to go in for any music. But Seymour having told Mrs. Lovell that Engracia played the guitar and sang to it, one was sent for, and after a little hesitation she consented to try and remember some Peruvian airs; and having sung one, she found that she could remember a good many. Mrs. Lovell sang without accompaniment, and a merry evening was spent.

They got on board about 11.30 P.M., and next day the carriage which had been ordered arrived at ten on the landing-place opposite the yacht, and they landed and got into it, Mr. Calhoun remaining to talk to the American consul. The drive to Cintra has been described before. When they arrived they ordered lunch for half-past one, and then proceeded to climb the hill to the statue of Vasco de Gama.

From this point of vantage there is a beautiful view. East, towards Lisbon, over wooded hills and fertile vales; towards the south it is much the same. To the west lies the Atlantic, and far to the north can be made out Torres Vedras, where Wellington intrenched his army and bade defiance to Napoleon's marshals, and in the spring, from the very edge, as it were, of Portugal, commenced that series of triumphs right across Spain and France which only ended when Paris surrendered and Napoleon sought safety on board an English man-of-war.

They drove back in the cool of the evening, passing, as before, under the aqueduct which supplies Lisbon with water, and arrived on board about seven P.M. Next morning they landed to say good-bye to the consul and Mrs. Lovell, and got on board again before lunch. At 1.30 P.M. they weighed, and, picking up a pilot off Belem Castle, they ran out over the bar with an easterly wind, altering course as requisite to round the promontory of Cascara, and had a good view of Cintra from the west. Passing Cape Roca, they shaped a course due north to sight Cape Finisterre.

During the night it fell calm, but about sunrise a breeze came up from the S.W., and, rapidly freshening, by noon the *Andromeda* was running nine knots, but up to noon they had only made about ninety miles from Cape Roca. The square foresail was set reefed, and at night the gaff-topsails were hauled down. The breeze still freshening, at eight P.M. they were running twelve knots, and at daybreak next morning they were abreast of Cape Finisterre, and kept away N.W., which brought the wind nearly aft. By noon they had made good 270 miles. In the afternoon the wind came round to west and blew a moderate gale, but as it was on their quarter they kept the reefs out, except the one in the square foresail.

The sea was rising, but, as they went faster than the waves, they felt it very little. As the barometer was steady, and it was clear overhead, they resolved to hold on to everything all night, and they were justified by the event, for the wind did not increase beyond a fresh gale, and by noon they had logged 317 miles, and were abreast of Ushant, having run right across the dreaded Bay of Biscay in the twenty-four hours, and they were only eighty miles from Plymouth, where they arrived at eight o'clock that evening, and anchored in the Sound.

Next day they remained at anchor and the wind gradually moderated. On the 4th July they weighed at six A.M., and, there being still a nice westerly breeze, they ran along about eight knots. As this was Independence Day, they kept it as a festival in honour of Mr. Calhoun and Meda. Speeches were made and toasts drunk, though there were only three to "orate," as the Yankees call it. Next morning at six they passed St. Catherine's Point, and by eleven A.M. were at anchor off Southsea pier. Frank's brig was in the harbour, and he soon came on board. Seymour went on shore to look at his house and found it all ready; but, as it was small, it was arranged that Meda and Mr. Calhoun should sleep there, and Harry on board the yacht.

In the afternoon they landed, and all dined at Seymour's house. Next morning the *Andromeda* ran into Portsmouth harbour and anchored close to Portsea, so as to be handy for landing the luggage. Harry telegraphed to his uncle and requested him to meet him in London. Mr. Calhoun, as previously arranged, was going with Meda to the Fairfaxes' house in London, and on the 7th July they all started for town.

The next few days were occupied in settling when the marriage was to take place, and at last it was settled for the 30th July. After the marriage, Harry and Meda were to spend a fortnight at Seymour's house in Hertfordshire, after which they were to accompany Mr. Calhoun to California, where the climate was considered nearly as good as the south of France for his complaint.

Captain Malcolm took Harry back to Cumberland with him after a long farewell interview with Meda, whom he would not see again till two or three days before the marriage. Mrs. Maynard had arranged everything for the wedding, and Harry was allowed to see one of her daughters dressed up in her bridesmaid's array, with the star in her hair and the locket round her neck. Harry arrived at Ostleburn on the 12th, and next day drove over to Ormathwaite, where he found the family had arrived from town the week before. After dinner he had a long talk with his cousin Frances, but that deserves a new chapter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"WELL, Harry," said Frances, "so it is really settled for the 30th?"

"Yes," said Harry, "after all these years that I have waited."

"Well," said Frances, "you were boy and girl when you proposed to Meda at Naples, and I think your course of true love has run very smooth."

"Well, yes," said Harry. "Seymour said almost the same to me a short time ago, and now I remember Mr. Calhoun's words to me that night."

"What did he say?" asked Frances.

"Well," replied Harry, "when I asked his consent, and told him that we loved each other, and that Meda had said we were very young, he said that was dreadful true ; and then when he said that I should not marry till I was twenty-five, and I sung out, 'What ! seven years !' he reminded me that one man, in the Bible, served seven years for a wife and then got the wrong woman, adding, that if he could help it, Meda should not marry the wrong man and repent it ever afterwards."

"Well, Harry, he showed his sense, for I know myself that at one time I thought a man almost perfection, but found out afterwards that he was quite the reverse : I am only too thankful that I did not marry in haste and repent it for all the rest of my life."

"Well, Frances, I hope you may marry yet," said Harry.

"Yes, Harry, it is very likely, but it will only be a marriage for an establishment. It will not be like yours and Meda's, a great love begun young, into which no thought of ways and means has entered before marriage."

"No," said Harry ; "I know I am very fortunate, and, in spite of what Meda says, I believe there is such a thing as fate."

"It all depends on what you mean by fate," said Frances. "If we reflect that Providence knows what our lives will be from our cradle to our graves, we must acknowledge that there is no such thing as fate, but many people talk of their fate as if they were not free agents."

"That," said Harry, "opens up a very large question. However, we will not get into a theological discussion, which generally ends in an agreement to differ, or else a holy hatred, just as religious wars are the most sanguinary and unforgiving."

"Well, Harry," said Frances, "let us change the subject. Have you seen the bridesmaids' dresses?"

"Yes," said Harry, "I saw Margaret Maynard arrayed in all her glory."

"And what did you think?" asked Frances.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I was evidently expected to admire it so much that I did not dare to say anything after the trouble Mrs. Maynard had taken; but, afterwards, I thought of something which would improve them very much."

"And that was?" asked Frances.

"Well, a few knots of ribbon, American and English colours interwoven," said Harry.

"Oh, how stupid we were not to have thought of it," said Frances. "But it is not too late. We can easily get some in time."

"Well, will you see what you can do?" said Harry. "The suggestion will come better from you than from me, especially as you designed the locket."

"Well, to night I will think, and send it off in the morning."

"If I might suggest anything," said Harry, "it would be to have it as simple as possible."

"Yes," said Frances, "I will keep to the 'gridiron' and the Union Jack."

"Have you seen anything of Miss Aylmer lately?" asked Harry.

"No," said Frances; "but I often wish I could lead the life she does. She can do everything well. She might have been a countess before now, I know for certain; but she would not leave her father for a coronet, because she could not give her heart. Now she is the bountiful fairy of her own village and everywhere round. Everyone goes to her for sympathy, and I firmly believe she is the most universally loved creature in Cumberland."

"You speak as if you knew, Frances," said Harry.

"Yes, Harry, I do know, for I have proved her," said

Frances. "Hers is a beautiful life, for it is spent in doing good to others, while mine ——" and here Frances nearly broke down.

"Well, Frances, you have read Longfellow, and you know the 'Psalm of Life,' and what he says in it."

"Yes," said Frances; "but then seasons in London and gaiety in country houses are not conducive to following footprints of great men or women, and I often think of joining some sisterhood, as many girls do nowadays; but I am the only daughter left, and, as long as my parents live, I ought to stick to them, unless I could see my way to a happy marriage."

"Well, Frances, you are only twenty-four and should not take such a gloomy view of things," said Harry.

"I know, Harry," said she; "but it is the hollow life I lead that disgusts me."

"Well, Frances, 'hope on, hope ever,' who knows that you may not meet the right man yet?" said Harry.

"I hope he will come soon," said Frances, "or else he will come too late; but don't you think we had better wake my respected parents and see if they would like some tea?"

"Yes, if you like," said Harry; and Frances in a few minutes succeeded in awakening her father and mother, who were slumbering peacefully in armchairs on each side of the fire. Like most elderly people, they each tried to look as if they had not been to sleep at all, and wondered how it was the tea was nearly cold. Soon afterwards they all went to bed.

Next morning Frances showed Harry her design for the ribbon and he liked it very much. He wrote at once to Mrs. Maynard enclosing the design and a note from Frances, asking her, if she approved of it, to have it carried out at once, and giving her *carte blanche* as to the expense. In the afternoon Harry drove back to Ostleburn, thinking that he had never liked his cousin so much before. Harry asked his uncle that evening if he thought Major Aylmer was at Edenbridge, and hearing that he was, he determined to go and see him.

In the large view he took of everything at this time he would have liked to ask the Lawsons to his wedding; but, his aunt reminding him that Mr. Lawson could not afford it, he saw that it was impossible. The mention of Mr. Lawson led to the conversation which followed, in which Harry said that he would like to devote £100 a-year to the schools and the parish in general.

"Meda and I have talked over the subject," said Harry, "and, as neither of us has expensive tastes, we shall not spend £1000 a-year, or anything like it."

"Perhaps not at first," said Captain Malcolm; "but expenses grow, and afterwards a nursery may be required. Now, Harry, I am glad you have begun this conversation, for your aunt and I have determined to make you and Meda a present of £5000 to do what you liked with, and if you cared to spend it on building schools or improving the church or anything belonging to the parish, we should be very glad; but understand that the money is to be yours to do what you like with. It is money that has come to your aunt lately through other heirs having died, and if you choose to spend it in buying a yacht or in any other way we shall not think the less of you."

"I will spend it on the parish," said Harry, "and it is needless to ask Meda whether she would sooner have a yacht for ourselves or found a school for other people; for, if I proposed to spend it on ourselves, she would never speak to me again."

"Your aunt is very fond of Meda," said Captain Malcolm, "and she seldom makes a mistake in judging character. Have you thought where you will settle down after you come back from California?"

"No," said Harry. "I thought of a house near the sea somewhere."

"Well, Harry, I do not wish you to run into any unnecessary expense, and I think that a house near Seymour's place would be better than one near the sea, for this reason, that, if you

were at Southsea or Torquay or any of those places, you would always be meeting your old shipmates, and regretting that you were not afloat ; and, as you do not intend to go to sea again, it would not be fair to Meda, for she would see you discontented and blame herself for standing in your way ; for nowadays, unless you keep on serving and are up to the times, it is much better to give it up altogether. You will want some employment, and after a year or two I think you might come and live here ; and I would gradually give up the management of the estate to you, and, keeping up one establishment, we would always be able to go to London for the season if we liked."

"Well, uncle, I will do whatever you think best," said Harry ; "I will write to Meda at once about the £5000, but I know what her answer will be."

Two days after this Harry drove over to Edenbridge, Major Aylmer's place. Here he found the major and Miss Aylmer alone, for the sons were both abroad with their regiments. They were delighted to see him, the old gentleman insisting on Harry putting up his fishing-rod and catching some trout. He himself seldom went beyond his own grounds now except to church on Sundays. Miss Aylmer found plenty of employment in the village, and the second day of his stay Harry accompanied her in her pony carriage, and could easily see that his cousin's words were true ; for she carried the sunshine of a pure and noble heart into every cottage in her parish.

On the Sunday they went to the village church, where Miss Aylmer presided at the harmonium, and Harry was struck with the results she had called forth from such apparently uncouth materials as Cumberland village children. He had a long talk with Miss Aylmer, and tried hard to persuade her to bring her father up to his wedding.

"Well, Harry, you know I should be delighted to come, but I fear the journey for my father ; for what with rheumatism and old Indian wounds, his constitution is much impaired.

Besides, my villagers would miss me so much, though no one can wish you and Meda a long and happy life together more than I do."

"Thank you," said Harry; "I see it is the old story, 'Where the path of duty is the path of glory'."

"Perhaps," said Miss Aylmer, smiling; "I hope you will send me a piece of wedding cake, and I want to give you something for Meda before you go. It is an old brooch that was my mother's."

"I am sure she will value it," said Harry; "and when we come to live in Cumberland I hope we shall be able to see you often."

"I hope so," said Miss Aylmer; "but I cannot leave my father, so you will have to come and see me."

"That we will," said Harry, heartily.

On the 20th Harry went back to Ostleburn, and passed a few days quietly, fishing one or two days, shooting flappers on another, and wiling away the time as best he could. On the 25th Captain and Mrs. Malcolm and Harry started for London, and arrived on the 26th and drove to Captain Maynard's house in Sloane Square. Harry had a bath and some breakfast, and then went in a hansom to Cromwell Road, where Mr. Fairfax had rented a house. Meda was expecting him and looking better than ever. The two Misses Fairfax proposed to visit the Kensington Museum, and the four young people strolled through the galleries which have delighted so many visitors before and since. Harry and Meda had a long talk afterwards about the £5000 his uncle and aunt were giving them as a wedding present. Meda thought that they could not devote part of it to a better purpose than building good village schools, and, if Mr. Lawson did not object, to putting an organ up in the church, which was a large one and the harmonium did not fill it, "And then, if there is any left," said Meda, "we can make it into a fund for the old people in winter, or something of that sort".

"Yes," said Harry, "warm coats for the men and red shawls for the old ladies ; and we will have a model village, and give a prize to the old man who never grumbles and the old woman who never talks scandal."

"Nonsense," said Meda ; "it is only human nature to do both ; at least it is village human nature."

"Oh, Meda, I forgot to ask you if you have seen the ribbon Frances designed for the bridesmaids' dresses," said Harry.

"Yes," said Meda ; "Mrs. Maynard showed it to me, and I like it very much, but there ought only to be one or two bows of it, as everything at a wedding ought to be white except the orange flowers."

"Well," said Harry, "I think a little tiny bit of ribbon relieves the monotony, and shows off the white dress. However, I suppose the grim ogress, Fashion, must have her way."

"No," said Meda ; "I do not see why we should not please ourselves, though, of course, I would not like to have anything which is not in good taste."

Harry went back to dinner in Sloane Square, and was glad to hear that Frank would arrive with Seymour and Engracia next day. Sir Oswald and Lady Ormathwaite and Frances were already in London, Oswald was with his regiment at Windsor, and Tom was to come on the 28th. Kate and Ellen were both in London with their husbands. Colonel Fortescue and family were also in town, so that there would be a good many wedding guests altogether.

Next day was occupied in signing the marriage settlements and other necessary documents. Harry waited for Frank to arrive at noon, and in the afternoon went to Cromwell Road with him. They talked for a long time about various subjects, till at last it was time to go home to dress for dinner, and Frank asked Harry if he had got the ring yet.

"No," said Harry ; "I want Meda to come and choose it herself, but she firmly refuses."

"Well, then, borrow one of her rings to know the size by."

Meda consented to lend her engagement ring, and Frank and Harry departed. Of course Frank's sisters could talk of nothing but the approaching wedding, and tried to quiz Harry, but he was quite imperturbable. After they retired Harry said to Frank, "I tell you what, old fellow, we will get Engracia to come and choose the ring for us".

"That is a happy thought," said Frank.

So in the forenoon of next day Frank and Harry went to Seymour's hotel and asked Engracia to come with them and give them her advice and assistance. They lunched together, and then drove to Rodrigues' in Piccadilly. They were much amused by the man who served them thinking at first that Engracia was the bride who required the ring. After looking at about fifty rings, of all sizes and thicknesses, Engracia chose one, which they all approved as being neither too heavy nor too thin. Seymour proposed that they should drive round the park and then go on to Cromwell Road.

"Well, Engracia," said Harry, "do you think from the people you see here that we look like a nation of pick-pockets?"

"Yes," said Engracia; "half of our dearest friends would not speak to us now, because we are in a hired carriage. Look at those two men," intimating by a nod like Lord Burleigh's famous one two men on the footpath. "If you had the honour of their acquaintance do you think they would acknowledge you now?"

Harry and Frank looked at them for a moment, when Harry sung out to the driver to stop, and jumped out and ran up to the two men whom Engracia had indicated, and whom he had recognised as Major Featherstone and Captain Wright. Frank also recognised them, though not so quickly, and the carriage was drawn up close to the footpath, and Engracia and Seymour introduced to them. Harry asked them to lunch next day at Sloane Square, and when they had driven on a little, said,

smiling to Engracia, "Well, you see those two were not such snobs as you thought them".

"I am afraid I was a little hasty," said Engracia ; "but they looked as if everyone else was beneath their notice."

"You must not judge by appearances," said Seymour ; "half of these men who look as if their only care was to be well dressed and saunter through life have faced death on some well-fought field or other."

On arrival at Mr. Fairfax's house in Cromwell Road they found afternoon tea ready, and Meda tried the ring on and it fitted perfectly. Harry asked her if she would like her name engraved on the inside, and she said "Yes," though she had not thought of it, as it would never quit her finger again.

The wedding presents had been arranged on a table in the drawing-room, and Harry now gave Meda Miss Aylmer's present and note. The presents were of the usual character, but fortunately few of them clashed with others. Seymour and Engracia gave them a model of the *Golden Age* in silver, which opened from the upper deck, and served to receive nick-nacks. Mrs. Malcolm gave some valuable old jewellery ; and Harry of course had given all his mother's to Meda. The Fairfaxes had given a magnificent silver tea-service ; clocks and such other articles were numerous, and Meda said to Harry, "Where shall we find room for all these things?"

"Oh," said Harry, "we will leave them at my banker's till we come back from California, and then we will ornament some cottage by the sea with them."

Seymour and Engracia drove home, and Harry and Frank went to Sloane Square to dinner.

Next day Major Featherstone and Captain Wright came to lunch, and made themselves very agreeable. They promised to come to the wedding, and Harry apologised for not having asked them before.

"I heard you were going to be married," said Wright, "and I met your uncle at the United Service Club, but you were

away up the Mediterranean, so it slipped my memory. How was Talbot when you saw him?"

"Just the same as ever," said Harry. "He does not appear to grow any older. I wonder he does not marry."

"You think we ought all to follow your example," said Major Featherstone. Perhaps if we could all find such a good excuse for it as Mr. Seymour and you have we might be inclined too; but I am over forty now, and I suppose will be a bachelor all the rest of my days."

"I am much too ugly to marry," said Wright; "no woman would have me except to put me in the Zoological Gardens in the monkey house."

"You would certainly be an addition," said Harry; "for none of the others can talk a language 'understood of the people'."

"Thank you, Harry," said Wright. "I hope that when you come back from California you will ask me up to Cumberland to make up for that compliment."

After lunch Major Featherstone and Wright took their leave, and Harry and Frank walked to Cromwell Road, and strolled round Kensington Park with Meda and the two Misses Fairfax. They sat down on a seat under the trees, and somehow Meda and Harry found that the seat was too small for all of them and went to one adjoining.

"Well, my darling," said Harry, "this is our last day of single life; to-morrow we shall be united for ever."

"Yes, Harry," said Meda, "and it is a very solemn thought. I am very thankful that I have no regrets whatever, for you have always behaved as I should have wished you to do, and father is so much better that I have no doubt he will live as long in California as in the south of France or at Naples."

"Yes," said Harry; "and nowadays the voyage is nothing, though having to change to the Panama railway is a nuisance."

"Before long," said Meda, "there will be a railway from

New York to San Francisco, and then we shall be able to run across America in the train."

"I prefer the sea," said Harry. "It must be very uncomfortable to be three or four days in a train."

"Not if you have everything you want on board the train," said Meda.

"Well, Meda," said Harry, "by this time to-morrow we shall be in the train for Hertfordshire."

"Yes," said Meda; "and we must not forget the packet for the sergeant's children. We will take it down to them, for Engracia and Mr. Seymour will not be going there yet for some months, and they will be expecting it, for by this time they will have got their letters."

"Always thoughtful for others, Meda," said Harry.

"I hope so, Harry, and so are you. I have often noticed it," said Meda.

Frank and the Misses Fairfax now joined them and proposed to go back to tea. They all strolled back together, and after tea Harry took his last farewell of Meda as a bachelor. Frank and he then went in search of Tom Ormathwaite, who being in holy orders was to assist at the ceremony, and had promised to obtain the special licence, and arrange everything for the marriage. As Captain Maynard's house, in Sloane Square, was small, it had been arranged that the breakfast should be given at Mr. Fairfax's house, in Cromwell Road, where the wedding presents were collected. Frank and Harry talked till late this evening after the others had gone to bed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"HAPPY is the bride whom the sun shines on," and seldom had a morning of fairer augury dawned that summer in London. Harry and Frank were both up early, and after breakfast the bustle began.

"Anyone would think my sisters were putting a gown on for the first time," said Frank; "the whole house is upside down, and it is lucky that our nerves are good, or I don't know what might happen."

Harry said, "Well it is all in my honour, so I must not complain," and then they went upstairs to put their own wedding garments on.

At eleven the carriages arrived, and Mrs. Maynard and her three daughters managed to get into one without spoiling their dresses; Captain and Mrs. Malcolm, Captain Maynard and Major Featherstone, were in the second carriage; Wright, Frank, and last, but not the least important, Harry were in the third carriage.

"Have you got the ring, Harry?" asked Frank, as they got in.

"Yes, all right," said Harry, and the three carriages drove off to St. George's, Hanover Square.

They were the first arrivals. Soon after came Sir Oswald and Lady Ormathwaite, and Frances looking her best. Oswald and a couple of his brother officers, who had come to assist, were the next arrivals. Colonel Fortescue and his party came next, and several of their Cumberland neighbours who were in town. Then Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax and their daughters arrived, and last came Mr. Calhoun and Meda.

And now. Oh, that I had the pen of the editor of the *Ladies' Newspaper* or the *Court Journal* to describe the dresses! Meda looked beautiful with the orange wreath surmounting her wealth of auburn hair, and the silver star shining in her tresses above her forehead. Her dress was of white crêpe, and in front were two bows of the ribbon which Frances had designed. Her veil was of lace, which her father had sent to Paris for, and on her bosom shone her nugget brooch. Around her fair neck hung a locket which was the same as those of the bridesmaids, but larger.

The organ began to play and the procession was formed.

Frances and Miss Fairfax were the first pair of bridesmaids, then came Miss Maynard and the youngest Miss Fairfax, while Margaret and Alice Maynard brought up the rear. Their dresses were similar to Meda's, and each carried a bouquet and a fan, the gift of Frank Maynard. The vicar of St. George's and Tom Ormathwaite performed the ceremony, which begins with "Dearly beloved" and ends with "amazement," and they went into the vestry to sign the register. Here Frank religiously kissed the bridesmaids, including his sisters, and all drove off to Mr. Fairfax's house in Cromwell Road. Meda and the bridesmaids sat down to breakfast in their wedding garments, and the feast commenced.

The American Minister arrived to grace the occasion, not having been able to attend the ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square. Most of the people at a wedding breakfast do not eat very much, being generally too much excited and talkative to do so. About half through the breakfast the speeches began, and, though I have no intention of inflicting them on my readers, still it is only fair to mention that Sir Oswald made a speech of dignified pomposity, Captain Malcolm a short one straight to the point, finishing by proposing the health of the American nation in general, and Mr. Calhoun in particular. Mr. Calhoun made an amusing and appropriate reply, and, after two other men had tried and failed to amuse the wedding guests, Frank was forced on to his feet to return thanks for the bridesmaids. At first he hesitated and stuttered, but, soon gaining confidence, he went on.

"The Muses," said he, "were nine, the Graces three, but here I am called on to return thanks for six young ladies. Now, I have always understood that, to do anything properly, you should endeavour to put yourself in his or her place. You may well imagine, then, how impossible it is for me to express the sentiments of six people, so as to please them all; and if my friend, Harry Malcolm, has been dazzled by one bright star

'Andromeda,' I may well be forgiven if I lose my head in the presence of seven, each worthy to become a guiding star to any man, and to be called collectively the Pleiades, which is the only constellation I can think of to compare them to. That each of them may find a man worthy of her, and be as happy as Harry and Andromeda, is, I am sure, the wish of everyone present."

Frank sat down amidst applause, and Meda retired to put on her travelling dress. In half-an-hour's time she reappeared, quite composed, and Harry and she, after saying farewell to the wedding guests, drove off amidst a shower of rice and old slippers, to Euston station, accompanied by Meda's maid, *en route* for Seymour's place in Hertfordshire, which he had lent them for the honeymoon. Their station was St. Albans, and, as they drove from it to Oakfield Grange, as Seymour's place was called, Meda, looking up at the starry firmament, asked Harry, "What is that bright star, Harry, right up above the Pleiades?"

"That, my darling," said Harry, "is Andromeda smiling on our union."

Here let us leave him hand in hand with God's best gift to man—a loving wife.

